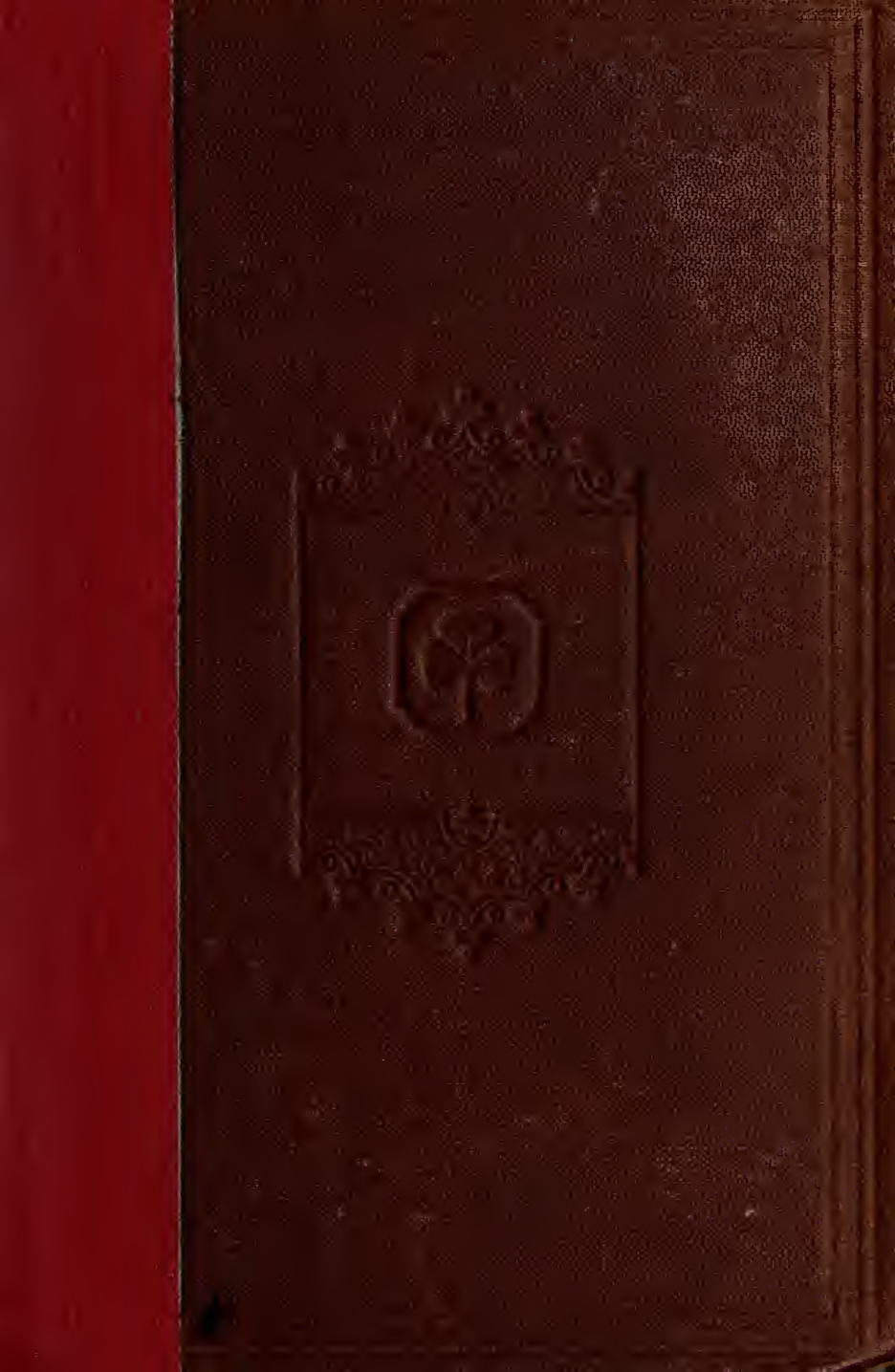

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TALIS QUALIS;

OR,

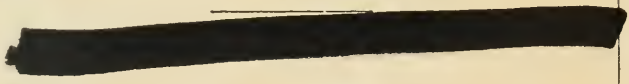
TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM.

Eamus in jus.

PLAUT. *Pœnilius*, Act v.

Dogberry. Are you good men, and true?

Much Ado about Nothing



BY

GERALD GRIFFIN,

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE MUNSTER FESTIVALS," ETC.

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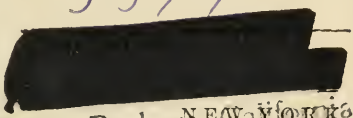

Santa Barbara

NEW YORK:

D. & J. SADLIER & CO., 164 WILLIAM STREET.

BOSTON: 128 FEDERAL STREET.

MONTREAL: COR. OF NOTRE DAME & ST. FRANCIS XAVIER STS.

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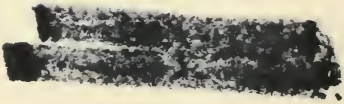

CONTENTS.

The Jury Room.
Sigismund.
The Story Teller at Fault.
The Knight Without Reproach.
The Mistake.
Drink, my Brother.
The Swans of Lir.
McEneiry, the Covetous.
Mr. Tibbot O'Leary, the Curious.
The Lame Tailor of Macel.
Antrim Jack.
The Prophecy.
Sir Dowling O'Hartigan.
The Raven's Nest.

THE JURY-ROOM.

"Sweet masters be at accord!"—*As You Like It.*

It was during the Assize week of an important city in the South of Ireland, that a grave looking gentleman dressed in a sober suit of brown and Petersham top coat, was observed riding with a somewhat inquisitive air through the dense crowds who thronged the open space before the city and county Court-house. Every thing in his appearance announced a person of good sense and prudence. His dress was neither too good for the road nor too mean for the wearer's rank as indicated by his demeanour; his hat was decent, but evidently not his best; a small spotted shawl folded cravat-wise, protected his throat and ears from the rather moist and chilly air of an early Irish spring. A pair of doe-skin caps, or over-alls, buttoned on the knees, defended those essential hinges of the lower man from the danger of contracting any rheumatic rust in the open air; while gloves of the same material and top-boots neatly *foxed*, evinced in the extremities of the wearer's person the same union of economy, and just sufficient attention to appearances, which was observable in all the rest of his attire.

The countenance likewise was one which at the first glance, attracted the respect and confidence of the beholder. It was marked by a certain air of good-will and probity of character, with a due consciousness of the owner's position in life, and an expression which seemed to intimate that he would not be willingly deficient in what was due to others, nor readily forfeit any portion of what was fairly owing to himself.

As is usually the case when a stranger makes his appearance amid an idle crowd, all eyes were fixed upon him as he leisurely walked his horse toward a small hotel which stood at a little distance from the Court-house. Giving the bridle to the hostler, with the easy air of one who seldom hurries about anything, and of the two feels less satisfaction in motion than in rest, he alighted, and after desiring, in what seemed an English accent, that the horse should not be fed, until he had leisure, himself, to visit the animal in the stall, he drew off his gloves, looked up and down the street, then up at the sky, where the clouds seemed just deliberating whether they would rain or no, took off his hat, inspected it all over, thrust his gloves into the pocket of his great coat, and finally entered the coffee-room. It may seem trifling to mention all these motions of the traveller with so much precision, but not one of them was lost upon the intelligent observers in the street, who doubtless would not have employed a thing so valuable as time in watching the movements of an entire stranger, if there were not something very important, though still a mystery to them in every turn he took.

The coffee-room was at this instant the scene of a very animated discussion. It needed only a few minutes standing at the fire, and lending an ear occasionally to what went forward, to render the grave-looking gentleman somewhat curious to know more of the affair at issue. Some asked with sparkling eyes "whether the

Penal Code was to be re-enacted?" Others talked of the "enlightened age in which we live," and said very often that "the days had gone by when the people could be trampled on with impunity." Others who seemed of an opposite way of thinking, talked with equal vehemence of "the dark ages," of "the fires of Smithfield," and "the gunpowder plot," with sundry other allusions to by-gone massacres and conflagrations, and asked "if the Inquisition was about to be again established in all its terrible power."

These alarming expressions whetted the curiosity of the stranger, who looked vainly around for some time in search of a neutral face, to which he might address an enquiry with some chance of his being listened to. His eyes at length alighted on that of a middle-aged quiet-looking person, who sat on one side of the fire with half-closed eyes, a newspaper in his hand, and an expression on his countenance as if he were rather amused than interested by what was going forward. On hearing the stranger's question, he civilly laid aside the paper, and turning his person toward the fire, said with a smile:

"It appears you are but newly arrived, sir, or you would have no necessity to ask that question."

"You are quite right; I never was in the town before the last quarter of an hour."

"That is evident by your knowing nothing of the affair which has kept the whole city and county likewise in a state of commotion during the last fortnight."

"Bless me!—some conspiracy discovered?"

"Not exactly."

"Some appalling murder, then?—some clergyman shot on account of tithes?—or perhaps an affray between the peasantry and police?"

"Why, sir," replied the quiet looking gentleman still smiling, "after all your grand conjectures, I confess I

am ashamed to tell you the exact truth, it must cut so paltry a figure in the comparison. But if you be an Englishman as I suppose, [the stranger bowed] and on a tour of pleasure [the stranger shook his head] or business—[the stranger protruded his lips and lifted his eyebrows with a half-dissenting air]—or both perhaps united [the stranger nodded his head as if to say, "you have gone nearer to the mark,"] and are desirous of carrying home with you some notion of the state of society in this country, [another nod of assent] the circumstance may be worth your hearing. You should know in the first place, that in every city, town, and village in Ireland, from the metropolis down to the pettiest municipality that is kept in order by a few police and a court of petty sessions, there are two parties, who between them continue to keep society in one continual uproar. Now in such a state of things, if there be any disgrace in neutrality, I confess there are some few besides myself who make a principle of incurring it. It is not that I am insensible to the good or evil being of the country that gives me bread, but I hate both bigotry and balderdash, and as it seems impossible to meddle in public affairs and at the same time steer a clear course between the one and the other with any chance of being attended to, I content myself with doing whatever little good I can in a quiet way, and feel inclined rather to be amused by the vehemence of others than to be induced to imitate them."

"Since you are so moderate," said the stranger, "I will not fear wounding your nationality by saying that you have just uttered the most rational speech I have heard since I arrived in Ireland."

"Ah, you know that the compliment to my personal vanity is sufficient to cover any umbrage I might feel on the score of country. However, so it is. Well—out of such a state of affairs, it arises, that every mole-hill

between the parties is magnified into an Olympus—The local newspapers teem with rumours, with national misdeeds upon the one side, and ready contradictions of the "foul calumny" upon the other, for as you may have observed since you entered the room, neither party is deficient in vigour of language. Then there are meetings and counter-meetings—letters from "Veritas" "Eye-Witness," "Victor," "Fair-Play," "Lovers of Truth," and "Lovers of Justice," the most of whom prove each other to deserve any character, rather than that which their signature assumes. "Veritas" is shown to be a hired official, whom nobody could trust; "Eye Witness" to have been fifty miles away at the time the occurrence took place! "Victor" to be a constant resident in the neighborhood he affects to have visited with the impartiality of a disinterested traveller: "Fair Play" to be a notoriously one-sided partizan, and the whole bunch of lovers of truth, and lovers of justice, to be remarkable amongst all their acquaintances for the total absence of those qualities. I declare to you, though I love my country, and am not, in the habit of carrying any sentiment to an extreme, when I consider such a state of society, and the total absence of peace and happiness which it involves, I am often tempted to turn heretic to the "enlighted opinions of the age," and long for a good stout despotism, which would compel them all to hold their tongues. But what has all this to do with the question you asked me? you shall judge for yourself, and probably you will see no great apparent connection when I tell you that all you have heard, relates to a trial for breach of promise of marriage which has been this moment called on in our court-house.

"Breach of promise!" exclaimed the stranger.

"It is a fact, I assure you. The parties are unhappily of the opposite factions—not that I believe either

the lady or gentleman care much whether they break their eggs at the big or little end, and, indeed, it is generally supposed that the affair would have been long since arranged in the happiest manner for both were it left in their own hands. But the gentleman, against his better will, has been led to act unhandsomely by his friends of one party, and the lady, against her inclination also, has been moved to commence law proceedings by her friends who are of another side, and so the town has been all alive in expectation of the result, and the court-house is thronged with partizans who see a great deal more in the case than a mere suit at *nisi prius*. Challenging has run so high that counsel have been already compelled to pray a *tales*."

Stimulated rather by a general feeling of curiosity than moved by any particular interest in the suit at issue, the stranger, after politely thanking the quiet gentleman for his civility, put on his hat and walked out in the direction of the court-house. There was something in his appearance which opened a way for him through the crowd, and the police and bailiffs were seen to push aside all the country people with the butts of their carbines, and hold the little iron gate-ways open as he drew nigh. After listening for some time to the counsel and witnesses who seemed bent up to harangue and swear their best in honour of the occasion, our traveller began to feel as if he had heard enough of it, and returning to the inward flagged hall, cast his eyes about, and seemed desirous to inspect the remainder of the building. Passing along a somewhat lengthy hall which divided the civil from the criminal court, he ascended a short circular flight of stairs, which brought him to a landing place on which he could perceive several doors, leading in different directions. One of those by some unaccountable neglect stood a-jar at the present moment. It would appear that if the grave-looking

stranger had a foible it was that for which the tender hearted wife of Bluebeard was so near forfeiting her life. The silence of the place, the mystery of so many closed doors at a moment of so much bustle and confusion, and the tempting air of that which stood invitingly half open, provoked his curiosity with a degree of force which he had not firmness to resist. He pushed in the door. All was silent inside. The room had a bare, and scantily furnished appearance. A painted deal table stood in the centre, on which were scattered some paper, pens and ink. Near it, irregularly placed, stood one or two wooden forms, and a few chairs. On the side of the chamber opposite to the door by which he had entered, was a window dim with dust, which looked out upon the narrow and ill-paved back street of the city. A neglected, though still tolerable fire burned in the capacious grate. In one corner was a large press or double cup-board inserted into the wall, the upper portion of which was locked. Not so the lower in which the inquisitive stranger only observed a few acts of parliament in stitched covers, barony books, and some torn law papers. Near this stood an enormous basket filled with turf for the purpose of replenishing the fire.

It needed not now, the aid of a conjuror to tell our traveller into what chamber of the building he had penetrated. It was the JURY-ROOM. Struck by the natural reflections, which the place was calculated to excite in any mind, but more especially in one of a thoughtful and generous turn, such as that of the grave stranger, it was some time before he recollected the awkwardness of his own situation in the absorbing reverie which seized upon him. The many fellow beings, on whom the *fiat* of life or death had been passed within that room, the families who had been consigned to misery, the many occasions on which passion and interest had

there taken the place of justice, to the condemnation, perhaps of the innocent or the absolution of the guilty, all those and other circumstances furnished matter which detained him in the mood of thought for a considerable time. Insensibly he passed to the institution of the much valued system, thence to the manifold schemes by which the "wisdom of ages" has sought at various times to defend the pure administration of justice from the intermeddling of human passion, and thence again, ascending higher in abstraction as he continued his musing, to the corruption of society in general, and the misery of man, whom not even a device so beautiful as this great boast of the British constitution could protect against the evil of his own perverse and fallen nature.

By this time the night had already began to close. The din of the city was hushed into a low murmer in which might be distinguished the call of the watchman in the street, the occasional rattle of a passing vehicle, and the ringing of some of the chapel bells summoning the people to the evening prayers, usual in the time of Lent. The same evening silence had fallen within the circuit of the place of justice, and the voice of the presiding judge was heard distinctly, though faintly in the act of delivering his concluding charge. Even this sound ceased at length, and nothing was heard except that general murmer which arises in a crowd when something occurs to relax the absorbing attention in which all have been enchained for a considerable time before.

"And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine!"

exclaimed the stranger, awaking from his reverie, when he was startled by an alarming sound, which first brought to his mind the critical position in which he had placed himself. A door was heard to open and

shut, and presently the clattering of a bailiff's halberd and the tramp of many feet was heard upon the little flight of steps, by which he had ascended. The jury were coming! What was to become of him? There was only one legitimate point of entrance, or of exit, and that was the door through which he came, and which the important twelve were now approaching, brimful of law and evidence. The window was on the first floor and looked out upon an uninviting stone pavement. What should he do? The consequences of being detected were unknown to him. He had heard much of the crime of attempting to tamper with a jury. The cup-board behind the turf-basket! It was not a very dignified resource, but it was his only one, and being a time not for deliberation, but for action, he managed to secrete himself just as the bailiff had threw the door open, and ushered the jurymen into the chamber. Our traveller heard, with a feeling more easily imagined than described, the door shut fast again, and the key turned in the lock outside.

After a few moments of deliberative silence, the discussion commenced, and was not long in reaching a height which did not forbode a speedy unanimity of opinion on the case in hand. What amused the stranger, notwithstanding his awkward situation, was to hear how little they dwelt upon the nature of the evidence that had been brought before them, or on the points of law laid down by the judge in his charge. The chief points of contention, soon became restricted to questions of theology and history, between which and the guilt or innocence of the defendant, our traveller would have found it hard to trace any connection, were it not for the hints previously thrown out by the quiet gentleman at the hotel. The allusions made, if not so broad as in the coffee-room, were fully as much to the point, and as remarkable for their severity and lucid vigour. The

lash was administered freely though politely on both sides, and the deeds of buried popes and kings were insinuated into the discussion, evidently more in aid of the immediate purpose than with any unkindly or vindictive feeling towards the ashes of the long mouldering delinquents. Hits, however, were dealt liberally against the living and the dead. St. Gregory the Seventh, and Harry the Eighth, Anna Boleyn and Catherine de Medicis, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, all came in for their share, and if the opposing parties were not always successful in the defence they set up for their friends, they seldom failed to make up for the deficiency by a well aimed thrust at some cherished name upon the enemy's side.

Perceiving that it was not likely they could agree, the Foreman knocked at the door, and bade the bailiff call the County High Sheriff. When that personage arrived, the Foreman in the name of the Jury requested him to inform the judge that they had not been able to agree upon their verdict, nor was it likely they should do for a considerable time. He departed, and they awaited his return in almost unbroken silence.

In a short time his footstep was heard ascending the small stair-case.

"Gentlemen," said he, "his lordship desires me to tell you, that, such being the case, you must only make up your minds to remain in until you can agree upon what verdict you are to give. His lordship does not think proper to detain the court any longer at so late an hour."

"Then we are to remain here all night, I suppose;" exclaimed the Foreman.

"If you should agree upon your verdict long before morning," continued the sheriff in the same sedate tone, every accent of which was drunk with a thirsty stillness, by all ears in the Jury Room, not excepting the

pair "in the cup-board, his lordship is pleased to say that you can send word to his lodgings in ———— Street."

What a prospect for all in the room, but more than all, for our friend in the cup-board, who had not tasted food since morning, and was moreover in a position far from being the easiest in the world. There was however no help for it. Whatever difficulty he might have felt in revealing himself in the first instance, was increased a hundred fold by the suspicious mode of concealment which he had since adopted, and the dire fact of his having wilfully overheard a portion of the private deliberations of the Jury. There was therefore no other resource than hope and patience. The sheriff descended the staircase, the jurymen separated murmuring, into different corners of the room. The regulations of the court were too well understood to allow them to hope that they could be successful in any attempt to obtain refreshments from the officials in attendance, and they only deliberated each within his own mind, in what manner they should pass the long winter night without either sleep or food. Sighing deeply, though inaudibly, our traveller resigned himself to his fate, without troubling himself further about devising means of escaping it. The discontented jurymen sought comfort as they could, some occupying the few chairs that stood near the fire, while some, tying silk handkerchiefs about their heads, and turning the collar of their coat over their ears, stretched themselves at full length on the wooden forms, and courted slumber with indifferent success.

It was now approaching midnight, and an universal stillness had fallen upon the city, interrupted only at intervals by the louder footfall of some elated passenger, or the merry converse of a group returning homeward from some evening party. On a sudden, a rough

sonorous voice was heard in the narrow street already described, which passed beneath the window of the Jury room.

"Oyst—e—rs! Oysters! Fine Burren oysters! Choice Burren oysters!"

There was a general movement amongst the gentlemen of the Jury. The Foreman raised his head from the form on which he had laid his aching joints, and advanced toward the window. After a moment's consultation with some of his fellow prisoners, he threw up the sash, and leaning forward said in a low but distinct tone, which could not fail to reach the ears for which it was intended:

"I say, oysters!"

"Who's that? Who calls oysters?"

"Oysters!" repeated the Foreman.

"Oh, I beg your honour's pardon!—Would you want any oysters, sir? They're as fresh as daisies your honour."

"Come hither——Do you think, if we took your oysters you could get us something to eat with them?"

"To be sure I could your honour—but what good was that for me when I've no means o' gettin' 'em up there?"

This difficulty was speedily removed. A number of cravats and pocket handkerchiefs were tied together, so as to form a line long enough to reach the street. A whip was now raised, for defraying the expenses of the projected entertainment, and the amount as soon as collected, was made fast in the corner of a silk handkerchief, which formed one extreme of the line. The whole apparatus was then carefully lowered from the window until it reached the hands of the expectant vender of shell fish,

> Like Iris' bow down darts the painted line
> Starr'd, striped, and spotted, yellow, red and blue
> Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.

Having extracted the treasure from the handkerchief the oysterman disappeared, and during the succeeding quarter of an hour, the silence of an anxious suspense possessed all tongues with the exception of one or two, which gave expression to an ungenerous doubt as to whether they were likely ever again to see either their money or the value. At the end, however, of that space of time, those unworthy murmurers were put to shame by the return of the well-principled object of those suspicions. Admiring his integrity, the Foreman drew up the basket which he had carefully fastened at the end of the line of handkerchiefs. The feelings of our fasting tourist in the cup-board may be more easily imagined than described, while he overheard from his lurking place, such exclamations as the following uttered in an eager and authentic tone :

" What beautiful oysters !"

" And abundance of bread ! He's a thoughtful fellow. What's that in the bottles ?"

" Montmellick ale and cider !" said the Foreman.

" And here's a knife !" cried one juryman.

" And pepper !" exclaimed another.

" And a napkin, and oyster knife, and two glasses !" exclaimed several voices in succession.

" And the remaining change !" cried the Foreman, holding up a small brown paper parcel, in which a few shillings and some copper money had been carefully wrapped up.

This final circumstance completed the admiration of the Jury, and it was proposed by the Foreman and carried by acclamation that the surplus should be handed to the oysterman as a testimony of their esteem for his punctuality and disinterestedness. Accordingly the line of handkerchiefs with the basket and money were lowered from the window, and the grateful oysterman departed after telling them that he would return in the

course of the night to take away the empty bottles and the rest of the table equipage, when they should be no longer needed. In a few minutes his sonorous voice was heard resounding through the deserted streets to the customary burthen of "Oysters !—fine Burren oysters !—choice Burren oysters !"

Supper now proceeded merrily, all party differences being forgotten in the flow of social glee which was set in motion by the good cheer which was so unexpectedly acquired. Often in the meantime did the unfortunate traveller call to mind the story of the highwayman and the first of the three beggars, and more than once was tempted to wish that the whole Jury had been sharers in their infirmity, in order that he might have an opportunity of partaking in the feast without detection. He had, however, a touch of the philosopher about him, which prevented his yielding to any useless repinings, and he contented himself with opening one of the doors of his retreat just so far as to enable him to see what was going forward, and to hear with more distinctness all that was said amongst the company outside.

Having done sufficient justice to the oysterman's feast, a glow of genial good humour succeeded in the breasts of all, to the anxiety and discontent which before had kept them silent and apart. More fuel was heaped upon the fire, the forms and chairs were drawn closer round it, and conversation became general and animated. It was at length interrupted by the Foreman, who, after requesting the attention of his fellow-jurors for some moments, addressed them as follows :—

"Gentlemen, although we have already fared so much better than we had expected, it yet remains for us to consider in what way the long interval is to be spent which we must pass between this and daybreak. The forms and the few chairs which we possess offer little inducement in the way of sleep, and I do not see the

advantage of reviving any discussion on the case which has been submitted to our judgment, being always unfriendly to the introduction of party questions in mixed company, where it can possibly be avoided. I therefore propose that we leave the question of the defendant's guilt or innocence between himself, his conscience, and his maker, and turn our attention to the passing our remaining term of confinement in such a manner as may be most profitable, under the circumstances, to ourselves and to each other."

This address was received with general applause, which having subsided after a little time, the Foreman was permitted to resume :—

"I have heard it remarked, gentlemen, by learned men, that the word *Erin*, (which as you are all aware is the poetical name for Ireland) forms likewise the accusative case of a Greek noun, signifying *strife* or *discord*. Whatever analogy the present state of our country may enable a satirical mind to imagine between the word and its Greek meaning, I am sure there is no one in this room but will agree with me in hoping that the time may yet arrive when no handle shall be found for such invidious sallies, when the rocks and shoals of party feeling which at present wreck the peace and happiness of society shall be covered by the advancing tide of good-will and brotherly affection, and when Irishmen, instead of maintaining a selfish struggle for partial or individual interests, shall labour heart and hand for the peace and welfare of the whole."

Renewed applause interrupted the current of the Foreman's discourse, and it was only after a few minutes that he was permitted to proceed.

"At all events, gentlemen, there is nothing to hinder us from trying the experiment, and setting our countrymen an example, for one night at least, of the triumph of social feeling over prejudice and opinion. My proposal

is, therefore, that we draw closer around the fire, and each in succession either pay a fine of one shilling sterling, or relate some amusing and characteristic tale, such as he may have gathered in the course of reading or experience, and conclude by singing a song for the entertainment of the company ; and, in order that this may proceed with all freedom, I move that no one shall take offence at what may be said, but that every one be at liberty to tell his story after his own fashion, with a *carte blanche* for the full utterance of every thing that may come into his mind, excepting of course questions of mere controversy, for which this is not the time nor place, and for the introduction of which a fine of one shilling is to be imposed. I say this, not that I hold a man's opinions to be a matter of indifference, but merely that no feeling of restraint or awkwardness should embarrass the chain of the narrative, and consequently diminish the amusement of the listeners."

A fresh burst of applause announced the unanimous assent of all present to this proposal, and preparations were immediately made for carrying it into effect. A fresh supply of turf was heaped upon the fire, the chairs were arranged in semicircular fashion around the hearth, and the Foreman was placed in the only arm-chair in the room, with the additional dignity of president, and full authority to decide all points of order which might arise. It being decided that the entertainment should commence with the president, a general silence fell upon the circle, while he spoke as follows :—

" Having lately, gentlemen, in the library of a learned friend of mine, fallen upon an unpublished manuscript containing a very curious and interesting story, which I presume will be entirely new to you, I shall endeavour to relate it as accurately as my memory will allow."

THE FOREMAN'S TALE.

SIGISMUND.

PRINCESS. Rosaline;
What did the Russian whisper in your ear!

ROSALINE.—Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Love's Labour Lost, Act v., *Scene* VII.

SIGISMUND.

It was a beautiful summer evening, that fell on the mountains to the north-east of Poland, but those vast tracts of country lying at their base, were then almost uninhabited, and the traveller, who on this evening, found himself alone on the hill side, felt sensations very different from those which might result from the beauty of the scene.

He was young and fair and habited in the riding costume of Muscovy. A sword hung at his waist which from the splendour of its carriage seemed rather intended for dress than warfare, and although it had not been so, the slender figure and delicate appearance of the youth, who bore it, would have acquitted it of any suspicion, as to the latter design. His bright yellow hair was twined up under his bonnet, and as he placed one hand over his brow, in order to shade his eyes from the sun, while he looked anxiously down into the plain, the dark attone of its shadow formed a striking contrast to the sickly paleness of his cheek.

"He is not there" said the stranger, and the night will have fallen before we have left these crags behind us. "Mother, why have you advised me to this?"

A loud and shrill "Ujuju!" from beneath the cliff where he stood, made him start and rush toward its edge.

"Clarin is it you? is there any hope? where are our horses? what shall we do?" said the youth.

The person whom he addressed, now stood forward upon the point of a rock which jutted out from the base of the cliff, so as nearly to form an angle with that and its summit, and yet was itself, no bigger than a spear's point in the eye of the distant valley dweller. He leaned upon his gold-headed staff and waved his arm to the querist to descend, at the same time pointing out on his left a safer path than that which the latter was about to choose. He continued while his companion was descending, looking along the hill side, and down the vale with a ludicrous expression of dismay painted on his broad countenance, and uneasily shifting his bonnet from side to side, twirling his mustachioes between his finger and thumb, and muttering to himself at intervals.

"Oh! merry—merry Castile! that ever the evil one should have put it into the head of poor Clarin that he might find a pleasanter spot on the earth than that of his birth. I was not content with good, without looking for better, and I have lost both. I would I had never heard of Muscovy when I was in Castile, or that I had never heard of Poland when I was in Muscovy."

His companion was now by his side, breathless and exhausted. He repeated his first interrogatory.

"It is Clarin truly enough and sorry he is to say it," answered the Castilian, "and as to whether there is any hope I know nothing about it since we came hither. Our horses have very wisely taken care of themselves, seeing that we could not do it for them, and as to what we shall do, I leave that to your judgment, since the

enterprise is of your planning. What we *must* do I am afraid I foresee very well"

They began to descend, the youth leaning on the arm of Clarin, who, while he assisted him with the most anxious solicitude, bearing him in his arms whenever a difficulty arose in the path, and dashing away with his foot the brambles which lay across it—took all the trouble in the world to assure him that his conduct had driven all esteem and regard from his heart, averring that it was as hard as that of his enemy, Astolpho himself. Before they had reached the base of the mountain, the sun had long since been hidden from their eyes, and they were left almost in utter darkness—the youth then resting his head on the shoulder of Clarin declared that he could proceed no further, and flinging his mantle on the earth, was about to throw himself upon it, when suddenly directing the attention of his companion to the depths beneath them, he exclaimed,

"Look! look! we have passed the frontier. That light is a Polish one."

"What light? where?" said Clarin turning quickly round, for he had been bent to the earth in the act of arranging the mantle so as to preserve his exhausted companion from the dankness of the heath bloom. The fair hand of the latter was still extended, but the light had vanished. The struggling light of the moon, however, just revealed to them in the same direction the habitation from which it was most probable it had proceeded, but such was the situation of the place that it seemed almost hopeless to attempt reaching it, at least at that hour. It appeared from the distance at which they stood to be a species of tower, but it was so completely buried in the side of the mountain which overhung it, and whose peak formed a projecting roof between it and the heavens, that any traveller would

have passed without noticing it, whose mind was not intent on discovering some sign of human habitation. The small sandy opening before it, seemed to be surrounded on every side with rocks, which rose one above the other to an immense height, and rested at length against the brown and heathy side of the mountain. This dismal abode had been made in the early times of Poland, by one of the independent barons of the country, who marked its completion with bloodshed, for, with his own hand, he butchered all those who had been employed in its construction, after inviting them to a feast, within its gates, and rendering them defenceless, by mingling poppy juice with their wine. Their bones still whitened the platform before the entrance. During his life he had made use of the place for the incarceration of those enemies whom he got into his power, and those among his own vassals, who were obnoxious to him. The unhappy wretch, who had once entered this horrid prison house, never saw the sun again, for it was only visible when in the mid heaven, from the centre of the platform, and on that he was never suffered to place his foot. When the tyrant had fixed on a victim, he selected the most trusty of his guards, and blindfolding them one after the other, placed the prisoner in chains between them, and conducted them himself at midnight to the entrance of the dungeon, or rather burying ground which was no less than a mile from its interior. After his death, the secret for many years remained unknown, until in the reign of Eustorgius III, the young prince Basilius, who was then devoting himself deeply to the study of the occult sciences, issued a proclamation, offering a large reward for all the antique manuscripts of whatever kind they might be, which should be presented to him. The nobility of the kingdom were anxious by such a trifling sacrifice to procure the favour of the heir of Poland, and amongst many

others who supplied him with the documents of their families for centuries, were the descendants of the cruel baron. Basilius, among the writings of this house, discovered one giving a description of the site, and manner of the building—the entrance to it—the date of its construction—and a long roll containing the names of those whom the builder had compelled to wear out their existence. The young prince, having privately ascertained the truth of the scroll, was wise enough to conceal the discovery from all, (even his father) until he came to the throne, and he entrusted it only to his confidential friend, and agent, the aged Clotaldus.

As Clarin and his companion, sitting on the brow of the cliff, above, looked anxiously into the chasm beneath them, they observed the light again glimmer from the recess under the rock. The younger of the travellers was standing in an instant. "Clarin, there it is again —Let us descend."

"How shall we descend over the rock," said Clarin, "I see no other way, and for that manner of seeking succour, I had as lief even wait here 'till it comes."

"I see," said the other, "a little rill which drops from rock to rock, and flows across the centre of that small level space before the light; and look, there is a stream at our feet."

"And one may bring us to the other," said Clarin, rising, "but we can neither burrow like conies, nor bound like the stream—nevertheless, have a good heart —we will try it."

They followed the course of the stream as long as it continued to flow on passable soil, and had nearly proceeded a furlong gradually descending, when by a sudden turn it brought them before two large rocks, which meeting above, formed a kind of rude archway under which the water continued to gurgle onwards.

"We shall be buried alive," said Clarin in answer to

the proposal of the Muscovite youth that they should enter. "We shall never see the day break again."

They had scarcely proceeded forty paces, still following the hollow murmur of the rivulet, when they could perceive that they trod on artificial steps. In a little time they saw the water bounding into the moonlight, and pleasantly enjoying its enfranchisement by describing frolic mazes on the sandy plain before the cleft whence it had emanated.

Clarin descended on the platform, and then assisted his companion to follow. On looking up, they perceived themselves in front of the secret dungeon. They turned their eyes to the clear heaven and perceived at an immense distance above them, almost directly over their heads, the rock from which they had first seen the light. They had found the little plain much more extensive than they had concluded it to be from that distance. The stream which had conducted them, winded across through its centre where it formed a capacious basin, and flowing onward disappeared under the rocks on the opposite side. Before them was a large iron grating thrown open—two smaller ones, closed, on each side, appeared to lead in an oblique direction from the great entrance. A solitary pine tree in a corner of the court, if such it might be termed, where the wanderers stood, formed the only appearance of vegetation which the place presented.

"I should hardly have thought," said the younger, as he looked upward, "that we had descended so far. Let us approach the gate."

"The gate?" repeated Clarin, plucking him back by the mantle.

"What should be the fear?" said the Muscovite, "other than that the interior be desolate."

"Heaven forbid it should prove worse," said Clarin; "Nevertheless there be those things should be dreaded

more by travellers than an empty dwelling, when the midnight is around them. But such a one! If night were to mingle with night and be made double, doubtless they could not form a blacker."

"Let us, however," said he of Muscovy, "range ourselves by the gate, and listen for intelligence."—They did so.

In a few moments they heard a heavy moan within, and at the same time a clanking of iron. Clarin trembled. The other, who seemed to be all mind, walked toward the gate as noiselessly as the grating sand would permit, and looked in. A human figure approached from the interior. It was clothed in a rude habit formed of the skins of the forest creatures, which reaching only to the wearer's elbows and his knees, left the extremities of his limbs unprotected. His hair parted in the middle of the forehead, and hung in thick and neglected masses upon his shoulders. His eyes were dark, bright, and large, and on his brow was stamped, the savage grandeur of uncultivated nature, but his whole appearance, every look, and every motion, evinced a melancholy sternness of disposition. As he came forward he held aloft in one hand a lamp, the flame of which, fully revealed his figure to the wanderers, and with the other he lifted the chain which was made fast to an iron ring, on his right leg, in order to relieve himself as he walked. He came from the open gate and laid his lamp on the ground. Then pausing for some time, while he sprinkled his brow with the water which flowed over the sands, he suddenly extended his arms and looking up exclaimed,

"Ye heavens! since it is my fate to be thus treated, I will ask ye what has been my crime? My existence is your only answer, my existence is my only crime. Then tell me why are not all the many creatures, that I see around me, punished for an offence of which they are no

less guilty than I. The bird that visits me in my solitude, no sooner feels the budding down upon its wings, than springing forward, it is borne like a winged flower upon the wind, now dividing the blue heavens in its rapid flight, and now returning to nestle in its former home, while I, with a greater capability of appreciating the joys of freedom, am doomed to chains and slavery. Nature has no sooner tinged with her magic pencil, the soft and spotted fur of the beast that prowls among the crags and heath of yonder mountain than starting boldly and fiercely from his lair, he flies to the free desert to shun the tyranny of man, more fierce than he. I have more cause to hate that tyranny, and less liberty to avoid it. The fish beneath me, the thing that breathes not, the abortion of weeds and foam, no sooner sees his scaly sides reflected in the wave, then darting from the light he measures the vast profundity of its liquid centre, while I, with more will to fly to the shelter of darkness, have less power to indulge it. I see the streamlet leave its bed and gliding like a serpent among the flowers, break its silvery side against the pebbly shore, while, with a sweet murmur, the meadow opens its painted bosom to receive it, and I, with more need of such a friend, have none to give me aid or succour. When I think of these things, my bosom swells and burns, as though a furnace were labouring at its centre, and I could in the anger of my soul tear it asunder to give the passion room. What law, what justice, what reason is there in denying to man, the sweet privilege the Almighty has given to the creatures of the air, the forest, and even to the inanimate waste of water?"

"Have you heard him, Clarin?" said the Muscovite, "his appearance strikes me with terror, and yet his speech has filled me with compassion."

The strange inhabitant of the dungeon here suddenly

turned and exclaimed, "Who heard my speech? Is that Clotaldus?"

"Alas! no," exclaimed the terrified youth, "it is only a wretched being, whose ill-fortune has conducted him to your cold vaults, and who has unintentionally overheard your complaints."

"Then," said he, rushing fiercely on and seizing him, "your fate is certain, for I will not suffer you to go hence with the story of my weakness." The youth flung himself at his feet. "Mercy!" he exclaimed, "if you are a man you will not despise the prayer of a stranger on your own threshold."

Sigismund, (for such was the name of the prisoner,) paused and relaxed the sternness of his grasp. At the same moment the moonlight fell full upon the upturned countenance of the kneeling stranger. It was the first sight of beauty he had ever known, and he wondered at the influence which he felt rushing to his soul.

"Thy voice," said he, "has moved me—thy person astonishes me—thy glance troubles my senses; who art thou? For I know so little of the world that this tower has been my cradle and my tomb. Ever since my birth, if this can be called life, I have only beheld this rude desert, where I drag on my wretched existence, a lump of inactive earth, a breathing corpse. I have never seen or spoken to more than one man, who, alone, knows my misfortunes, and who, as if to make my slavery more miserable, tells me daily and hourly of a free and glorious world without—of the wonders of the heavens, of the changes of kingdoms and empires, and myriads of beings like myself, in all but my chains and dungeon, and yet, amidst all my griefs, and amidst all the wonders that have at times delighted and amazed me, thou art the only thing whose glance has ever calmed the fury of my rage. I look on thee and wonder, and look again and wonder, still more—my eyes

feel as though they would never be satiated with gazing on thee, yet the sensation which they convey to my soul resembles what I have been told of the thrill of death. I will not slay thee. Beautiful creature, arise and take thy way."

Clarin thought all that would be now necessary to secure their safety, would be promptly to take advantage of the moment, and civilly assure him of their pacific intentions. He was a courtier too, and though not of the highest order, yet he knew how the highest act, when a favour is to be sought, or a great man to be conciliated, and however pitiful a figure Sigismund might make at the court of Muscovy, he was decidedly the greatest man here; at least as far as power was concerned. He therefore advanced with a smile, and having made some profound bows, rested on his gold headed staff. Sigismund scarcely looked at him. He ventured a step nearer, and again repeated his obeisance. Sigismund lifted his head and gazed full upon him, not in a manner calculated to make Clarin pleased with his address.

"Who art thou?" said Sigismund, "and what art thou? What do you want? Why do you call my eyes away from this pleasant sight to such a sickly prospect as thyself? Away! What do you mean by those postures and grimaces? The night is hot, cool thyself, and leave me to better employment."

Clarin had not time to expostulate, or explain, when Sigismund lifted him from the sand, and cast him into the fountain. He scrambled to the other side as quickly as he could, and made his way under the opposite cliff, grumbling at the knave's inhospitality, and only wishing that his companion, as being the cause, might share in its effect.

"Tell me again" said Sigismund, addressing the youth, "What and who thou art? When Clotaldus

gives me books and teaches me to find their sense, and tells me of a wide world, and multitudes of men, and cities, and kingdoms, and oceans, I listen, and am pleased with the relation, but cannot understand. I know nothing about it. I take up those bones which are strewed around us, and ask him what are they? He says they were once men like me. I cannot believe it. How are they thus? He says that they have died. He tells me I shall one day lie down and grow cold, and become such as these. I laugh at that; and yet when I take up those bones I cannot laugh. What is the reason? Every thing surprises me. When I am enraged, nothing can calm me until my anger wastes itself out, yet you took it in its height and arrested it. I look on you, and wonder; and at every glance I wonder yet more. Tell me what power have you? If I wished to hurt you, I could not do it now! Who are you?"

"I thought myself" said the stranger, as Sigismund suffered him to replace his bonnet, "the most afflicted wretch that ever knew mourning, until heaven directed my steps to your prison house for a lesson of thanksgiving and contentment. If it be indeed true that we are naturally so selfish, that not even the dew of compassion falls so soothingly on a wounded heart as the tears of a fellow sufferer, hear my grief, and be pleased."

At this moment he was interrupted by a voice from within. "Guards of the tower!" it exclaimed, "Awake, ho! Your trust has either been neglected or betrayed. The precincts of your keeping have been entered. Come forth, ho! and speedily!" The youth started and turned yet paler than before. "It is Clotaldus" said Sigismund. "But fear not you! I will guard you!"

The aged Clotaldus now appeared in his coat of mail, and incrested helmet, followed by a guard, all of whom

wore masks, while in the presence of the prisoner. The youth clung to the latter as Clotaldus approached. "You," said the leader, "who have had the hardihood to despise our king's prohibition, and entered this prison on the pain of death, surrender your arms and quietly submit, or make the forfeiture at once."

Sigismund stepped between his extended weapon and the fearful stranger.

"They shall do neither," said he

"Ho! ho!" said Clotaldus, "art thou his defender then? And how shall I be prevented?"

"Get thee hence—shrunken snake! begone. Before thou shalt harm these, I will gnaw my chains and make these rocks my weapons. Get thee hence I say."

Clotaldus signed to an attendant, who walked toward the larger gate and touched a spring on the right. In an instant Sigismund was dragged by his chain within the tower, and the double gate shut with a loud crash, leaving him within, foaming with rage. Clotaldus mocked at him. "I think," said he, "it were as well for your dependents that you did not boast so loudly, why do you not come forth and aid them. But he spake of *them.* I see but one. Guards search the prison."

In a few moments Clarin was dragged from his hiding place, and brought before Clotaldus. Both travellers fell on their knees, and in one voice begged for mercy. He bade them surrender their arms, Clarin's staff was on the ground in an instant. The youth was silent, and did not even offer to ungird the light sword which hung at his side.

"Youth," said Clotaldus, "You seem unwilling to submit, guards seize him."

"Hold!" said he. "To your chief alone will I submit my sword;" then placing it in his hands, he continued; "wretch that I am, that I should be compelled

to yield that sword before I have proved its virtue. Take it; If I must die preserve it carefully, for I sought your kingdom, trusting in that alone, to quit my honour of a deep offence."

Clotaldus took the sword, half drew it from the sheath, and placing its point against the earth, continued for some time gazing on the stranger's face.

"If this be true," said he, "I shall believe all things possible—who gave you this sword?"

"A woman," replied the youth.

"What is her name?"

"That is a secret I cannot now reveal."

"How know you then," said Clotaldus, "that so much depends on this sword?"

"She who gave it to me bade me depart to Poland and endeavour by some means that it should meet the eye of one of the nobles of the court, who would give me his protection."

"I can doubt no longer," said Clotaldus, in astonishment, "it is indeed the sword which I left with Violante, my wronged and faithful wife; and this must be my son, who has sentenced himself to death by appearing within the precincts of this secret dungeon. I will throw myself on the mercy of the king, and if that should fail me, my child shall die without learning that I am his father. Strangers," he added, addressing himself to them, "follow me, and fear nothing; ye are not the only unfortunates in the world; I cannot promise you life, but all that I can do you may depend upon."

Saying this, he led them from the prison to the plain on which Basilius intended, on the morning which had now risen, to hold a convention of the highest states of the kingdom, for the purpose of deciding a controversy which had arisen between princess Estrella, a niece of Basilius, and Astolpho, prince of Muscovy. He had

summoned them both to meet him here, on the frontiers of his kingdom, apprising them that he would there settle all the claims that they could make—recommending them in the meanwhile to live in good will as became two scions of the same stock so nearly united. Estrella submitted, because she was peaceably disposed; Astolpho submitted, because he was ambitious not only of government but of the favour of the lady. They met and pitched their several camps at the foot of the gray mountain that contained the dungeon of Sigismund.

The camps, the banners, and the moving myriads of men glittering in their harness were the first objects that caught the eyes of our travellers as they suddenly emerged from the crags. The younger traveller started when he beheld the banners of Muscovy, and Clarin rubbed his hands and almost shouted for joy; he was, however, instantly checked in his raptures by a look from Clotaldus, who signified to the guards that they should descend by a circuitous route to that part of the plain which was yet unoccupied, and which a single banner of Poland shewed was intended for the site of the monarch's court.

As Clotaldus and his party again turned from a ravine, and placed their feet upon the pleasant sward of the slope leading to the plain, they beheld the rivals with their attendants not many hundred paces removed from them, at the very foot of the ascent. The whole scene, as it then presented itself, was grand and inspiring; it was the sweetest time of the year—the close of the spring. The swell of the music, in its intervening pauses, contrasted with the gentle voice of the mountain rills, and the song of the wild birds that woke with the day—the waving of the banners in their pride of blazonry and display—the marshalling of the troops in their shining armour—the curvetting of the spirited steeds that pranced and bounded beneath their riders

as if they shared in their enthusiasm and in the jealousy of valour, all was glorious—all was elevating. Even the withered and hoary Clotaldus, accustomed as he was to the splendour of military show, paused on the hill side, and leaned on Clarin's staff to enjoy it.

"Who is that" said Clarin to a soldier, "with the hat and white plume—his casque hanging at his saddle-bow—I think I should know him—but who is he?"

"Astolpho of Muscovy," replied the guard.

The young traveller's eye had been fixed on the same object, but he dared not to ask the question; when he heard Clarin make it, he turned yet paler than usual; and when he was answered his cheek and brow were covered with a rushing tide of crimson.

Before Clotaldus had given orders to the guards to renew their march, both had resumed their sickly whiteness. They passed on and mingled with the general camp.

"Princess," said Astolpho, after he had alighted, "I have sought this interview for many reasons: and I would not have sought it were I not aware that Estrella herself was not of a mind that could delight in the effect of causeless bickering among relatives. Will Estrella guess the means I have to myself proposed, or will she insist on a detail?" he continued, laying his sword at her feet, and pausing for a reply.

There was a mixture of pride and meanness in his manner; is was an attempt at condescension, influenced by self-interest, and checked at halfway by the lord of the ascendant among all his affections. He would have succeeded better with Estrella had he either bowed him down entirely, or stood erect in his haughtiness; even as it was, she did not despise him.

"If this be not mockery, prince," said she, "what is such. You lay a sword at my feet, and you have

thousands behind ready, at the raising of your finger, to sheath themselves in blood for steel."

"It only depends on you, lovely cousin, to say whether such shall be the case. One word, one look from you, will make this plain a scene of death or of joy."

"Do you mean to woo, Cousin?" said Estrella.

"Do I look on you and speak with you?" rejoined Astolpho.

"Then," said Estrella, "you have struck on an original mode. It is in order to commend your constancy, that while you address *me*, you wear another on your heart."

Astolpho quickly put up his hand, and found indeed a portrait which had escaped from his vest and hung loosely forward. He thrust it into his bosom again, muttering something between his teeth, and biting his lip with vexation.

"Alas! cousin," said he, "what a simple supposition you have made. This portrait!—why you shall speedily be satisfied what this portrait is. Lisardo, look out and see if that dust is not caused by the advance of Basilius—yes, it is his troop—they now enter on the green—'tis his train indeed."

"But the portrait," said Estrella, "is not his."

"The portrait—Oh! most true. Lady, you shall be fully satified on that when Basilius has left us at leisure to speak of it. But the music strikes—and see where he comes yonder, accompanied by the sages of his council; it were but decorous in us to meet him beyond the circuit of the camp."

Basilius received them kindly. A lofty seat was prepared for the old monarch in that part of the plain where the standard of Poland held solitary dominion; the chiefs and nobles gathered around, and silence having been proclaimed, and procured, he thus addressed them:—

"You all know, my kindred, friends and subjects—the occasion for which I have summoned you to meet me here. You know that almost immediately on my accession to the throne of Poland, I took unto my love and my name, a woman, whom heaven was not content to spare us, for even the space of one short year. You know she died in the first travail, and you believe that her issue then perished with her. Of that more anon. For some months previous to her death, I had anxiously betaken myself to those sciences in which I have attained a knowledge that has procured me the name of wise among the nations, and has won me the life of the pencil of Timanthers, and the marble of Lissippus. But all this is a hidden woe, a grief that smiles. It is true that I can look upon the midnight heaven, when, like a mighty tablet, it is opened with its characters of fire—and read them, and catch from their sight, those glimpses of things to come—those revealments of the picture world, which are the end, and aim of the mystic science I have pursued. But it is no less true, that I have thus been the assassin of my own peace. I may indeed say, that I have found sorrow in my knowledge. I had prepared every thing to make the most exact calculation that was possible on the nativity of my offspring, and anxiously awaited the moment of my Queen's illness. For many weeks previous to that event—the heavens and the elements had exhausted their prodigies. The night before his mother had a dream—and she saw, and felt a monster too fearful for description, rending her womb, and bursting to the light by the unaided effort of his own strength. She shrieked in her slumber—and woke me,—I mocked her fancy from her, and bade her be of comfort. But the next morning her vision was indeed accomplished fearfully. Never shall I forget that morn. You all remember it. The day broke in thunder and lightning, and shrunk back into its clouds

again, as if terrified. The earth trembled—the sea was troubled—the winds drove the vapours and night mists over the early brightness of the east, and blackened it again to midnight. The buildings shook to the foundations—large hail stones fell from the clouds—the rivers affrighted, swelled in their channels and rushed upon the tillage, near their banks. Amidst this general confusion, and dismay—a cry from the chamber of my wife, told me the hour was come. I burst into the room—and beheld a terrible fulfilment of her fears. Before me, in the midst of the room, stood her offspring, darting his keen, and wondering glances all around. His hands were covered with gore, and his hair shaggy and black, hung upon his shoulders. I started in horror and disgust, from the monstrous creation, and turned my eyes on the unhappy mother. She was already dead. A matricide in his birth, he had, at his entrance upon the world sacrificed the life of the being who fostered him—He walked, and looked around him, as if he had been a creature of years, not minutes. Terrified, and grieved at the event, I locked the room, and set my seal upon the door, while I proceeded to consult my mystic aids in another wing of the palace. After I had sufficiently empowered myself to begin my calculations, I found that Sigismund was born under that fatal horoscope where the sun and the moon meet in the midheaven, and contend in hues of blood. That most deadly of all the heavenly symbols, *Canda Draconis* of the fiery dragon, under whose influence, scarce one in a million is born, was visible in the right house of his horoscope. From all my observations, I deduced—that Sigismund, if suffered to live in freedom, would curse Poland with his sway—would occasion civil broils, and amongst other crimes, would humble my own gray hairs to the dust—and usurp my crown. Trembling for my people, yet more than for myself,—I took my resolu-

tion. I gave it out to the general state, that my Queen and her infant had both perished, and trusting my secret only to the aged Clotaldus, I had the infant conveyed secretly to a prison, which has been long built within the bosom of those stooping cliffs, and which I have now no longer, any reason for concealing. This was the cause of those edicts which were proclaimed—prohibiting any from entering those mountains, on pain of death. There he has lived—and lives. Clotaldus has been his only immediate attendant, from the time of his birth—he has never seen or spoken with any other—and from him, he has learned all in science, and in religion, that befals a prince to know. There was one consideration that urged me to preserve the place, and manner of his concealment, still unknown—but two, far more weighty, have spirited me to the avowal. The first is this—I love thee, Poland, and I would not, knowingly, give over thy happiness, into the keeping of a destroyer. But secondly, if a man play the tyrant himself, in order to prevent another from doing so, where is his justice, or the world's profit? And lastly, what assurance have I, that my divination is correct?—The planet inclines, not compells—and what proof have I, that Sigismund will be a tyrant? The position of the planets are thus and thus in the houses of his horoscope. Is that demonstration? No. But I have found a remedy for all, that will perhaps surprise you. He knows not yet, who he is—nor why confined. To-morrow I will have him placed in his slumber under my canopy, and after, seated on my throne—that he may rule the kingdom. If he prove other than his stars forebode—you will own him for your prince—and I shall rejoice in the discovery of my error. If, on the contrary, his cruel nature betrays itself, a second sleeping draught will place him again in his cave. I shall have done my duty in the trial—and then Estrella and Astolpho, by your union,

if you could consent to such a measure, peace would be insured to the kingdom, and to me. I am your king, and I decree this. I have experience, and I advise it. I am an old man, and I desire it. And if it be true what the Roman Seneca has written—that a king in his kingdom is the humblest slave in a great republic—as a slave, I entreat that you will give your consent—Astolpho—speak for both."

"The Muscovite prince stood forward. The hope which in the early part of the king's address had well nigh sunk to an ember—was relieved by his last words. He resolved again to play the only part which his nature prompted him to, and affected to submit cheerfully, partly because he thought he might secure his interests better thereby, partly because he could not help himself. Estrella did not affect, she assented with gladness of soul.

The assembled multitudes, seconded with shouts the request of Astolpho, that their prince might be given to them as speedily as might be. Basilius joyfully promised, that he should that very night be conveyed to the palace, and calling on the lord inteudant of the household, to wait on his cousins thither, he rose and walked toward the rising ground, at a little distance, where Clotaldus with the prisoners, abided the result of the conference. Him he took aside, and directed at length, in what manner he should prepare the prince for the change in his condition, without even by a word or look, apprizing him of their intention. Clotaldus pledged himself to execute all faithfully, and then, as the monarch was departing, knelt before him.

"What would ye, Clotaldus?" asked Basilius.

"Why, sire," replied the old man, "this fine youth and his companion have daringly, though unknowingly, contrary to the prohibition, entered the precincts of the mount and"——

The king was surprised at the tremulous anxiety of the aged chieftain's utterance, as he pleaded for the strangers. "Be not troubled," he replied, "had this chanced yesterday, or an earlier day, it would have grieved me. But now that I have made it public, it matters not. Come to me at the court, before you leave for Sigismund's prison, I have somewhat more to tell thee. In the mean time, let those strangers go at liberty. Why! I think to detain or harm them, I should punish thee!"—

Clotaldus thanked him with warmth, and after he had departed, turning to the strauger and Clarin, exclaimed, "you are free." The young Muscovite clasped his knees, and Clarin knelt behind the latter, with a very ludicrous expression of gratitude, which, however, afforded mirth only to the guards, for Clotaldus did not see further than the youth at his feet.

He raised the latter affectionately from the earth, and received his acknowledgments with a shortness, and peevishness of tone, that did not accord with his looks. He gazed on his features, as if every lineament there, singly and slowly, was winning a youthful memory from its sleep of years.

"Are you not nobly born?" asked Clotaldus.

The youth reddened and looked to the earth. "My blood is noble."

"I doubt no longer," said Clotaldus; then again turning to him, he continued, "You say you are noble, and you stand here, and you tell me that a slight has been thrown upon you, and you have known it; and your offender lives unrequited."

"Heaven is my judge," said the youth, "it is not my fault. I have wandered a long and a weary way to quit my honour; but I cannot command circumstances and time. Nevertheless, I thank you for my life, for that gives me hope that I may yet succeed."

"He who lives in shame, does not live. Dishonour is a shroud, and he whom it enfolds is among the dead."

"I know that life is now a stain, but where shall I turn me to requite myself. Behold me; I am weaponless. Give me that sword of secret power, which I owned and trusted in, and that which is now as the marl at the mountains foot, shall become as the snow on its peak."

"Take it," said the other, "and be assured, a weapon which Clotaldus has once wielded; (yes, have I not wielded it now?") he added, on perceiving the youth's surprise, "will not be found unaccustomed to the work of justice."

The eyes of the Muscovite lit up, as he girded once more the weapon to his side. "Now I hold thee once again," said he, "I will confide in the assurance thou bringest, and persevere to the end; what of his power?—it may be reached."

"Is yours a powerful enemy, then?" said Clotaldus.

"So much so, but I must not say it, I would not have you revoke the friendly assurances you have made."

"There is no danger of that; on the contrary, you will then secure my assistance, for the confidence you repose would at the least have the effect of preventing me from lending countenance to your opposer. Who is he?"

"Astolpho of Muscovy."

Clotaldus gazed on the young complainant with an alternate expression of wonder and anxiety.

"Stranger," said he, "do you know what you have said, and what you are about to do? Are you not of Muscovy?"

"I was born in Poland, but I am a Muscovite by family and education."

"Then," said Clotaldus, "he is your natural prince,

and he could not offend you. Return to your adopted land, and forget that fatal courage which misleads you ; return and forgive."

"His being a Prince," said the youth, "neither lessens his guilt nor my resentment. When a man has offended me, I do not ask his name."

"He could not offend you," said Clotaldus, "not even——O Cielos ! not even though he had dared to lay his hand upon thy face."

"He did more."

"He could not do more."

"He did."

"A deeper insult than that ?"

"Yes ! listen to me ; I know not how it is that you win me to confidence thus easily. I feel as if under the influence of a supernatural emotion, and I am drawn to you in affection and in trust. But hear all. I am not what I seem. Then weigh it well, whether, if I am other than this habit speaks me, and Astolpho comes here with the design of wedding with Estrella, it may not be that he has done me a deeper offence than that you spake of. I have said he wronged me. He was my betrothed."

While she thus spoke, her face gradually deepened in hue, and at the end she covered it with her hands, and hung down her head in sorrow. However, the feeling passed away with its effect, and she looked up once more with the pale and frozen fixedness of resolution, which was so strongly mingled up with her character. She waved her hand to Clarin, who, after he had been re-invested by Clotaldus, with his gold headed staff of office, followed her, as she hastened along the hill side to overtake the trail of Estrella, and they were both lost to the eyes of Clotaldus before he found the sense of her last words.

"The heavens and the earth," said he, "are full of

wonders. What doth she mean? Astolpho? and then that sword! But I must attend the king. The youth has an excess of that which I was about to contemn him for needing. The dust has been thrown upon his head, but he has shaken it off nobly."

The sleeping draught was soon after prepared; Clotaldus left for the prison, Basilius expected him in his laboratory. The sun had gone down before his return was announced to the king.

"I prepared the beverage," said Clotaldus, "exactly according to your directions, and in such a manner were its narcotic ingredients commingled with others of an agreeable flavour, that it was impossible he should detect them; with these I descended alone to his prison, leaving the guard without the distant entrance as usual, masked and blindfolded. I found Sigismund stretched upon the ground, one hand beneath his head, the other grasping his chain in the manner yourself have often marked. I found it at first difficult to draw his attention away from his own gloomy reflections. He looked straight forward with an air of vacancy, and seemed to regard me no more than the breeze that stirred upon the fountain before him. On a sudden, an eagle stooped from the upper air into the chasm of the rocks, and beholding the desolation, uttered a loud scream, mounted upon the winds, and went to prey elsewhere.

"I saw Sigismund's eyes kindle; he half started from the earth and gazed after it, until his eyes ached with the effort. I saw the feeling which agitated him, and affected to participate in it, in order to accomplish my end.

"What a noble creature," said I, it is the monarch of its kind. It does not, like the lesser of them, content itself with the dull heavy sphere of the terrestrial air, but comet-like soars into the regions of fire, and then floats upon the sunbeams, a winged light-

ning——a wanderer without limit. What a majestic creature?"

Sigismund sunk back on the ground. "I am tired," said he, "I am chained. I do not want wings; but even the free use of that which I have received. They have bound me, they have tortured me before they had cause. I am miserable, my heart is destroyed! I have been a slave until liberty is no longer a sweet sound. Yet if it were otherwise, the eagle is the first of his kind; and I should not be the last of mine."

"When I saw his mind and imagination hurried along by the violence of the emotion in which they had been caught, I begun to descant on his favourite theme of dominion."

Clotaldus in passing through the gallery observed near a window, at the far end, a figure standing as if in expectation of his exit from the king's chamber. He had not much difficulty in recognising the attendant of Rosaura.

"Well, Clarin," said he, "how did'st thou penetrate thus far? Were there no sentinels posted at the entrance?"

After his usual routine of obeisances, the merry courtier replied "Indeed, my lord, I do not marvel you should deem it strange how I came hither, and as to the guards at the entrance, these poor shoulders of mine fully testify that they have done their duty, but I would not be checked, I passed them, and as they dared not quit their posts to follow me, I came off with the showers I had received in the passage from the flats of their swords. A plague on the maker of these Toledos. My own country conspired against me; they lay over my shoulder and along my spine as a willow of Tagus."

"I am sorry for thee, Clarin, but why didst thou bring it upon thyself? What had ye to do to force your way hither in that manner?"

"To speak with you, my lord."

"On what affair, prithee?"

"On rather a delicate matter, mayhap, but it must be said. To tell you the plain truth, you have taken some steps, lately, which do not immediately meet my approval."

"And what may those be, Clarin?"

"Why, in the first place, there is Madam Rosaura, (for such was the name of the young Muscovite,) you have made to put off her disguise and put on her maiden weeds again, and the consequence is, it is told all over the palace that she is your niece, and she is as much honoured as the princess herself, who, by the way, has taken her into her suite, as principal dame of honour, and tenders her like a sister."

"And where is the mighty mischief of all this? my good adviser," said Clotaldus.

Clarin twirled his bonnet, and looked on the ground for a moment. "She has resumed her own dress," he replied.

"Would it be very decorous to do otherwise, after her secret was discovered?" asked Clotaldus.

"Aye, that is all very good," said Clarin, "and it would be better still, and I should not murmur, if I was permitted to make a similar change, but alas, on casting off her habit, Madame has cast off her attendant also, and that is what I cannot by any means approve of, in my present situation."

"Oh! ho! are you there, Clarin?" said Clotaldus; "why all this might have been said in two words."

"She forgets," said Clarin, waxing warm, "that I know more about somebody, though I'll tell nobody of it, than somebody would wish any body else to know, and that I could raise a dust in this court, which might make a certain person sneeze, but, no matter for that,

yet it should be recollected that I am Clarin, which is first cousin to Clarin, which is a very noisy thing you know."

"Indeed!" said Clotaldus to himself, "we must take care of you, then. Well, Clarin, your complaint is not without justice, I will seek to find you a remedy. In the mean time enter into my own service."

Clarin assented with delight.

On entering the chamber, where Sigismund lay, Clotaldus found all the attendants gathered in silence round the bed of state; they informed him that the sleeper had just then began to breathe audibly, and his brown forehead was moist with perspiration.

Clotaldus motioned them to a distance, ordered the hangings of the bed to be removed, and the band of musicians, which was stationed in an adjoining chamber, to begin a martial air. After they had played a little time Sigismund raised himself on his elbow to wipe the damp from his brow, and opened his eyes. They first fell on the large and splendidly stained window which looked upon the water, and opposed his bed's foot—they then wandered to the inland porphry-table near it, which was half exposed, half covered with cloth of gold. The magnificent vases which were disposed on that and the window frames—with the rare and beautiful display of the earliest bloom of the spring—to the richly decorated tapestry of the apartment and the costly attire of the attendants. He seemed afraid to speak or move, and almost suspended his breathing, lest he should destroy the glorious vision, and wake to his poverty and his sorrow. At length he slowly arose, and walked noiselessly and carefully from the couch. The musicians again played, and he listened with pleasure and attention, but did not yet speak. On a sudden the mingled chorus of sounds was hushed, and a trumpet, loud and single, continued the strain. Sigismund started, and

remained fixed in admiration. His eyes filled with fire. He had never before heard any musical sound, save those of the winds and the waters of his mountain residence and the wild creatures, who sometimes made it their sojourn. At this moment one of the attendants advanced and offered him a dress suitable to his estate.

Sigismund took it with a feeling of uncertainty, and hesitation. He felt it—gazed on it, and on the attendant alternately.

"Tell me," said Sigismund, "what is the meaning of this?" What are you, and those who are with you? what are they? are ye the princes and rulers of whom Clotaldus tells me? Is this real, or do I dream? Answer me? Where am I, and how came I here?

The attendant, following the instructions of Clotaldus, bowed and retired without speaking.

"Well," said Sigismund, "come what may, I shall enjoy the delusion, if it be indeed no more, while it lasts. I will put on this splendour, and be in my slumber, what I would be in my waking."

The attendants assisted him to dress, and then asked him if the musicians should again play?

"No!" said Sigismund.

"We thought it might please you," said they.

"It does not pleasure me, I am a miserable creature, and pleasant sounds mock me. But hush, stay, there was a fine and single sound, which filled my breast with fire; let me hear that again, for I can think and hear I pray you let me hear that again or none."

As he spoke this, Clotaldus stood before him. He started back in wonder and confusion. Clotaldus knelt at his feet and respectfully kissed his hand.

"Is this indeed Clotaldus?" said Sigismund, "Clotaldus, my tyrant, my torturer? How is he thus changed? I begin again to doubt the reality of what passes round me."

Clotaldus seeing him relapse into incredulity revealed to him his birth, the cause of his imprisonment, with a hope that it would be found futile, as it was in the power of a great mind ever to resist the influence of the stars themselves.

He concluded by informing him that the king Basilius, his father, was preparing to see him.

Sigismund burned with rage. His eyes flashed, his forehead whitened, and his frame trembled. At length he burst forth with all the violence of abuse. "Thou vile, infamous, malignant traitor, blacker than the blackest of the many serpents thyself hast told me of; how darest thou front me with that confession? How darest thou be the villain, thou hast acknowledged thyself? A villain without a motive. A tyrant for thy sport! and me, me, thy lord, thy Sovereign, made the victim of a causeless cruelty! What shall I say? Nothing. What shall I do? My heart, my nature tells me."

He wrenched a sword from one of the attendants, and rushed upon the old man; the former interposed and detained him, panting with the eagerness of passion, until Clotaldus had disappeared. As he left the room he turned to Sigismund, and said, "Unhappy, mistaken man, you begin already to show the sickliness of thy nature, and confidest in the delusion of a dream!"

"A dream, a dream," said Sigismund, "it is false; I do not dream, I walk, I talk, I see, I hear, I feel. He speaks with the tongue of a traitor, but he shall never lie and mock again."

As he rushed towards the door, the attendants again interposed and closed it, while one of them placed himself immediately in the way of Sigismund.

He wore a ribband on his breast, and a blue sword knot. He caught the prince's arm and knelt at his feet.

"Away with you," cried Sigismund, "begone, leave

the way clear, or I will hew you down in his stead. I will fling the first that opposes me through yonder window—Get ye hence !"

"Observe," said an attendant, "he was not his own master,—he should obey his king."

"Not in things unjust."

"He ought not," said the attendant, who had stopped his arm, "to enquire whether the commands of his sovereign were so or not."

"Have you quarrelled with your life ?" said Sigismund ?"

"The prince is right," said Clarin.

"And who art thou ?"

Clarin bowed. "I am a busy body, a fellow that meddles and makes for others' good, until I get over head and ears for it, as your highness may perhaps call to mind was the case not very long since, and which I have no disposition to experience again, for anybody, be the other who he may."

"In this new strange world," said Sigismund, "thou alone pleasest me."

"At that moment a flourish of trumpets announced the approach of Astolpho, Duke of Muscovy and Sigismund's cousin. He entered with his usual air of haughtiness, and placed himself in a position to deliver his formal gratulations to Sigismund. The latter turned to Clarin.

"What is the reason," said he, "that you all pull off your hats when you come into my presence ?"

"Because you are our prince, and it is a mark of respect."

"And what is the reason that man does not remove his ?"

"Because he is your cousin, and considers himself your equal."

"Oh ! oh !" said Sigismund.

Astolpho now addressed him in form.

"Mighty heir of Poland, who hast suddenly risen, like the morning sun from the bosom of the mountains, shine forth and make glad with the light of thy wisdom the horizon of our country. And as thou comest late to gird thy brow with the laurel of sovereignty, may it bloom there for a long line of years until thy time is perfected in joy, and thou hast no more to wait for."

After this flourish, he paused for the prince's acknowledgement, and all the suite were silent.

"God keep you, my good man," said Sigismund.

The attendants gazed on each other with wonder. Clarin laughed in his sleeve.

Astolpho looked bigger than ever, and said with sufficient emphasis—

"I am Astolpho, Duke of Muscovy, nephew of Basilius king of Poland, and your cousin, and your equal. But you knew not my rank, and I therefore excuse your want of civility."

"God keep you," repeated Sigismund; "what, do you call this uncivil? Why then go your ways, and when you come again, since this offends you, I will pray that he may not have you in his keeping."

Then turning to Clarin, he said, "He saw me from the moment of his entrance; his solemn look and voice were ridiculous, and his insolence intolerable. What business has he to wear his hat and plume."

"He is a great man," said an attendant.

"I am greater," retorted Sigismund, fiercely.

"Yet," said the attendant with the blue sword knot, "there ought to be a greater confidence between you, and you owe him more than he has yet received from you."

"And pray," said Sigismund, "who asked your advice?"

The entrance of the Princess Estrella, cut short this

dialogue, just as it was beginning to grow a little warm. She was habited in the light and elegantly feminine costume of her own country, and appeared to the eyes of Sigismund, who had never before beheld a woman, in womanly guise, the divinest object he had ever beheld. All the splendour of the scene round him vanished, all the finery grew old and dull, and every other prospect, thought fair before, withered and faded the instant that woman's beauty came in contrast with it. Estrella addressed him.

"Prince," said she, "you are welcome to the dwelling and the heritance of your name. May you long be an ornament to the one and a blessing to the other."

"Clarin," said Sigismund, "what is this wonderful creature? How every tone and every look agitates me. What infinite grace, what softness, what beauty, what sweetness?"

"She expects your answer, prince," said Clarin. "She is your cousin, the princess Estrella."

"But what is she, Clarin? this lovely creature is surely not a man?"

"Your highness is a merry man! The princess Estrella; Lord! what innocent creatures we are, before we get into court. She is a woman, and a fine woman too," said Clarin. "Your highness is very merry."

Sigismund was already at the side of Estrella, and overpowered her with praises and admiration. He attempted to take her hand, she withdrew it and stepped back; one of the attendants, the same who had before twice checked the prince, observing the commands of Astolpho, advanced a third time.

"My lord," said he in his ear, "the duke is present, and at all events you should not act thus toward the princess."

Sigismund turned shortly round and gazed on him for a moment

"Did I not tell you," said Sigismund, "that your advice was not needed ?"

"It is not the less just," said he of the sword knot.

"I'll none on't. It displeases me, and that's enough."

"Yet your highness said that even the will of kings, should bend before justice."

"Did I ? Well, said I not also, that I would fling him who crossed mine through the window."

All eyes were now directed to the attendant. He had gone far—his spirit was wound up, and it would have been paltry to shrink back at last. He twirled his bonnet round, smiled, looking with a little mingling of contempt toward the window, and replied : "Yes, my lord, that may be done with boys—with men like me it may be found a little difficult."

"Say you so," said the prince, "we shall see, we shall prove it."

He sprung on the attendant, seized him by the waist, lifted him with ease from the earth, then bounded on the table, dashed away with his feet the window and its frame into a thousand pieces, heaved him forth through the aperture, and then folded his arms and gazed upon his fall.

An universal cry of horror filled the apartment and spread through the palace.

"Villain," said Astolpho, forgetting in the terror of the deed, the advantage his own views would reap from it, what is it you have done ?"

"I thought I could have done it," said the other coolly. "He fell upon the great water, how he beats and struggles upon it, how he rages ; stay—what is this ? he is quiet, he is not there, where is he sunk ?"

"You have murdered him," said Astolpho, "and you are a villain."

"Take care," said Sigismund, "that you be left a head to put your hat on."

Attracted by the great consternation, Basilius hurried into the apartment, followed by his guards, and enquired the cause of the confusion ; Sigismund sprang from the table, and carelessly walked across the room.

"It is nothing," said Sigismund. "A man was insolent, and I flung him through the window."

"My lord," whispered Clarin, "you are now speaking to the king."

Basilius seemed horror stricken. "What," said he, "the first day, and a life already gone ?"

"He said I could not do it, I thought I could, and I tried it, and I shewed him his mistake, and that's all."

"Prince," said Basilius with dignity, "this grieves me to the heart. I took thee from the dungeon of the mountains, in the hope, that, by the native strength of thy own mind, thou mightest be enabled to resist the influence of the evil stars themselves, and that I might in mine old age, e'er I am gathered to the dust of my name, feel within my arms a son of my heart, who, when I was no more, should preserve my memory to my people. You have already destroyed that hope. I can never embrace thee now. We start when we gaze on the steel that has drank human blood, we shudder when we walk over the spot of earth which has once been the scene of a death struggle, but how much more repulsive the contact of the murderer himself. Although I longed to bind thee to my side in love and fondness, and came hither to embrace and to bless thee, I turn away in horror, aversion and sorrow. I never can, never will receive a murderer to my arms."

Sigismund paused for a moment, and a feeling like sorrow pierced through his mind. The fine venerable frame of the old silver haired king, struck him with a reverential respect. That man too was his father, and though never known till then, a voice within him told him that he was not as other men in his esteem. Again,

his mind recurred to the causes of their separation, to his chain and his dungeon, his sufferings, his undeserved bondage. This train of recollections instantly overturned all that nature had been doing, and changed the appearance of the old monarch into that of an unnatural and wanton tyrant. His heart burned within him, and he walked away from Basilius toward the window.

"I can do without them, now," said he, "as I have ever. You say you are my father, and yet you have persecuted me from my birth like a bitter enemy; you have cast me out from human life; you have chained me up as if I were a creature of the forest; you have made me the monster you feared; you have sought my death, and tortured me into a weariness of my life. Why then, your kindness is grown a mockery, I could not enjoy, nor thank you for it. You have so entirely destroyed all capability of pleasure, that nothing now can ever make life agreeable."

"I would," said Basilius, "I had never given it to thee. I should not now hear thy reproaches. Nor behold thy audacity."

"Had you not given it," replied Sigismund, "I should not complain of you, but I do for having given, and again taken it away. It may be a generous action to give; but to give for the purpose of taking away, is worse than withholding altogether."

To this Basilius replied, "How well dost thou show thy gratitude for my raising thee from a state of humiliating captivity, to the dignity which thou now holdest!"

Sigismund here burst into fury. "What gratitude," he cried, "tyrant of my happiness, do I owe thee? Old and decrepit as thou art, and about to drop into the grave, what dost thou give me that is not my own? Thou art my father and a king. Then all that dignity of which thou speakest was given me by nature and the

laws. Nay, but thou owest me much that is yet unaccounted for. What will thy answer be, when I demand of thee, the time of which thou hast robbed me—my liberty so long debarred—my life—the honour which I might have acquired, had I been left free to seek it? I owe thee nothing, king, but thou art my debtor, and to a large amount."

"Thou art a daring savage," said Basilius, "and the word of heaven has been accomplished. Yet haughty and vain man, I warn thee to beware, for all this which thou seest may be a dream, from which thou mayest ere long awaken." Saying this, he withdrew suddenly, leaving Sigismund much startled by the repetition of this singular doubt.

"A dream," he again exclaimed in a soft voice, and with a look of astonishment and perplexity. "No, I do not dream, for I can feel, and see, and I know what I was, and what I am. Grieve as thou mayest, no remedy is in thy breast."

In a little time after, while Sigismund remained perplexed by the parting word of Basilius, his attention was attracted by the entrance of Rosaura, who now appeared dressed in her own habiliments. She was proceeding in search of Estrella, anxious at the same time to avoid the sight of Astolpho, Clotaldus having advised her to leave him in ignorance of her presence at the court of Poland. She felt grateful to Clotaldus for the interest which he appeared to take in her fortunes, and readily submitted to his guidance.

"What," said Clarin to Sigismund, "has pleased thee most of all that thou hast seen this morning?"

"Nothing has surprised me," said Sigismund, "for I have seen nothing here that my education did not in some measure enable me to anticipate. But if my admiration has been really moved at all, it has been by the beauty of the ladies who has left us."

At this moment perceiving Rosaura about to retire, he started forward and detaining her, exclaimed, "what do I see. I have surely beheld those features before now ?"

"And I," said Rosaura, "have seen that pomp and greatness reduced to chains, and a dungeon."

Saying this, she attempted to retire, but Sigismund again prevented her. "I must crave your permission to depart," said Rosaura, in some confusion.

"Going in such a hurried manner," said Sigismund, "is not asking leave but taking it ?"

At this moment, Clotaldus, whose anxiety had been greatly excited by hearing the voice of Rosaura in disputation with Sigismund, hurried into the apartment. "My lord," he exclaimed, "what is the cause of this ? Pray you forbear and suffer the lady to proceed."

"Again," exclaimed Sigismund, "again, thou grey-headed madman, darest thou to provoke my anger ? dost thou not fear me yet ?"

"I was induced to enter," said Clotaldus, "by the accents of this voice, to tell thee that thou shouldest be more peaceful if thou desirest to reign. Be not a tyrant because thou thinkest thyself our lord, for you may yet find that thought a dream."

The anger of Sigismund was provoked to the highest, by this threat. "I shall see," he exclaimed, "whether it be a dream by tearing thee to pieces." He grasped his dagger hastily, but Clotaldus arrested his arm and threw himself on his knees, whilst the affrighted Rosaura called loudly for assistance.

Her cries were heard by Astolpho, who rushed into the room, and throwing himself between the prince and the object of his anger, "What means this ? that so generous a prince will stain his dagger in blood that is well nigh frozen ? Let thy shining sword return to its scabbard."

"Yes," said Sigismund, "after I have reddened it in that villain's heart."

"Then," replied the pompous Astolpho, "since he has sought protection at my feet, he shall not plead in vain." And seeing the prince about to transfer his anger from Clotaldus to himself, he drew his sword and stood on the defensive.

The noise attracted to the place, the king, Estrella, and several of their attendants, who interposed between the combatants. Astolpho returned his sword to its sheath, and the king, being informed that Sigismund had attempted the life of Clotaldus, said to the former:

"Have grey hairs, then, no respect in thine eyes?"

"None," replied Sigismund, "and I trust that one day, I shall see thine own at my feet. Be assured that the opportunity for vengeance shall not be lost."

"Before that day comes," replied the king, "thou shalt sleep, and waking find that thy boast, and thy ingratitude, real as they seem to thee, are but the phantoms of an idle dream."

Once more Sigismund started at the words, and remained for some moments as if under the influence of a spell, motionless and silent, while the king and his guests departed. Astolpho leading out Estrella, conducted her towards the garden, where the following conversation passed between them.

"When fortune," said Astolpho, "promises mishap, she is seldom false to her word, but whenever she has benefits to confer the issue is doubtful. A demonstration of this truth may be found in the situation of Sigismund, and of myself. For him, evils and crimes were foretold, and they have turned out true. For me, on the other hand, were predicted, trophies of victory, the applause of men, and happiness; yet though this prophecy has been in part fulfilled, its completion is still doubtful, for although you have favoured me with

some encouragement, yet your disdain, I am sorry to say—"

Estrella interrupted him. "I doubt not," said she, "that you are sincere in those compliments, but, I suspect they are meant for the lady, whose portrait I have seen hanging at your neck. Go," she added, "and let her reward you, for it is a treachery not only to break your faith to her, but to make over the compliments that were her right, on other ladies."

At this moment Rosaura arrived, in her search of Estrella, at the very spot where they were conversing. She arrested her steps, however, on perceiving Astolpho, and concealed herself, while her heart burned with jealousy and anger, behind the arbour where the royal relatives were seated, while the conversation proceeded.

"Where the sun shines," said Astolpho, "no lesser luminary can appear, neither can darkness longer exist; but that you may be convinced that you alone reign within this breast, I will bring thee that portrait of which thou speakest. Pardon me, Rosaura," he added within his own mind, as he bowed and hurried from the arbour, but absent lovers never keep their vows, any more than I do mine to you."

The instant Rosaura perceived that he had left the garden, she presented herself before Estrella.

"Oh! I am glad to see thee," said the princess. "I was longing for a confidant, and to you alone can I entrust the secret which I am anxious to communicate."

"Madam," said Rosaura, "you may rest assured that your confidence shall be honoured."

"The little time," said Estrella, "that I have had the pleasure of knowing you, you have by some means, of which I am myself unconscious, found the entrance to my heart. I will therefore confide to you what I have

been anxious to conceal from myself. But this it is. My cousin Astolpho, (I said *cousin*, because there are some things the mere thought of which is as palpable as the utterance of others,) is about to wed with me, thus compensating by one felicity for a number of misfortunes. I shewed some pique this morning, when I saw him, on account of a portrait which hung from his neck, and he, who is I am sure very sincere in his professions, has just offered to bring it to me. It would annoy me to receive it from his hand, and I must beg of thee to remain here and obtain it for me. Farewell a little while. I say no more, for I know you are discreet and beautiful, and know I am sure, what love is."

"I would," exclaimed Rosaura, "that I knew it not so well," and she gazed after the princess with a look of deep sorrow rather than of envy. "But what," she continued, "shall I do in this strange situation? Does there exist in the world a more unfortunate person than myself? If I discover myself to him, Clotaldus, to whom I owe my life and safety here, will have deep reason for offence, for he advised me to expect redress from silence only, but what will my silence avail if he but chance to see me—my tongue—my voice—my eyes—may refuse to inform him, but my soul will contradict them all."

At this moment Astolpho entered the arbour.

"I have brought you," said he, "the portrait which —but what do I see—" and he paused in deep and sudden confusion.

"Why does your highness start?" said Rosaura calmly. "What is it that surprises you?"

"You, Rosaura, here!" said Astolpho.

"I, Rosaura," she exclaimed, appearing surprised; "your highness must mistake me for some other lady. My name is Astrea—far too insignificant a person to occasion so much confusion to your highness."

"Nay, Rosaura," said Astolpho, "you have carried the feint far enough. I may gaze on thee as Astrea, but I will always love thee as Rosaura."

"My lord," Rosaura replied, still with the same air of calmness and surprise, "I do not understand what you have just said, and therefore, I cannot answer you. All I can say is, that the princess commanded me to wait your arrival here, and on her part to receive from you the portrait which you promised her. It is just I should obey her even in matters that jar with my own inclinations."

"How ill dos't thou dissemble, Rosaura," said Astolpho, "notwithstanding all thy efforts."

"I wait for the portrait, my lord," Rosaura replied, extending her hand coldly.

"Well! well!" said the prince, "since you choose to carry on your dissimulation to the end, I shall answer you in the same manner. Go, Astrea, and tell the princess that I love her so truly, that I could not be satisfied with sending her merely the portrait she demands; I will do her a still greater pleasure, by presenting her with the original, which you can easily convey to her in your own person."

The taunt threw Rosaura off her guard. "I came here," she said, indignantly, "to receive a portrait, and although I could convey the original, which as you observe is far more precious, I should go slighted, to go without the copy; your highness will please to give it me, then, for I shall not leave this until I have obtained it."

"But how shall that be," returned Astolpho, "if I choose to keep it?"

'Thus, ingrate," replied Rosaura, making a vain effort to snatch it from his hand," no other woman I am resolved shall ever possess it."

"How angry you are," said the prince.

"And how perfidious thou."

"No more, my Rosaura."

"I thine! villain—it is false."

The altercation had reached this point, when Estrella suddenly re-entered the arbour. "Astrea!" she exclaimed—"Astolpho, what is this?"

"Here comes Estrella," said Astolpho to Rosaura, who, after a moment's consideration, addressed the princess. "If you wish to know, madam," said she, "the cause of our dispute, it was this:—The prince has by some means obtained a portrait of mine, and, instead of delivering that which you commanded me to receive from him, he even refuses to give me my own. That which he holds in his hand is mine—you may see if it does not resemble me."

Estrella took the portrait from the hand of the astonished Astolpho, and looking on it, said—"it is prettily done, but a little too highly coloured; you have grown pale, Rosaura, since you sat for this portrait."

"Nay, madam," said Rosaura, suppressing a sigh, "but is it not evidently mine?"

"Who doubts it?" said the princess, handing it to her.

"Now," said Rosaura, darting a smile of malicious triumph at the prince, as she withdrew, "you may ask him for the other; he may give it to you more readily than he would to me."

"You heard what Astrea said," said Estrella, addressing the prince; "although I intend never again to see or speak to you, yet I will not, since I was so silly as to ask for that portrait, suffer it to remain in your hands."

Astolpho continued for some time in much perplexity. "Beautiful Estrella," he at length said, "I would gladly obey your commands, but it is not in my power to give the miniature, because——"

"Thou art a vile and uncourteous lover," replied Estrella, haughtily, "but I will not now receive it, for I would not thus remind myself that I stooped to require it."

Saying this, she withdrew, and proceeded in high indignation towards the palace, while Astolpho endeavoured in vain to detain her. "By what enchantment," said he, "has this Rosaura so suddenly appeared to thrust me back from happiness—what wizard brought her here from Muscovy? Has she come to ruin me and herself?"

We shall now return to Sigismund. During supper the attendants administered to him a second sleeping potion. A deep trance succeeded; during which, by the orders of the king, they restored him to his rude clothing, his dungeon, and his chains.

"Here," said Clotaldus, on beholding him once more stretched upon the sandy floor, "here, where it first arose, thy haughtiness shall end."

"Sigismund!—ha!—Sigismund!" exclaimed Clarin, who had accompanied Clotaldus, "awake, and you will find some change in your condition."

Clotaldus, who apprehended some indiscretion from Clarin, resolved to have him also shut up, and said to the attendants, "prepare a room for this gentleman, who can talk so loud in the tower, where he can entertain himself until his lungs are weary. Stay! let it be in the adjoining room—this is the man," he added, pointing to Clarin.

The attendants approached and seized him.

"Me!" said Clarin, quite surprised, "why so?"

"Because," replied Clotaldus, "my good Clarin, my clarion, my trumpet, you know some secrets, and sound a note too loud."

"But," said Clarin, "I never yet sought to kill my father, nor have ever I flung a man through a window;

nor do I ever dream, although I may sleep now and then; and why should you shut me up like Sigismund?"

"Come—come—trumpet, come—clarion."

"Do you call me clarion! Nay! but I will be a cornet if you please, and then I shall be silent, for that is a vile instrument."

The attendants here dragged him away. Perceiving Basilius approach, whose curiosity had led him to witness the demeanour of Sigismund in his dungeon. Clotaldus pointed him out to the monarch as he lay stretched on the ground.

"Alas! unhappy prince," said the king," born in an unlucky hour. Approach, Clotaldus, and awake him, for the beverage he drank has deprived him of his vigour and his cruelty."

"Sire," replied Clotaldus, "he seems very restless, he dreams and speaks aloud; let us attend."

Sigismund here turned uneasily on his back, and murmured:—"he who punishes tyrants is a pious prince; let Clotaldus die by my sword, and let my father kiss my feet."

"He threatens my life," said Clotaldus.

"He wishes to humble me with the dust on which he treads," said the king—"but hark."

"Let me," continued Sigismund, "put forward upon the great arena of the world the valour that I feel burning in my veins, and let me slake the thirsty vengeance of my soul, by shewing the world prince Sigismund triumphant over his father."

At these words he awoke; and Basilius, wishing to avoid him, concealed himself in one of the adjacent passages of the tower. The astonished Sigismund stared wildly around him.

"Alas!" said he, "where am I—am I again the same—again do I behold my chains—art thou, oh

hated tower, again my tomb. It is so—then what dreams have I had."

Clotaldus went towards him, and said, "ever since I left thee soaring in mind with the eagle, in whose track my poor brain could not accompany you, I have been absent from the tower. Hast thou been all this time asleep?"

"I have," said Sigismund, "nor can I say that I am now awake, for if that which passed palpably before me was nothing more than a dream, I may be dreaming still. If I could see while I slept, it may be that I sleep now while I see."

"What didst thou dream of, then," said Clotaldus.

"Since it was but a dream," replied Sigismund, "I will tell thee. I awoke as I thought from the sleep in which I was left by thee, and found myself lying on a bed, which by the rich variety of its colours might be compared to the flowery couch which the spring spreads upon the mountain. Here hundreds of noblemen came forward, bowing submissively, bestowing on me the title of prince, and presenting me with embroidered clothes and jewels. My suspense was turned into joy, when thou camest unto me and said'st that though I had been in this condition, I was nevertheless the prince and the heir of Poland."

"No doubt you rewarded me well for my news," said Clotaldus.

"Not so well," returned Sigismund. "I was twice about to put thee to death as a traitor."

"What! did you treat me with so much rigour?"

"Ah!" said Sigismund, "I was lord of all, and I wrought revenge on all. A woman alone I loved, and this is the only feeling from which I have not yet awoke."

The king at these words withdrew altogether, and Clotaldus, addressing the prince, said:—"As we had

been speaking of the eagle and of the empires of the earth, they haunted thee in thy dreams; but even in thy dreams it would have been well to have had some respect for him who reared and instructed thee, for even in sleep there is a pleasure in doing good."

"It is true," replied Sigismund, thoughtfully, "let me then repress this fierceness of temper—this fury—this ambition—in case those dreams should return, which they will surely do, for life is now to me nothing more. Experience tells me that all who live are dreamers, and death the voice that awakens them. The monarch dreams of changes of state and government, and of power and flattery, but his fame is written on the wind; death comes, and his pomp and royalty are crumbled into ashes; and yet, knowing that death shall wake them, there are men who wish to reign; the rich man dreams of his wealth, that costs him many a tear; the poor man dreams of his misery, and frets at shadows; the ambitious man dreams of grandeur and self aggrandisement; the courtier dreams of rank and office; the injured man dreams of his revenge; all, in a word, dream of their several conditions. I dream that I am here loaded with these chains; and but now I dreamed that I filled a happier station; life itself is an illusion, a shadow, an empty fiction; the heaviest sorrow is but light, and the brightest joy but vain, for life is a dream, and there is nothing in it that can boast a foundation."

In the mean time poor Clarin paced the chamber in which he was confined in much peevishness and discontent.

"Here I am," said he, "confined in this tower for what I know; what will they do to me then for what I do not know? I pity myself very much, and people will say that is very natural, and so it is; for what can be more mournful than for a man who has got such

excellent grinders as mine to be left without a morsel to keep them in practice, while I am starving with hunger. Here, all is silence around me—me who can never close my lips, not even when I sleep—here am I, a social fellow, without a companion—no, I tell an untruth, I have plenty; there are plenty of rats and spiders, pretty robins to chirp about my windows; my head is filled with the frightful visions that have been haunting me since I entered. I have seen spectres, ghosts, hob-gobblins, elves and fairys; some mounting, some descending and cutting all kinds of strange capers; but what I feel most particularly is, that I am kept starved ever since I came in here; yet I deserve all this, and more, for having kept a secret while I was a servant, which is the greatest infidelity I could be guilty of to my masters."

His soliloquy was interrupted by the sound of drums and trumpets outside, and by the cries of a multitude of people, who were heard exclaiming, "here he is—this is the tower—let us dash the door to pieces."

"What's this," cried Clarin, "they are looking for me, there is no doubt of that, for they say here I am, and that this is the tower. What can they want me for? Here they come. Hallo! there is a crash!"

At the same instant, the door was forced from its hinges, and an armed mob burst into the room.

"That is he," said a soldier.

"It is not he," replied Clarin, who was apprehensive that they might not mean him kindly.

"Sire," cried one of the soldiers, "thou art our prince."

"These fellows are drunk," said Clarin.

"Yes, thou art our prince. We will not have a foreign king, while a natural one remains to us. Allow us to kiss your highness' hand."

At these words all shouted, "live our prince, long live our prince!"

"They are in earnest," said Clarin to himself. "I should wish to know if it be the custom of this country, to shut up a man every day in this tower to make a prince of him, and then bring him back to his prison again. Yes, there's no doubt of it, for I saw the same thing done yesterday. Well, well, I shall play my part to-day."

"Sire!" said one of the soldiers, "we have all told thy father the same thing, that you alone shall be our king, and not the prince of Muscovy."

"What," cried Clarin, "were ye wanting in respect to my father?"

"It was through loyalty for thee," said a soldier.

"Then," said Clarin, waving his hand, "if it was through loyalty for me, I forgive ye."

"Come out and regain thy crown," exclaimed the people. "Long live Sigismund."

Clarin hearing the prince's name, started in some surprise. "Sigismund they say," he repeated to himself, "but what do I care for that? Do I not know that they call every counterfeit prince, Sigismund?"

Sigismund, however, who heard his name thus proclaimed, called aloud from the inner dungeon. "Who called on Sigismund?" The soldiers hearing this voice, hurried Clarin into the next room, and beholding a man in chains, and so rudely clothed, inquired in some surprise, "what man is this?"

"This man," said the prince, "is Sigismund."

"Sigismund!" exclaimed a soldier, turning hastily to Clarin—"then how hadst thou the audacity to call thyself by that name?"

"I call myself Sigismund?" exclaimed Clarin, "it is false, it was you who had the audacity to nick-name me Sigismund."

"Great prince," said a soldier, addressing himself to Sigismund, "we find by the tokens that were given us, that thou art our lord and sovereign. Your father, the great king Basilius, terrified by the prophecy, which says that thou shalt one day wrest the sceptre from his grasp, has resolved to rob thee of thy right and transfer it to Astolpho of Muscovy. For this purpose he assembled his court. But the people, having learned that they possess a native prince in thee, have refused to submit to the yoke of a foreigner; they have sought thee, therefore, in this tower, in the hope that thou wilt use their arms for the recovery of thy birthright —come forward then, for in the plains beneath this mountain, a numerous army waits to proclaim thee. Liberty attends thy coming. Hark, and hear her accents."

The cries of "long live Sigismund," had been gradually increasing, and now they were heard swelling like the roar of the winter ocean.

"Again," exclaimed Sigismund, "must I again hear those sounds, again must I dream of splendour that time shall so soon undo. Must I again stand among shadows, and see majesty and greatness vanish before the wind. It must not be. Ye shall not see me yoked again to fortune's car; and since I know that life is but a dream, vanish ye shadows that pass before my troubled senses, feigning a substance and a sound, which in reality ye do not possess. I wish not for false majesty, vain pomps, fantastic splendours, which at the first breath of morn, will fly and disappear like the early blossoms of the almond tree, which the gentlest breeze will scatter on the earth bereft of colour, beauty, brilliancy and fragrance. I know ye; yes, I know ye; and know further, that the same delusions pass over the minds of all who sleep. Ye can deceive me no longer, for I know that you are dreams."

"My lord," said a soldier, "if you think that we deceive you, turn thy eyes toward yonder mountain, and see the multitude that await thy orders."

"Aye!" said Sigismund, "that very thing I saw once as clearly and distinctly, as I now behold it, and yet I did but dream."

"Great things, my lord," returned the soldier, "are always ushered in by presages, and those visions you speak of, were the dreams that foretold the reality you now behold."

"Rightly, thou sayest rightly," replied Sigismund, "and though they were dreams alone, there can be no harm since life is so short, in dreaming once again, and dreaming with so much prudence and caution, that on my waking, I may find no cause for sorrow; knowing that I must wake at some time, my disappointment will be less when that time arrives. And knowing that my power is merely borrowed, and must be restored to its owner, let me use it worthily. Subjects," he exclaimed aloud, starting to his feet, "I value your loyalty as highly as it deserves. In me you will find a prince, who boldly, and successfully, will free you from the foreign bondage which you fear. Sound to arms, and should I wake before this is accomplished, and before I have prostrated my father at my feet—but what do I say; my old passion has returned upon me; this is not right, it is not right to say it, even though it never should be done."

As he uttered these words, the shouts were again renewed, and Clotaldus hurried with a look of terror into the apartment. "What shouts are these?" he exclaimed; I am lost. Prince," he added, throwing himself on his knees before Sigismund, "I am come to receive my death at thy hands."

"Not so, my father," replied the prince, "arise from the earth, for thou shalt be the guide of my inexperi-

ence in this warfare. I know that to thy cares and anxieties, I am indebted for my education."

"What say you?" replied Clotaldus, in astonishment, at the mild and altered manner of the prince.

"That I am dreaming," replied the latter, "and that there is a pleasure in doing good even in dreams."

"Then my lord," said Clotaldus, "if it be thy intention to act according to the dictates of wisdom, let it not offend thee that I should follow those of duty. If you propose making war on your father, I cannot aid you with my council, for he is my king. I am at thy feet; give me death."

"Villain," exclaimed Sigismund, "traitor and ingrate —but," he added, suddenly repressing his anger, "why do I speak thus, when I know not if I am yet awake. I must restrain this violence. Clotaldus," he added mildly, "I admire thy fidelity; depart, and serve thy king."

Clotaldus withdrew, bowing respectfully, and admiring the moderation of Sigismund, while the latter exclaimed, "whether or not, let me act as virtue directs. If these things be real, I shall have done much good, if otherwise, I shall gain friends for the moment of waking." With these words he departed, to place himself at the head of his troops.

In the meantime, Basilius and Astolpho, alarmed at the powerful insurrection which menaced the throne, had placed themselves at the head of a large body of forces and taken the field. Basilius was in the act of consulting with the prince on the best measures to be immediately adopted, when Clotaldus arrived, breathless and exhausted, at the royal tent.

"Clotaldus here!" exclaimed Basilius; "what then is become of Sigismund?"

The old man explained the circumstance which had taken place at the dungeon, and Basilius calling for his

horse, hastened to place his army in a posture fit to receive the insurgents. Clotaldus was about to follow, when Rosaura entered and detained him.

"Stay," she exclaimed, "and hear me for a moment. You know that I came to Poland poor and unfriended, until I was fortunate enough to obtain your protection. You commanded me to remain disguised at the palace, and to avoid the sight of Astolpho, but he has seen me, and so little regards the promises he once made, that he is to meet Estrella this very evening in the palace garden. I have obtained the key, and by favouring your entrance that way, we may compel him to do me justice."

"It is true, Rosaura," said Clotaldus, "that since I first saw you, the interest you excited within me was such, that I would have given my life for yours, if the sacrifice was demanded. I had then resolved to compel Astolpho to fulfil the promise which he had made you, but our position has since been altered. Astolpho has saved my life, at the risk of his own, when I lay prostrate at the feet of Sigismund. I cannot therefore lift my sword against him, for it would be a detestable action."

"It is true," replied Rosaura, "that I owe you my life, yet I have heard you say, that he who lives under an offence, does not in fact live at all. Then if I still remain unredressed, I owe you nothing and my life is my own. But if you will prefer your affection to your gratitude, I hope yet to receive it from you. Be liberal first, and then be grateful."

"Thou hast convinced me, Rosaura, and I will be liberal. I will give thee my fortune, with which thou mayest retire, as thy virtue is yet unspotted, to a monastery. I behold my country distracted by civil feuds, and must not add to them. Thus I shall be loyal to my king, liberal to thee, and grateful to Astolpho;

and I think I could do no more, Rosaura," he added, speaking with much tenderness, "were I even thine own father."

"Were you my father," exclaimed Rosaura, with much indignation, "I might endure this insulting speech, but not otherwise."

"What then do you intend?" said Clotaldus.

"To redress myself," replied Rosaura.

"This is madness," exclaimed Clotaldus.

"Be it so," replied Rosaura, "it is a virtuous madness, and it shall be executed." Saying which she hurried out of the room, unheeding the efforts made by Clotaldus to detain her.

The drums were now heard at a distance, and Sigismund still attired in his dress, appeared in the adjacent plain attended by Clarin and the soldiers. A trumpet was heard, and Clarin addressing the prince, said, "I see yonder a courser, which, if I am not much deceived, bears a woman on his back—here she comes, beautiful as the bridal day. It is Rosaura," he added, with astonishment.

"She is restored to me," said Sigismund, with rapture. Rosaura at the same instant reined in her steed, and alighted.

"Generous prince," she said, "you see before you an unfortunate woman who finds herself compelled to implore thy protection, lend me thine ear but for a few moments, and thou shalt know why it is that I am compelled to trouble thee."

Sigismund waved his attendants to some distance, and requested Rosaura to proceed.

"I was born," said she, "of a noble mother, in the court of Muscovy; she doubtless was very beautiful, for she was very unhappy. A jealous husband tortured her by unfounded doubts, and at length deserted her; I was the fruit of their unhappy union, and the heiress, if

not to the beauty, at least to the misfortunes of my parent. Astolpho, the prince of Muscovy, forgetting the sacred vows which he once pledged to me, has come hither to Poland to espouse Estrella; thus have I been left, despised, contemned, forsaken, to mourn in secret the perfidy of the man whose promises I had too readily met by reciprocal vows of attachment. I wept over my forlorn condition in a lonely chamber, where no one entered to disturb me; one day my mother, Violante, suddenly broke into my prison, and finding me in tears, drew from me the secret of my desertion; she advised me to follow Astolpho to the court of Poland, and handing me the sword which I now hold, she bade me contrive to show it to the nobles of the court, one of whom would recognize it, and afford me protection. I obeyed her, and the issue proved her words true. All my modes of redress have, however, failed me, and I now throw myself at thy feet, to seek the assistance which is necessary to prevent the completion of my misery."

Sigismund heard this discourse with a mixture of surprise and sorrow.

"If this be true," said he to himself "let memory depart, for it is not possible that a dream should comprehend so many things. What man was ever tortured by such a multitude of perplexing doubts. If that day of pomp and splendour was in reality a dream, how happens it now that this woman again appears before me, and relates so many perplexing things with such a scrupulous minuteness. It was no dream; it was reality. Is glory then so like a dream, that the happiest are shadows, and the briefest only real. How like the copy is to the original. Well then, since grandeur, pomp, power, and majesty, shall one day pass like visions, let me profit by the moment of illusion, and use them worthily. Rosaura is now in my power. I love her, and might make her mine forever. I can now dream of happiness,

but for that dream I must forfeit my eternal honour. A happiness once passed, is but a dream we hold no more of, than the shadow that lingers in our remembrance. Then since I know that pleasure is but a beautiful flame converting into ashes the lofty mansions of virtue, and of glory, let me only strive for that which is eternal; the happiness that never dies, and the greatness which never passes away. Rosaura then is safe."

Saying this he ordered the drum to beat to arms, and prepared to give battle with his undisciplined troops, carefully avoiding Rosaura with his eyes.

"Does not your highness answer me," exclaimed the latter; "am I then rejected; you do not even look upon me."

"Rosaura," said the prince, "I do not answer thee, because my deeds must speak for me, nor can I look upon thee while I wish to preserve thy honour." Saying which he hurried out of the tent, leaving Rosaura more perplexed than ever.

Clarin having remained until now at a distance, approached Rosaura, saying, "am I allowed to see you Madam?"

"Ah! Clarin," exclaimed Rosaura, "where have you been?"

"Locked up in a tower," answered Clarin, "with death grinning in my face, and ready to die of vexation."

"Why so?" asked Rosaura.

"I knew a secret," said Clarin, and had no way of telling it. The fact is, Clotaldus is your——but what noise is this?"

Great shouts were now heard on the adjacent plain, of "long live our king," "liberty for ever!"

"King and liberty for ever, as long as you like," said Clarin, "for I do not care two straws for either. Provided the one gives me enough to eat, that's all I am

anxious about. I never heard so much trumpeting, or saw so many bones flying in every direction since I was born. Ha ! here is a fine large rock, from behind which I can safely see the whole affair. It is strong and well concealed ; this little parapet is the best amulet in the world against a wandering arrow." Saying which he ensconced himself behind it.

" The battle, which had been raging with great fury, now turned against the king.

" The traitors," exclaimed Astolpho to the latter, " are victorious."

" You are mistaken," replied Basilius, " the epithet of traitor in occasions like these, always applies to the vanquished ; but let us fly."

As they passed the rock behind which Clarin lay concealed, a flight-arrow drop'd on the spot and pierced the latter. He uttered an exclamation of pain and entreaty.

" Who is there ?" demanded the king.

" An unfortunate man," replied Clarin, " seeking to avoid death among these rocks, where as it happens I am only come to meet it. Whoever thou art, I advise thee to return to the field of battle, where you will be just as secure as in the most secret recess ; for if heaven has decreed thy death, rely on it that your flight is vain." Saying these words the merry Castilian expired.

" How well, alas !" said Basilius, " does heaven point out to us our error, and our ignorance, by the words of this unhappy jester. I will fly no further, for if it is decreed by Providence that I shall die, I should seek in vain to avoid my destiny."

At this moment Sigismund appeared, followed by his troops, from whom he dispatched scouts into all the intricacies of the mountain, to search for the fugitive king, commanding them not to suffer a tree or even a bush to pass without examination.

Clotaldus and Astolpho could not prevail on Basilius to take horse. On the contrary, so deeply was he impressed with the certainty of his doom that he advanced to meet Sigismund.

"Prince," said he, "thou art in search of me, and here I am prostrate at thy feet. Set thy heel upon my hoary head—upon my feeble neck—and on my glittering crown. Regard not the reverence which is due to my years—the respect which my rank should inspire. Accomplish thy revenge, and make thy father thy slave."

Sigismund paused for a few moments while he gazed on the prostrate monarch. At length addressing the nobles who had crowded round, he said :

"Illustrious court of Poland give me your attention, and judge between my father and me. In order to subdue the native fierceness of my temper, my father had me reared as men rear their captive lions and tigers, and this before he had ascertained other than by his own calculations, what danger might have been expected had he left me at freedom. In fact he increased, if he did not create the danger, by his own conduct; or had I been born of an humble and docile mind, the life and education to which he doomed me would have made me such a monster as he believed me to be. Strange way to preserve himself from the consequences of my infirmity ! If any man had an enemy who sought his life, would he seek to preserve it by waking that enemy up from sleep—If he was told that the sword which he carried at his side should be the occasion of his death, would he seek to save himself by unsheathing it, and pointing it to his breast ? If he was told that the water should be his tomb, would he put to sea in a storm ? But so it was that Basilius acted, when he sought to tame the fierceness of my temper, by giving me for tutors the beasts of the desert. Let this example then of disappointed prudence, shew to the world, the folly

of that wisdom in which Basilius reposed confidence. The will of heaven has humbled him even to the feet of his own child. But let the lesson terminate here. Arise my father and give me thy hand; and if thou art unsatisfied with what thy son has done, behold me at thy feet again, powerless and humble, and ready to obey thee!"

Basilius made him rise. "My son," said he, "you have again enkindled within me the affections of a father. You have conquered, and you are again our prince."

"Still," said Sigismund, "I have a more difficult conquest to achieve over myself. Let Astolpho fulfil his promise to Rosaura."

The Muscovite started. "It is true," said he, "that I was once bound to her, but you should consider the inequality of our conditions."

"Hold," exclaimed Clotaldus, "let that no longer be a bar, for Rosaura is noble as well as Astolpho; she is my daughter!"

After the astonishment which Rosaura, as well as all the rest of the hearers evinced at this intelligence had subsided, Clotaldus continued. "Yes, she is my daughter, although this is not the time to explain why I so long kept this a secret."

While Astolpho endeavoured to make peace with Rosaura, Sigismund turned to Clotaldus and said, "You who were loyal to my father, though at the hazard of your life, ask now any favour that Sigismund can grant."

A man who appeared to exercise considerable authority amongst the populace, here stepped forward and said, "since you are so liberal to your enemies, what do you intend for me who was the cause of the tumult by which you recovered your liberty?"

"The same tower," replied Sigismund, "in which I was myself confined."

The king and those who were around him could not help admiring the extraordinary change which had been wrought in the character of the prince.

"What is it that surprises you?" exclaimed the latter. "I have been taught by a dream, to restrain selfish wishes. I know not but I may yet awake and find myself once more chained within my dungeon. My anxiety now, therefore is, to profit wisely by the illusion while it lasts."

At the conclusion of the Foreman's tale, a long continued round of applause gave gratifying evidence of the interest it had excited. As soon as silence was restored, however, he was reminded of the song, which according to his own proposal should follow the story.

"I had almost forgotten," said the Foreman, "and thank you for reminding me of it. As the fickleness of a lover formed the chief subject of my story, it will not be inappropriate to make constancy the theme of my song. I cannot pretend to do justice to one of the most beautiful of our ancient Irish melodies, but venture with it as the best I can offer :—

AILEEN AROON.

I.

When like the early rose
Aileen aroon!
Beauty in childhood blows.
Aileen aroon!
When like a diadem,
Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem,
Aileen aroon!

II.

Is it the laughing eye,
Aileen aroon!
Is it the timid sigh,
Aileen aroon!

Is it the tender tone,
Soft as the stringed harp's moan,
Oh, it is truth alone,
Aileen aroon!

III.

When like the rising day,
Aileen aroon!
Love sends his early ray,
Aileen aroon!
What makes his dawning glow,
Changeless through joy or woe,
Only the constant know
Aileen aroon!

IV.

I know a valley fair,
Aileen aroon!
I knew a cottage there,
Aileen aroon!
Far in that valley's shade,
I knew a gentle maid,
Flower of the hazel glade,
Aileen aroon!

V.

Who in the song so sweet,
Aileen aroon!
Who in the dance so fleet,
Aileen aroon!
Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,
Aileen aroon!

VI.

Where she no longer true,
Aileen aroon!
What should her lover do,
Aileen aroon!
Fly with his broken chain
Far o'er the sounding main,
Never to love again,
Aileen aroon!

VII.

Youth must with time decay,
Aileen aroon!
Beauty must fade away,
Aileen aroon!
Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixed star,
Aileen aroon!

"This, gentlemen," said the Foreman, after slightly acknowledging the renewed plaudits of his brother jurors, "you are aware, is the celebrated composition which was imposed upon the English public some years since as a Scotch melody, under the name of Robin Adair.

"It is amusing to witness how coolly our modern composers avail themselves of our ancient stores of melody, without the slightest acknowledgment. It is far easier with them to adapt an old, and far too often almost forgotten melody, than to trust to their own powers for making a due impression of their capabilities as composers, upon the public mind."

"Your remark is just," said one of his brethren, "but as respects Robin Adair, the plagiarism might have been unintentional. I mean that the adaptor might have had no intention of imposing the music upon the world as his own. Aileen Aroon was about that period, too well known for any person thus to risk his reputation. An Italian lady was in the habit of singing it with the original Irish words, at Covent Garden Theatre, and although the adaptor took only two parts of the original air, and adorned the simple melody with some grace notes, it is still probable that he only looked to the words, silly as they are, for the success of the publication. You are of course aware that they are supposed to refer to the attachment of the then Prince of Wales to Mrs. Fitzherbert. That gave them an

interest which the melody was certainly not calculated to lessen."

"If it were a solitary instance," said the Foreman, "I might perhaps think with you; but the thing is common. Indeed it has been practised with such impunity by some modern composers, that they do not confine themselves to ancient airs. They do not hesitate to extend their depredations to their more modern. One instance I call to mind at this moment. A song which was noised through London recently, as sung by Madam Vestris at the Olympic Theatre, called "They marched through the town," is neither more nor less than the old rebel air of 1798, which you all doubtless are familiar with. I mean, "Green to my Cape." The worst of it is, however, that, in order to conceal the plagiarism, they spoil the melody, as in this case the composer has destroyed the fine freedom of the second line of the original."

"I do not mean to dispute what you have stated," said the former juryman, "but still plagiarism in music as in poetry, will sometimes unintentionally occur. A long forgotten strain perhaps recurs to the mind of the composer—he cannot remember that he has heard it before—it haunts him until he begins to persuade himself it is original, and forthwith embodies it in leaden plates, from whence it issues to delight the drawing rooms of the fashionable world. This, I think, was the case with a gentleman whom Ireland has reason to be proud of; and who, perhaps to this hour, is not aware that one of his most beautiful compositions, "The Angels Whisper," is taken from the old air of the "Fox's Sleep," to which Moore has written the beautiful words, "When he who adores thee, has left but the name." Indeed the first line of the music of each are identical, and if the plagiarism be caused in the way I have suggested, we have double cause to be thankful to the old air, in as

much as it has inspired a new one, nearly equal in beauty."

"I could say more on the subject," said the Foreman, "but I am detaining you from the amusement which I perceive by his abstracted expression of countenance, our friend next me is preparing for us."

"I am sorry to say, gentleman," said the Juryman alluded to, "I have been engaged rather in hunting for a story than in preparing one. My perplexity, nevertheless, has this moment reminded me of a tale, which, if it possesses no other merit, has at least that of being appropriate to the occasion; so I shall relate it without further preamble"

THE SECOND JURYMAN'S TALE.

THE STORY-TELLER AT FAULT.

"Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating."

HAMLET, Act v., Sc. i.

THE STORY-TELLER AT FAULT.

At the time when the Tuatha Danans held the sovereignty of Ireland, there reigned in Leinster, a king, who was remarkably fond of hearing stories. Like all the princes and chieftains of the island at this early date, he had a favourite Story-teller, according to the custom of those times, who held a large estate from his Majesty, on condition of his telling him a new story every night of his life, before he went to sleep, and sometimes with the laudable purpose of lulling him into that blissful condition. So inexhaustible was the genius of the king of Leinster's Story-teller, that he had already reached a good old age, without failing even for a single night to have a new story for the king; and such was the skill and tact which he displayed in their construction, that whatever cares of state or other annoyances might prey upon the monarch's mind, one of his Story-teller's narratives was sure to make him fall asleep.

In the course of his career, the Story-teller had married a wealthy and high-born lady, daughter of a neighbouring lord of that country, with whom he lived in peace and prosperity during many years. There is nothing however in this world which is not subject to

decay or change, and even the human mind, which from its spiritual nature, might well be supposed incorruptible, is doomed to share the infirmities of the frame, with which it is so mysteriously united. The progress of old age began to produce a sensible influence on the imagination of the Story-teller. His fancy grew less brisk and active, and the king observed that he began to diversify his incidents with a greater number of moral and philosophical reflections than he conceived to be necessary to the progress of the narrative. However, he made no complaints, as the Story-teller's reflections evinced a great deal of judgment, and the grand object in view, that of setting the king to sleep, was as perfectly accomplished by his philosophy, as by his wit or invention.

Matters thus proceeded, the Story-teller growing older and older and more and more philosophical, and less and less fanciful, but he was yet true to his engagement, and never failed to have a new story at night-fall for the king's amusement. Every day however brought increasing indications of an intellectual crisis, which would not be very distant.

One morning the Story-teller arose early, and, as his custom was, strolled out into his garden, and through the adjacent fields, in order to turn over in his mind some incidents which he might weave into a story for the king at night. But this morning he found himself quite at fault; after pacing his whole demesne, he returned to his house, without being able to think of anything new or strange. In vain he sent his fancy abroad, it returned as empty as it left him. He found no difficulty in proceeding as far as "there was once a king who had three sons," or "there lived in the reign of Ollav Folla;" or "one day the king of all Ireland," but further than that, he found it impossible to proceed. At length a servant came to announce to him that

breakfast was ready and his mistress waiting for him in the house. He went in and found his wife seated at the table, and looking much perplexed at his delay. She was not long observing the air of chagrin, that overspread his countenance.

"Why do you not come to breakfast, my dear?" said his wife.

"I have no mind to eat anything," replied the Story-teller. "As long as I have been in the service of the king of Leinster I never yet sat down to breakfast without having a new story to tell him in the evening, but this morning my mind is quite shut up and I don't know what to do. I might as well lie down and die at once. I'll be disgraced for ever this evening, when the king calls for his Story-teller."

"That's strange," said the wife, "can't you think of anything new at all?"

"Nothing whatever; the door of my mind is locked against it."

"Nonsense," said his wife, "can't you invent something about a giant, or a dwarf, or a Bean Mhor (huge woman) or a baoch (champion) from foreign parts?"

"Oh, it is easy enough to find heroes," replied the Story-teller, "but what am I to do with them when I have them?"

"And can't you invent anything at all?"

"I cannot; our estate is gone from us for ever; besides the open show that will be made of me to-night at the palace."

When the Story-teller's wife heard this dreadful news, she broke into a fit of crying and weeping, as if all her friends and relations were dead. At length her husband prevailed on her to be composed.

"Well," said she, "let us sit down to breakfast at any rate; the day is long yet, and may be you'd think of something or another in the course of it."

The Story-teller shook his head, as if to intimate his distrust of its contents, but sat down to breakfast as his wife desired. When all was removed, and they had sat for a while in silence :

"Well," she asked, "do you think of anything yet?"

"Not a pinsworth," said the Story-teller. "I might as well lie down and die at once."

"Well, my dear," said the lady, "I'll tell you what you'll do. Order your horses and chariot, and let us take a good long drive, and may be something might come into your head."

The Story-teller complied, and the chariot was prepared. Two of his finest horses were harnessed in the carriage, and three favourite hounds followed them. After driving a long distance, they took the road homeward once more, and towards evening, when they came within sight of their own demesne, the lady again asked her husband if he had yet thought of anything to tell the king?

"There is no use in my attempting it," he replied, "I can think of nothing. I'm as far from having anything new, as I was when we left home."

At this moment it happened that the lady saw something dark at the end of a field at a little distance from the road.

"My dear," said the wife, "do you see something black at the end of that field?" "I do," replied her husband.

"Let us drive towards it," said the wife, "and perhaps it might be the means of putting something into your head which it would answer to tell the king."

"I'll do as you desire," replied the Story-teller, "though I am sure it is no use for me."

They turned the horses' heads and drove in the direction pointed out by the lady. When they drew nigh,

they saw a miserable looking old man lying on the ground with a wooden leg placed beside him.

"Who are you, my good man?" asked the Story-teller.

"Oh, then, 'tis little matter who I am. I'm a poor, old, lame, decrepid, miserable creature, sitting down here to rest awhile."

"And what are you doing with that box and dice I see in your hand?"

"I am waiting here to see whether any one would play a game with me," replied the old *bococh* (beggar man.)

"Play with *you!*" exclaimed the Story-teller. "Why what has a poor old man like you to play for?"

"I have one hundred pieces of gold here in this leathern purse," replied the old man.

"Do you go down and play with him," said the Story-teller's wife, "and perhaps you might have something to tell the king about it in the evening."

He descended, and a smooth stone was placed between them as a gaming table. They had not cast many throws, when the Story-teller lost all the money he had about him.

"Much good may it do you, friend," said the Story-teller. "I could not expect better hap in so foolish an undertaking."

"Will you play again?" asked the old man.

"Don't be talking, man; you have all my money."

"Haven't you a chariot and horses and hounds?"

"Well, what of them?"

"I'll stake all the money I have against them."

"Nonsense, man!" exclaimed the Story-teller, "do you think for all the gold in Ireland, I'd run the risk of seeing my lady obliged to go home on foot?"

"May be you'd win," said the *bococh*.

"May be I wouldn't," said the Story-teller.

"Do play with him husband," said the lady. "It is the second time, and as he won before, you might win now. Besides I don't mind walking."

"I never refused you a request in my life, that it was possible to comply with," said the Story-teller, "and I won't do so now."

He sat down accordingly, and in one throw lost houses, hounds, and chariot.

"Will you play again?" asked the *bococh.*

"Are you making game of me, man?" said the Story-teller, "what else have I to stake?"

"I'll stake the whole money and all against your lady," said the old man.

Now, gentlemen of the Jury, although these were pagan times, the Story-teller could not help thinking the bococh had a great deal of impudence to make him such a proposition. However, he only looked at him with an expression of great surprise, and was turning away in silence, when his wife spoke to him again:

"Do, my dear," said she, "accept his offer. This is the third time, and how do you know what luck you may have? Besides, if you lose your estate to night, as you are afraid, sure I'd be only a bother to you all our life."

"Is that the way you talk!" said the Story-teller, "you that I never refused a request to, since first I saw you."

"Well," said she, "if you never refused me a request before, don't refuse me this one now, and may be it would be better for us both. You'll surely win the third time."

They played again, and the Story-teller lost. No sooner had he done so, than to his great astonishment and indignation, he beheld his lady walk over and sit down near the ugly old bococh.

"Is that the way you're leaving me?" said the Story-teller.

"Sure I was won my dear," said the lady, "you would not cheat the poor man, would you?"

"Have you any more to stake?" asked the old man.

"You know very well I have not," replied the Story-teller.

"I'll stake the whole now, your lady and all, against yourself," said the old man.

"Nonsense, man!" said the Story-teller, "what in the world business would you have of an old fellow like me?"

"That's my own affair, said the bococh, "I know myself what use I could make of you; it is enough for you if I am willing to consider you a sufficient stake against all I have."

"Do, my dear," said the lady; "surely you do not mean to leave me here after you."

The Story-teller complied once more and lost.

"Well," said he with a desolate look, "here I am for you now, and what do you want with me? You have the whole of us now, horses and carriage and mistress and master, and what business have you of us?"

"I'll soon let you know what business I have of you at any rate," said the old man, taking out of his pocket a long cord and a wand. "Now," he continued, "as I have possession of your property, I do not choose to be annoyed by you any longer, so I propose transforming you into some kind of an animal, and I give you a free choice to be a hare, or a deer, or a fox, whichever of the three best hits your fancy."

The Story-teller in dismay looked over towards his wife.

"My dear," said she, "do not choose to be a deer, for if you do, your horns will be caught in the branches,

and you will be starved with hunger ; neither choose to be a fox, for you will have the curse of every body down upon you, but choose to be an honest little hare, and every one will love you, and you will be praised by high and low."

"And is that all the compassion you have for me ?" said the Story-teller. "Well, as I suppose it is the last word I have to say to you, it shall not be to contradict you at any rate."

So he made choice of a hare, and the old man immediately threw the cord around him and struck him with the wand, when the transformation was effected. Scarcely had the poor hare taken a skip or two, in order to divert himself, when the lady called the hounds, and set them after him. The hare ran, the dogs followed. The field in which they happened to be was enclosed by a high wall, so that the course continued a long time in the sight of the old man and the lady, to the great diversion of both. At length the hare, panting and weary, ran to the feet of the latter for protection. But then was witnessed a singular instance of the caprice and mutability of the sex, for the Story-teller's wife, forgetful of all his kindness experienced during a long course of years, unfeelingly kicked him back again towards the dogs, from whence arose the proverb long current in after times, *caith se a glab no con,* (she threw him into the hound's mouth), as applied to all who act with similar ingratitude. They coursed him a second and a third time, and at the end of each, the lady acted with the same heartlessness, until at length the old man struck the hounds, and took the hare into his lap, where he held him for some time, until he had sufficiently recovered his strength. He then placed him on the ground, and putting the cord around him struck him with the wand, on which he immediately re-assumed his own form.

"Well," said the old man, "will you tell me how you liked that sport?"

"It might be sport to others," replied the Story-teller, looking at his wife, "but I declare I don't find it so enticing, but I could put up with the loss of it. You're a droll man, whoever you are. Would it be asking an impertinent question to know from you who you are at all, or where you came from, or what is your trade, that you should take a pleasure in plagueing a poor old man of my kind in that manner?"

"Oh," replied the stranger, "I'm a very odd kind of man—a sort of a valking, good-for-little fellow—one day in poverty—another day in plenty—and so on—but if you wish to know anything more about me or my habits, come with me in some of my rambles, and perhaps I might show you more than you would be apt to make out if you were to go alone."

"I'm not my own master to go or stay," replied the Story-teller, with a resigned look.

When the stranger heard this, he put one hand into the wallet which he carried at his side, and drew out of it before their eyes, a well-looking middle-aged man, to whom he spoke, as follows:

"I command you by all you heard and saw since I put you into my wallet, to take charge of this lady, together with the carriage and horses and all, and have them ready for me at a call whenever I shall require them."

He had scarcely said these words when all vanished from the Story-teller's sight, and he found himself on a sudden, transported he knew not how, to a place which he recognized as the Fox's Ford, well known as the residence of Red Hugh O'Donnell. On looking around, he saw the old man standing near him in a dress still more grotesque than before. His figure was now erect, though tall and lank, his hair grey, and his ears stick-

ing up through his old hat. The greater part of his sword was exposed behind his hip; he wore a pair of tattered brogues, which, at every prodigious stride he made over the marshy ground, sent the water in jets up to his knees; and in his hand he carried three green boughs. It happened on this very day that O'Donnell and his followers and kinsmen were partaking of a splendid banquet in his house. They were very merry, feasting and drinking together, and as the Story-teller and his companion drew near, they heard one of the guests exclaim in a loud and commanding tone:

"Who will say he ever heard finer music than that? Is it possible that twenty-two musicians could be found from this to the shores of Greece, better skilled in their art than the twenty-two who are here to-day; I mean Darby McGillagan, Cormad O'Cregan, Timothy O'Cunningham, and many more whom I do not mention now by name?"

"We do not suppose," said several of his hearers, "that any such thing is possible."

At this moment the Caol Riava (thin grey man) and the Story-teller entered the house:

"Save all here!" said the Caol Riava.

"And you likewise," replied O'Donnell, "where do you come from now?"

"I slept last night," replied the stranger, "in the palace of the king of Scotland."

"Call the door-keeper before me," said O'Donnell.

He was summoned accordingly.

"Was it you let in this man?" asked O'Donnell.

"I give you free lave to whip the head from my two shoulders," replied the door-keeper, "if ever I laid eyes upon him before this present moment."

"Let it pass," said the Caol Riava, "for it would come just as easy to me to go out as to come in, whether the door was open or shut."

Then turning to the musicians :

" Play something for us," said he, " that I may judge whether all that I have heard in your praise be merited or otherwise."

They began to play, first successively, and then in full concert, all kinds of airs and elaborate pieces of music, both on wind and stringed instruments, and when they had concluded, all looked to the new comer to learn his opinion of their performance.

" I assure you," said the Caol Riava, " that since I first heard of Belzebub and Moloch and Satan and the rest of their infernal compeers, and of the hideous noise and uproar compounded of rage and lamentation which prevails in the dreary region of the demons and in the court of the sable princes of Hell, I never could imagine worse music than what you are just after playing."

" Play something for us yourself, then," said O'Donnell.

" May be I will, and may be I wont," replied the Caol Riava, " for you may be certain I will do exactly what I like myself and nothing else."

" I don't doubt you," said O'Donnell.

The Caol Riava then took a harp and began to play in such a manner that the dead might have come out of their graves to hear him without occasioning any astonishment to those who knew the cause they had for so doing. As to the company who were present, sometimes he would make them weep, sometimes laugh, and at other times he could lull them asleep with the power of his enchanting strains.

" You are a sweet man, whoever you are," said O'Donnell.

" Some days sweet and some days bitter," replied the Caol Riava.

" Go higher up and sit in company with O'Donnell, and eat along with him," said one of the attendants.

"I will do no such thing," replied the Caol Riava, "for a pleasing accomplishment in an ugly fellow like me, is like honey in the body of a man who is going to be hanged; so I will go no higher up then where I am; but let me see his goodness here, if he has a mind to show it at all."

He kept his place, and O'Donnell sent him by the hands of an attendant a suit of attire, consisting of a cloak of many colours, a fine tunic and other garments to match.

"Here," said the attendant, "is a full suit that O'Donnell sends you."

"I will not accept it," replied the Caol Riava, "for a good man shall never have to say that he lost so much by me."

"He is either an enemy or something more than mortal," said O'Donnell, when he heard that the stranger had refused his gifts. "Let twenty horsemen in full armour keep guard outside the house, and as many foot soldiers be stationed inside to watch his movements."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the Long Grey Man, when he saw the soldiers gathering round him.

"We mean to have a sharp eye on you, that you may not give us the slip 'till dinner is over," said O'Donnell.

"You are very hospitable," replied the Caol Riava, "but I give you my word, if you were as good again it is not with you I'll dine to-day."

"Where else will you dine?" asked O'Donnell.

"Far enough from you, you may be satisfied," replied the Caol Riava.

"I pledge you my word," said one of the galloglasses on guard, "if I find you attempting to stir against O'Donnell's wish, I'll make pound pieces of you with my battle axe."

The Caol Riava made no reply, but took an instrument and began to play as before, in such a manner that all within hearing were enchanted with his music. He then laid aside the harp and stood up in his place.

"Now," he said, "look to yourselves, you who are minding me, for I am off!"

The instant he uttered these words, the soldier who before had menaced him, raised his battle axe, but instead of wounding the stranger as he intended, he struck a heavy blow on the harness of the man who stood next him. The latter returned the stroke with the best of his will, and in a few moments the whole score of foot guards were hewing at each other's heads and shoulders with their battle axes, until the floor was strewed with their disabled bodies. In the midst of this confusion the Caol Riava came to the door-keeper and said to him :

"Go to O'Donnell and tell him that for a reward of twenty cows and a large farm rent free, you will undertake to bring his people to life again. When he accepts your proposal (as I know he will be glad to do), take this herb and rub a little of it to the roof of each man's mouth, and he will be presently in perfect health again."

"The door-keeper did as he directed, and succeeded perfectly, but when he returned to thank his benefactor, to his great astonishment he could discover no trace of either him or the Story-teller.

It happened at this very time that a worthy man, named Mac Eocha, of Leinster, a doctor in poetry, had been laid up with a broken leg more than eighteen weeks without receiving the least relief, although he had sixteen of the ablest surgeons in Leinster in consultation upon it. Happening to lift up his eyes as he sat before his door, he saw the Caol Riava and the Story-teller approaching, the former having only one

large garment around him, and an Irish book in his hand, out of which he read aloud in one monotonous humming tone.

"Save you, Mac Eocha," said the Caol Riava.

"And you likewise!" replied Mac Eocha, "may I ask you what is your profession?"

"Why," replied the Caol Riava, "I am what you may call the makings of a physician from Ulster."

"And what is your name?"

"Call me Cathal ō Gein, and I will answer to it," replied the stranger. "I understand you are of a very churlish and inhospitable disposition, and if you changed your conduct, I would be apt to cure your leg for you."

"I acknowledge my failing," said Mac Eocha, "I am as niggardly as any miser until I take my third cup, but from that out I am easy as to what others may do. But I promise you if you cure me that I will not be guilty of that fault again."

While he was speaking, the sixteen Doctors who were in attendance on him came up, to inquire how he was getting on, upon which he told them of the offer made by the Caol Riava.

The Doctors looked at the stranger, and at the Story-teller, and then laughed immoderately.

"'Tis very well," said the Caol Riava, "but wait a little. Rise up now," said he to Mac Eocha, "and let me see which can, you or your sixteen physicians run fastest."

Up started Mac Eocha, and away went the sixteen doctors after their patient, but he left them far behind, and came back in great spirits to his house, while they remained panting and puffing at a distance.

"Now, you Mac Eocha," said the stranger, "do not be guilty of inhospitality or churlishness from this time forward, or if you do, I'll come to you again, and break your leg worse than it was before, and not only that,

but the other leg also I'll break in such a manner that all the surgeons in the Fenian hosts will not be able to cure it for you. As for these sixteen impostors that pretended to treat it for you, not one of them shall ever walk without a limp from this time forward."

"I promise you I will remember what you say," replied Mac Eocha, "and to make a beginning, come in now and partake of a magnificent banquet which shall be prepared on the instant, for you and your companion."

They entered the house and were followed by the sixteen physicians who shortly after came limping across the threshold. However, while Mac Eocha was ordering the banquet, an attendant ran to tell him that the Ulster doctor was running down the hill, which sloped away from the door, faster than a greyhound with a hare in his eye. Mac Eocha was so much surprised at his abrupt departure, that he made these lines, which were often repeated after him :

> Though my trust in his skill and his learning is high,
> I'd have liked him the better for bidding good bye:
> If the doctors of Ulster have all the same breeding,
> T'were fitter they stuck to their cupping and bleeding.

Meanwhile, the Story-teller and his strange master found themselves on a wild heath in Sligo, where they beheld O'Connor of Connaught, at the head of a powerful army, with a vast herd of cattle and other spoils, which he had driven from the bondsmen of Munster. The Caol Riava went up and saluted him :

"Save you, O'Connor," he said boldly.

"And you likewise," replied the monarch, "what is your name?"

"Call me Giolla De," said the Caol Riava, "what is the cause of the confusion which I observe amongst your forces?"

"We are expecting an attack from the Munster men," replied the king, "and are at a loss how to drive the spoils, and repel the enemy at the same time."

"What made you drive them at all?" said the Caol Riava.

"You know," replied the king, "that a monarch ought always to be ready to redress the slightest grievance of his subjects. Now it happened that a Connaught woman lent a basket to a woman of her acquaintance in Munster, who refused to return it at the appointed time. I heard of the injury and immediately raised an army to avenge it. I am now returning with the spoils, a portion of which I intend to bestow on the poor woman who lost her basket."

"And what will you do with the rest?" inquired the Giolla De.

"I will keep them myself," said the king, "to signalize my victory, and enhance the national glory, after the way of all great kings."

"I'm afraid it will give you enough to do," replied the Caol Riava, "for before you leave this heath, you will have more Munster men to meet you, than there are purple bells all over it."

"That's what I fear," said the king.

"What will you give me if I help you?" said the Caol Riava.

"You!" cried one of O'Connor's men, with a burst of laughter, "it cannot make much difference to O'Connor, whether you go or stay."

"What reward would you require?" asked O'Connor.

"A share, little or much, of anything you may get while I am with you;" replied the Giolla De.

"Agreed," exclaimed the king.

"Very well," said the Giolla De, "do you hold on your journey driving your spoils, while I coax the Munster men home again."

The king proceeded, and saw nothing of the men of Munster, until he reached his own domain, where he arrived before any of his retinue. As he did so, he perceived the Giolla De, and the Story-teller again by his side. Wearied from the fatigue of the expedition, after welcoming them he entered a shieling by the wayside, and called for a drink. It was brought, and he drank it off without even thinking of the Giolla De.

"I am sorry to see you forget your agreement," said the latter.

"Do you call that trifle a breach of my agreement?" said the king.

"Ah," replied the Giolla De, "it is trifles that show the mind. You went to war for a basket, and you call a cup of wine a trifle." And he immediately spoke these lines:

> The wrong a king doth, were it huge as a mountain,
> He weighs it no more than a drop from the fountain,
> The wrong a king suffers, though light as a bubble,
> Sends fools to the slaughter, and kingdoms to trouble.
> Thenceforth I'll not swear by the weight of a feather
> Nor the firmness of ice in the sunny spring weather,
> But I'll swear by a lighter, more slippery thing,
> And my troth shall be plight, by the word of a king.

The instant he had uttered these lines the Caol Riava and the Story-teller vanished from the eyes of O'Connor, who looked around for them in vain in all directions. But what astonished him still more was, that not a particle of all the spoils he had driven from Munster remained with his host, nor could anything be found throughout the whole army but an old basket, which the Connaught woman already spoken of, recognised as the one she had lent to the Munster woman. While all were wondering at those strange events, the Caol Riava and the astonished Story-teller approached the house of a man named Thady O'Kelly, who at that moment happened to be sitting at his own door, in the

midst of his friends and dependants. The Caol Riava drew near, dressed in the same tattered garments as usual, and bearing a white crooked wand in his hand.

"Save you, Thady O'Kelly," said the Caol Riava.

"And you likewise," replied Thady, "from whence do you come?"

"From the house of O'Connor, Sligo," answered the Caol Riava.

"What is your occupation?" asked Thady.

"I am a travelling juggler," replied the stranger, "and if you promise to give me five pieces of silver, I will perform a trick for you."

"I do promise you," said Thady.

The Caol Riava then took three small *sweens* or leeks and placed them lengthwise on his hand, and said he would blow out the middle one and leave the two others in their places. All present said that such a feat was perfectly impossible, for the three *sweens* were so light and lay so close together that the breath which carried away one, must necessarily take the two others also. However, the Caol Riava put his two fingers on the two outside leeks, and then blew away that which was in the middle.

"There's a trick for you, Thady O'Kelly," said the Caol Riava.

"I declare to my heart," said Thady, "'tis a good one." And he paid him the five pieces of silver.

"Why then, that he may get good of your money, himself and his trick," said one of O'Kelly's men, "If you gave me half what you have him, I'll engage I'd perform the same trick as well as he did it."

"Oh, 'tis easy enough to do it," said Thady.

"Take him at his word," said the Caol Riava, "I'd wager anything he fails, for I never saw a boaster succeed in anything he attempted."

Thady commanded him to proceed, and the fellow

placed three *sivens* on his hand, and laying his two fingers on the outside ones was about to blow away that in the centre. However, he had scarcely done so much, when his two fingers went down through the palm of his hand in such a manner that the tips appeared at the back, and would have remained so in all likelihood to the day of his death, if the *Cleasaiye* or juggler, had not rubbed an herb upon the place and healed it.

"Well," said he, "you perceive that everything is not easy that looks so. But if you, Thady O'Kelly, will give me five pieces more, I'll do another trick for you as good as the last."

"You shall have them," answered Thady, "if you let us hear what it is to be."

"Do you see my two ears?" said the juggler, thrusting his head forward.

"What a show they are!" said Thady, "to be sure we do."

"Well, will you give me five pieces, if I stir one of my ears without stirring the other."

"Indeed I will," said Thady, "that is impossible at all events, for you can only move the ears by moving the whole scalp of your head, and then both must move together."

The juggler put up his hand, and catching hold of one ear stirred it.

"Upon my word," said Thady, "you have won my five pieces again, and that is a very good trick."

"He's welcome home to us with his tricks," said the same man who spoke before, "if he calls that a trick. Only I was so hasty and so awkward while ago, I could have done the trick well enough, but there's no great art required for this at all events."

So saying, he put up his hand and stirred his ear, but to his astonishment and terror, it came away be-

tween his fingers! However, the juggler rubbed an herb once more to the place, and healed it as before.

"Well, Thady O'Kelly," said the juggler, "I will now show you a more curious trick than either of those if you give me the same money."

"You have my word for it," said Thady.

The juggler then took out of his bag a large ball of thread, and folding the end around his finger, flung it slantwise up into the air. Up it flew, unrolling as it proceeded, while all gazed after it, lost in wonder until it disappeared amongst the clouds. He next took out of his bag a fine hare, which he placed on the thread, when, to the increasing astonishment of the beholders, the animal ran up the line with as much dexterity as if she had been all her life at Astley's or Vauxhall. He next took out a greyhound, which he placed on the thread in like manner, when the animal stretched away after the hare with as much zest and security as if both were on the Curragh of Kildare on a March morning.

"Now," said the Caol Riava, "has any one a mind to run up after the dog and see the course?"

"I will," said the man who had spoken twice before.

"You are always ready," said the juggler, "but I fear you are lazy, for you are almost as broad as you are long, and I'm afraid you'll fall asleep on the way and let the hound eat the hare."

"There is not a more active man in the known world than the very individual who is talking to you now," said the fat man.

"Up with you then," said the juggler, "but I warn you if you let my hare be killed, I'll cut off your head when you come down."

The fat fellow ran up the thread and all three soon disappeared. After looking up for a long time, the Caol Riva said:

"I'm afraid the hound is eating the hare, and that our fat friend has fallen asleep."

Saying this, he began to wind the thread and found the case as he had suspected it to be, the fat man fast asleep, and the greyhound with the last morsel of the hare between his teeth. He immediately drew his sword and cut off the young man's head at a blow.

At this Thady O'Kelly stood up, and said he did not relish such conduct, and that it was not a thing he could ever sanction to see a young man murdered in that manner under his roof.

"If it grieves you," said the juggler, "I think as little of curing him now as I did before; but I must leave him some mark to make him remember his rashness."

So saying, he placed the head upon the shoulders again and healed them, but in such a manner that the countenance looked the wrong way, after which he spoke these lines:—

> What I take at my ease, at my ease I restore,
> It becomes him much better I'm sure than before,
> If any man says I have wronged him thereby,
> Tell that man from me that I give him the lie,
> For an insolent braggart is odder to see
> Than a fool with his face where his poll ought to be.

The Caol Riava had scarcely uttered those lines when he and the Story-teller disappeared, nor could any person present tell whether they had flown into the air or whether the earth had swallowed them. The next place the Story-teller found himself with his whimsical master, was in the palace of the king of Leinster, where the customary evening banquet was on the point of being prepared. The Story-teller was grieved and perplexed to hear the king continually asking for his favourite Story-teller, while no one present was able to give any account of him.

"Now," said the Caol Riava turning to him, "I have rendered you invisible in order that you may witness all that is about to take place here, without being recognised by any of your daily acquaintances.

So saying, he sat down close to the musicians, who were playing in concert at the time. Observing the attention which he paid, the chief musician said when they concluded:

"Well my good man, I hope you like our performance?"

"I'll tell you that," replied the Caol Riava. "Were you ever listening to a cat purring over a bowl of broth?"

"I often heard it," replied the chief musician.

"Or did you ever hear a parcel of beetles buzzing about in the dusk on a summer evening?"

"I did," said the chief musician.

"Or a bitter faced old woman scolding in a passion?"

"I did often," said the chief musician, who was a married man.

"Well then," said the Caol Riava, "I'd rather be listening to any one of them than to your music."

"You insolent ragamuffin," said the chief musician, "it well becomes you to express yourself in that manner."

"You are the last that ought to say so," replied the Caol Riava, "for though bad is the best of the whole of you, yet if I were to look out for the worst I should never stop 'till I lighted on yourself."

At these words the chief musician arose, and drawing his sword made a blow at the Caol Riava, but instead of striking him, he wounded one of his own party, who returned the blow forthwith, and in a little time the whole band of musicians were engaged in mortal conflict one with another. While all this confusion pre-

vailed, an attendant came and awoke the king, who had been taking a nap while the music played.

"What's the matter?" said the king.

"The harpers that are murthering one another, please your majesty."

"Please me!" cried the king of Leinster, "it does not please me. They ought to be satisfied with murdering all the music in my kingdom, without murdering the musicians too. "Who began it?" says his majesty.

"A stranger that thought proper to find fault with their music," replied the attendant.

"Let him be hanged," said the king, "and do not disturb me again about him."

Accordingly some of the king's guards took the Caol Riava, and carried him out to a place where they erected a gallows, and hanged him without loss of time. However, on returning to the palace, they found the Caol Riava within, sitting among the guests, without having the least appearance of having been ever hanged in his life.

"Never welcome you in," cried the captain of the guard, "didn't we hang you this minute, and what brings you here?"

"Is it me, myself, you mean?" said the Caol Riava.

"Who else?" said the captain.

"That the hand may turn into a pig's foot with you when you think of tying the rope," said the Caol Riava, "why should you speak of hanging me?"

They went out in alarm, and to their horror, found the king's favourite brother hanging in the place of the Caol Riava. One of them went to the king and woke him up.

"What's the matter now?" cried the king, yawning and stretching himself.

"Please your majesty, we hanged that vagabond

according to your majesty's orders, and he's as well as ever again now in spite of us." He was afraid of telling him about his brother.

"Take him and hang him again, then," and don't be disturbing me about such trifles," said the king of Leinster, and he went off to sleep again.

They did as he recommended, and the same scene was repeated three times over, and at each time some near friend or favourite kinsman of the king was hanged instead of the Caol Riava. By this time the captain of the guard was fairly at his wit's end.

"Well," said the Caol Riava, "do you wish to hang me any more?"

"We'll have no more to say to you," said the captain, "you may go wherever you like, and the sooner the better. We got trouble enough by you already. May be 'tis the king himself we'd find hanging the next time we tried it."

"Since you are growing so reasonable," said the Caol Riava, "you may go out now and take your three friends down again. They will not be so much the worse for their experience, but they can thank you for finding them more comfortable quarters; and I give you a parting advice, never while you live again to interpose between a critic and a poet, a man and his wife, or a mother and an only child," after which he spoke these lines:

He who censures a strain, which a minstrel composes,
Must lie upon something less grateful than roses;
He who takes up a quarrel begun by a poet,
May at bottom have wit, but lacks wisdom to show it,
For than him a worse ninny, will rarely be found,
Who would peril his nose for a dealer in sound.

Immediately after he had uttered these verses, he disappeared, and the Story-teller found himself in company with him on the spot where they had first met,

and where his wife with the carriage and horses were awaiting them, under the care of the man to whom the Caol Riava had entrusted them.

"Now," said the latter, "I will not be tormenting you any longer. There are your carriage and horses, and your dogs, and your money, and your lady, and you may take them with you as soon as you please, for I have no business in life with any of them at all."

The Story-teller paused for some moments to collect his thoughts before he made any reply.

"For my carriage and horses and hounds," he said at length, "I thank you, but my lady and my money you may keep."

"No," replied the Bococh, "I have told you that I do not want either; and do not harbour any ill will against your lady on account of what she has done, for she could not help it."

"Not help it!" exclaimed the Story-teller. "Not help kicking me into the mouth of my own hounds! Not help casting me off, after all my kindness to her, in favour of a beggarly old——I beg pardon," he said, correcting himself, "I ought not to speak in that way, but a woman's ingratitude will make a man forget his good manners."

"No offence in life," said the Bococh, "for these terms are very just and apply not to my own real form but to that which I have assumed for the purpose of befriending you. I am Aongus of Bruff, for whom you obtained many a favour from the king of Leinster. This morning I discovered by my skill in things hidden that you were in a difficulty, and immediately determined to free you from it. As to your lady, do not blame her for what has passed, for by the same power which enabled me to change the form of your body, I changed the affections of her mind. Go home, therefore, as man

and wife should do; and now you have a story to tell the king of Leinster when he calls for it."

Saying this he disappeared, and the lady bursting in tears begged her husband's forgiveness, and assured him that she would sooner die a thousand deaths than act in such a manner, if some extraordinary influence had not possessed her.

This explanation proving entirely satisfactory to the Story-teller, they proceeded homeward happily together. Notwithstanding all the speed they could make, it was so late when the Story-teller arrived at the king's palace, that his Majesty had already retired to his sleeping chamber. When the Story-teller entered, the king inquired the cause of his delay.

Please your Majesty," said the Story-teller, "there is nothing like the plain truth, and I will tell it to you if you desire it."

The king commanded him by all means to do so. Accordingly, the Story-teller began, and gave a detailed account of the adventures of the day, his difficulty in trying to invent a story, the benevolence of the friendly Draoidhe (or Druid), and the ingratitude of his wife, remarkable in itself, and still more so in the singular manner in which it was explained. When it was ended, the king laughed so heartily and was so diverted with his narrative, that he commanded him to commence the whole again, and relate it from beginning to end, before he went to sleep. The Story-teller obeyed, and when he had concluded, the king commanded him never again to go to the trouble of inventing a new story, but to tell him that one every night, for he never would listen to another story again as long as he lived.

A general murmur of approbation followed the conclusion of the Second Juryman's Tale, after which a call arose for his "song," with which he complied as follows :—

I.

When filled with thoughts of life's young day,
Alone in distant climes we roam,
And year on year has roll'd away
Since last we view'd our own dear home.
Oh then at evening's silent hour,
In chamber lone or moonlight bow'r,
How sad on memory's listening ear,
Come long lost voices sounding near!
Like the wild chime of village bells
Heard far away in mountain dells.

II.

But oh! for time let kind hearts grieve,
His term of youth and exile's o'er,
Who sees in life's declining eve
With alter'd eyes his native shore!
With aching heart and weary brain,
Who treads those lonesome scenes again!
And backward views the sunny hours
When first he knew those ruin'd bow'rs,
And hears in every passing gale
Some best affection's dying wail.

III.

Oh, say, what spell of power serene
Can cheer that hour of sharpest pain,
And turn to peace the anguish keen
That deeplier wounds because in vain?
'Tis not the thought of glory won,
Of hoarded gold or pleasures gone;
But one bright course, from earliest youth,
Of changeless faith—unbroken truth,
These turn to gold, the vapours dun,
That close on life's descending sun.

The song was received with as much applause as the story on the part of the company, after which the per-

son who sat third in succession, was called on to choose the alternative of paying the fine, or complying with the requisite conditions :

"Gentlemen," said the third juror, rising from his place, "apart from the satisfaction I must ever feel in striving to contribute to your innocent entertainment, I confess that shillings are not so plentiful with me that I could feel myself warranted in neglecting any honourable occasion of avoiding their expenditure. I will therefore endeavour to imitate the example of our worthy Foreman, hoping you will bear in mind, that a man can only do his best in your service."

Loud cheers announced the assent of the company to this favourable proposition, after which the third Juryman resumed his seat, and commenced his narrative in the following words.

THE THIRD JURYMAN'S TALE.

THE KNIGHT WITHOUT REPROACH.

Honour that is ever living,
Honour that is ever giving;
Honour that sees all and knows,
Both the ebbs of man and flows;
Honour that rewards the best,
Sends thee thy rich labour's rest!

VALENTINIAN.

THE KNIGHT WITHOUT REPROACH.

CHAPTER I.

At the time when Francis the First, of heroic memory, was marching against the united forces of the Italian states, and that Sovereign who was in those days emphatically styled the Emperor, he was suddenly recalled to France, by the revolt and desertion of the Constable of Bourbon. Accordingly he returned homeward, relinquishing with regret his dream of Conflicts, leaving the Milanese, which was already overrun by his troops, in the hands of the Admiral Bonnivet, who, so far from adding anything to what his master had already won, found it more than he could accomplish to retain possession of what the latter had acquired with so much ease and rapidity. His army, composed of the flower of the French chivalry, was found far less efficient when the ardour of the men was restricted to purely defensive measures, than it had been when they rode triumphant on the very ridge of conquest, with the dauntless Francis at their head.

It was while the camp remained in this state of inactivity, that a knight, tall and well built, and having that in his aspect and demeanour which immediately attracted the attention and regard of the beholder,

sauntered idly towards a tent, the shady interior of which looked cool and inviting in the glare of an Italian mid-day sun. The heat had thinned the camp; the greater portion of the officers and men having retired within the tents. The field in which they stood, a few days before a grassy plain, was now beaten into a parched and dusty level, by the continual tramp of men and horses. Banners drooping in the noon-tide air, and revealing but partial glimpses of some device renowned in history and song, distinguished the tents of the admiral, of La Palice, of Suffolk, of Lorraine, D'Aubigni Chabanes, and others, whose names shed a lustre on the French nobility. In front of these a sentinel paced slowly to and fro, broiling in his heavy armour and arquebus, and occasionally giving the salute to a small body of horsemen as they galloped hastily by on some mission from the Admiral, half obscured by the grey cloud which arose from the horses' feet as they proceeded. At intervals, one or two soldiers of the Black Bands, that infantry renowned throughout all Europe, were seen pacing leisurely along, discoursing in quietly murmured tones, of their past victories and the comparative merits of their leaders. Occasionally too, the shrill pipe of a *vivandiere*, complaining of some real or feigned injustice suffered in the disposal of his goods, interrupted the summer stillness of the camp.

"What sayest thou, Le Jay?" exclaimed the Knight already spoken of, as he entered the tent in which a single equerry was occupied in arranging his master's armour; "how are we to spend these scorching days in which our cautious admiral will not allow us to retreat or to advance?"

"It is a heavy time indeed, my lord," replied the écuyer, with a modest air.

"I may speak freely with thee, Le Jay," said the chevalier. "It will, I doubt not, end worse than it has

begun. The men are disheartened, and the Confederates as they loiter in our rear, seem to pick up the spirit which, along with other more substantial good things, we are compelled to leave behind us. Francis and Bonnivet !—Fire and snow ! The one, by his excess of energy, hurries us into the very midst of danger, and then leaves us in the hands of the other, who by his lack of that quality, is unable to take us out of it. These two extremes meet very punctually, and I fear to our grievous loss."

"I could name one," said the equerry, "to whom it is agreed on all hands, the post of commander in chief might have been entrusted on this occasion with better advantage."

"And who is that, Le Jay?" enquired the Knight.

"Why, my lord," replied the retainer, "I do not consider it safe to name him, and it is no easy matter to describe him."

"That's a strange speech for thee," interposed the chevalier. "I never yet found thee at a loss for words, whatever other deficiencies thou hast to answer for. Is it Francis de Lorraine?"

"No."

"No ;—Le Tremouille, then ?"

"No."

"De Suffolk ?"

"No."

"Chabanes ?—or La Palice ?"

"No."

"Still no ! D'Aubigne, then ? What ! thou shakest that knavish head of thine again. Nay, then, thou must, perforce, do thy endeavour at word-painting, for my guesses are run out."

"Why, sir," said the écuyer, smoothing his neatly trimmed beard for an instant with his hand, "it is a difficult task you set me, but it is my duty to obey.

Were his temper tinged with ever so slight a hue of malice, it were easy enough to sketch his portrait; but the subject is without even so much shade as might serve the purposes of contrast, without which, I need not tell my gifted master, both the poet and the painter are as much at fault, as one of our own Black Band would be without his arms."

"Thou art right: any dauber may paint a devil; but not all the art of Italy, hath ever furnished the world with even a poor idea of an angel."

"Imprimis," said the écuyer; "since thou talkest of angels, he is most religious."

"I like him not the worse for that, if he wear it modestly, and it be sincere in him."

"Sincere? He holdeth a swearer and a poltroon at equal distance. In the day of battle, he is not simply the boldest chevalier under arms, but the most moving ghostly counsellor; two separate beings enclosed in the same suit of armour—half knight, half friar; the one demolishing bodies like a tempest, the other rescuing souls; he will, in the same instant, spit a Spanish grandee upon his lance, and in the next, fetch him a confessor."

"Thou wouldst have him put the steel through body and soul together, if it were possible."

"It is doubtful which of the two feelings predominate in his mind—his contempt for the cuirass and helmet of an armed enemy, or his veneration for the bald head and hempen girdle of a mendicant friar."

"Why, I wonder who thou meanest, for there are few such that I know of in the camp, much less at Court. But let us see a little of the shade, if thou have it, for the picture begins to grow oppressive with all this light. Remember we are in Italy, and it is a summer noon."

"Ah, there my pallet fails me," replied the écuyer.

"What! has this paragon no fault?"

"But one, that I can speak of."

"And what is that?"

"That he sometimes bears too hard a hand upon the errors of a devoted follower who would die to serve him." And the écuyer bowed low to his master.

"Chut-chut-chut-chut-chut; thou wert speaking of myself all this while," said the chevalier, neither offended nor gratified by the flattery of his follower; "thou talkest of one pretended fault, and I could have furnished you with a hundred real ones, the least of which were enough to incapacitate him, though he had no other, for the high trust of which we speak. But a truce with such folly, and set thy wits to work to answer my first question—how are we to consume these broiling hours?"

"What say you to tennis?"

"In this weather?"

"Or a quiet *jue de boule?*"

"Worse and worse."

"Then there remains but one resource, which I have learned too much discretion in my good master's service to name without permission."

"What is it, Le Jay? Thou hast it."

"And yet it was but yesterday morning I received a pointed chiding for the mention of it," replied the écuyer.

"Oh ho! *L'Amour!*" said the chevalier, yet without displeasure.

Years—ages have rolled by since the gallant knight in question, in common with his other brother chevaliers, ceased to do or to speak, either good or evil, for this world:—

The Knights are dust,
Their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

The hand and tongue that were his instruments either for the one or the other, have been for centuries resolved to dust. In the words of one of his own historians, this "chevalier sans reproche" was not at all times "un chretien sans defaut." The truth must be spoken, but let it be enough to speak the truth. Let us add no censure. Far be it from us to extenuate the faults which history has ascribed to him: still farther to suffer that they should obscure the unfading lustre, which his heroic virtues have shed upon the history of his times, and of his country.

At this period, when the heroism of the youthful Francis had revived the sinking chivalry of France, and brought back the days of Charlemagne in all but the consummate prudence, which usually directed the enterprise of that imperial hero of song and tale, there were few names, even at this brilliant period, which might bear comparison with that of the gallant knight whom for the present it shall suffice to designate as the chevalier. It has been remarked, indeed, that the court never entrusted him with the important function of commander in chief; and even on this disastrous expedition, all his fame and his services had not prevented his being overlooked in favour of the feeble Bonnivet. The chevalier, however, had a spirit incapable of resentment, or of jealousy. He could not avoid seeing and lamenting the incapacity of the Admiral, but he never thought of murmuring against the free choice of his king, for whom he entertained a pure and disinterested loyalty worthy of the early days of chivalry. Even in those courts where merit is most highly favoured, it is not always independent of intrigue, and as those were means which the chevalier did not desire to use, it happened that at the hands of the great Francis himself, he merited honours more frequently than he received them. The enterprises in consequence, which were entrusted to his

management, were often of that kind which rather demands ability than confers distinction; and in these he displayed a quick and well-governed genius, and an intrepidity of mind which nothing could disturb. From the age of seventeen years, at which he for the first time carried arms, to the close of his glorious career, his fame as a soldier and a knight, continued to extend from day to day, until it filled a space in individual history, fully equal to that of the chivalrous monarch whom he served with so disinterested a fidelity to his latest breath. But his portrait is to be sought in history, and enough has been already sketched to answer the purposes of my narrative.

A few days before that on which the foregoing dialogue took place, the two individuals between whom it passed were walking together at a short distance from the camp, when the chevalier complained of thirst. A cottage, apparently belonging to a farmer of the very humblest class, stood with the door invitingly open. A middle-aged country woman, meanly clad, and a young girl whose beauty, both of form and features, received additional grace from the modest gentleness of her demeanour, were the only persons whom they found within. The elderly woman complained much of the ruin which the continuance of the war had brought upon the country, while her daughter listened with a grieved and downcast look. It was this picture which came before the mind of the chevalier (not for the first time since he had looked upon it,) on the remote suggestion of his attendant.

"Hast thou learned any thing further, Le Jay," he asked, after a pause, "of those people?—that querulous mother, and her well-shaped daughter?"

"I have not, my lord," replied the écuyer, "nor sought it."

"And wherefore, tell me, good Le Jay? Thou know

est what a time I have spent since I entered that cottage."

"In good truth, my lord, I will take no pains about it. A poor écuyer hath a body and a soul to save as well as a chevalier, and I have heard too much good counsel in your worship's excellent service, to be ready to fling mine away, for no better hire perchance than a round half hour's lecture for my pains."

"Tush!" said the Knight, "I was in the sour vein that morning. I had been with the Admiral, who has the flattering knack of always soliciting another's counsel, and always following his own; and his fears, and his wavering, and his shifting to this side and to that; lighting on every measure, and resting upon none—neither bold enough to be victorious, nor cautious enough to be secure, were such that it soured my spirit to speak with him; and as he was Commander in chief, and thou wert but the écuyer of an insignificant chevalier, I made thee compliment of the full measure of chagrins which it were more just than seemly to bestow upon the Admiral."

The écuyer acknowledged the preference by a grateful bow.

"Therefore, dost thou hear?—prosecute this matter, and speak of it no more, unless to tell me thou hast succeeded: I trust all to thy discretion; of thy genius I have had proofs in many ways, so I doubt not of its efficiency in this; and the sooner thou has executed thy commission the better."

The third Juror here paused to replenish his tumbler, which had insensibly become exhausted since he commenced speaking. We will take advantage of the pause, to close this first chapter of his narrative.

CHAPTER II.

Le Jay required no more. As the day declined, he left the company and hastened in the direction of the cottage of Francesca Pacheco. The sound of a voice high in anger made him pause, as he drew nigh, and remain for a time concealed by some intervening shrubs, as one might wait the passing of a shower.

"Don't tell me—don't tell me!" exclaimed the voice, tremulous with passion; "it is little wonder we should be poor, and hungry, and needy. At thy rosary, truly. And I must drudge like a plough-horse while thou art chapel-hunting. What with masses, and rosaries, there is nothing done in the house from sunrise to sunset as it should be, except what I am obliged to do myself, to the sacrifice of the little remains of health, that old age and care have left me."

"I thought I had left nothing undone, mother."

"What hast thou to do with masses, and rosaries, and pious sodalities? It is for those who are at their ease, and have a heavy purse and a well-stocked cellar to spend so much time upon the concerns of their soul, and not for poor wretches like us, who know not when we rise in the morning, where we are to provide the means of subsisting until nightfall.

"I was wrong, I know, mother."

"Thou art ever so when we differ. I ask thyself, had I ever to reprove thee yet, that in the end thou had'st not to make the same confession? Is it not the invariable termination of all our disputes, that in the end thou art compelled thus to entwine thy hands together, and cry bitterly, and say, 'I was wrong, mother?' Is it not, I ask thee?"

"I believe it is indeed, mother."

"Do—cry away—didst thou ever once hear me make such an acknowledgement?"

"Never, indeed, that I remember."

"To thee, or to any one else."

"Never, I believe."

"Didst thou ever see me thus fold my hands together and burst out a crying, and say "I was wrong, daughter?" No, I warrant you, nor any one else in the parish. I am four and thirty years old come next Assumption, (Dame Francesca had come to a halt at four and thirty, for fifteen years past at least,) and no one can say that since I first learned the use of my tongue, I ever yet was heard to acknowledge myself on the wrong side in a dispute;—never."

There was a brief pause, as if intended to allow the triumphant assertion to make a due impression.

"But thou art ever in the wrong," the voice continued, "and the proof of it is, that thou art always thyself compelled to acknowledge it. Aye, cry—it may do thee good—though I cannot say that it ever hath produced that effect upon thee yet, any more than anything else. But it is no fault of mine. I am sure I say enough to thee. Do I not? Do I suffer a day to pass without talking myself hoarse in striving to make thee sensible of thy misconduct? Do I?"

There was an answer in the negative, almost inaudible for timidity.

"And what is my return? the reward for all my counsels? to find thee day after day repeating the same scene, listening, without a word to say in thy defence, and in the end, bursting out a crying and acknowledging thy fault. But I cannot help it—I can but give my counsel; if thou wilt not follow it, the guilt be upon your own head. Yes—thou addest the black crime of ingratitude to all thy other offences, for I do think that

never was so pains-taking a mother afflicted with so disobedient, so idle, so self-willed a daughter."

Dame Francesca Pacheco had by the force of continual iteration asserted herself into the conviction, that she was indeed the very paragon of mothers, and the young Rosalia, anything but the paragon of daughters; —nay, such is the power of eloquence, that she had by the same persevering strength of asseveration, persuaded her daughter likewise, into the full belief that her mother was a very model of goodness as a mother, and that she was herself one of the most worthless, and disobedient, and incorrigible daughters, in all Milan. So in answer to the foregoing invective, she could only multiply her penitent tears.

"But did'st thou tell me all?" the louder of the two voices resumed. "Hast thou been no where else than to the convent?"

"No where indeed, mother. I did but wait until the Angelus had ended."

"Nor staid to gossip or ask questions by the way?"

"I—oh, yes—I spoke for a few moments, with one person only."

"I thought so. Oh, this art! I could forgive anything but art and cunning. But I promise thee, clever as thou art, and simpleton as thou thinkest me, thou shalt not find me simple enough to be thy dupe."

"Rosalia, who was the last person in the world to make a dupe of anybody, could only weep afresh at this new charge.

"And who was this person with whom you had the heart to remain idly gossipping, while you knew that your poor, feeble, widowed parent was wearing out her existence, to find the means of prolonging your's at home?"

"It was Maria Pecchio."

"Umph! I might have guessed as much. And what

was the important subject of your conversation? No artifice! no hiding of the truth! Thou mightest as well speak plainly, for I shall be sure to find it out. Thou knowest that when I once have got fairly a-foot to track a secret, there is not a hole in the Duchy of Milan in which it can escape me."

"Indeed, dear mother, I have no desire to hide it from you. She did but stop me on the *bye*-path near Rencio Ceri's vineyard, to tell me that—that—Jacopo had returned," she added, blushing and looking down at her sandals.

"So—so—so—so—bit after bit, the whole plot is coming forth. I see the whole at length—Maria Pacchioli came to tell thee that Jacopo had returned, and thou and Maria went together by the vineyard to Pacchioli's house, and thou remainedst talking with Jacopo, while I supposed thou wert piously joining in the Angelus."

"Me, mother! *I* remain talking with Jacopo! *I* go to Jacopo's house! Indeed I did not—I scarcely stopped to hear Maria say he had arrived, when I hurried back.

"Umph! And you did not go to Pacchioli's?"

"Me? Not I, indeed."

"Well, in that part at least thou didst right for once in thy life. This Jacopo might very well have remained where he was. We are poor enough in ourselves without tying his poverty to our own. But we will talk of this hereafter; go in and try to make up by a little exertion, before night closes, for the shameful indolence and artifice, with which thou hast disgraced the day."

Rosalia entered the cottage without reply, and Dame Francesca remained without, deliberating some matter silently in her own mind. She was not so blind to her daughter's merits, as to suppose that, apart from all

which had relation to herself, Rosalia was already destitute of any claim to esteem or admiration. Her beauty spoke for itself so plainly, that it was not to be called in question, like her unseen graces of character and disposition. It is true there were few young men of their rank in the neighbourhood, who could afford in the choice of a wife to be influenced by ornamental, rather than useful qualities, but the case might do otherwise, when both were combined as they actually were in Rosalia, in a sufficient degree to render her worthy the esteem of any individual, with the exception of so unparalleled a mother. These reflections, which had their weight with even Dame Francesca herself, had led her to look with less approving eyes than hitherto, upon the long projected union between Jacopo Pecchioli, one of the many younger sons of a neighbouring farmer, and her daughter! Whatever prospect Jacopo had a year before of being able to provide for a wife and family, was now entirely annihilated, in Francesca's eyes at least, by the sudden irruption on the country, of conflicting armies, and she had accordingly in her own mind determined to see, whether Rosalia's good qualities, both of mind and person, might succeed in obtaining for her a settlement, more conducive to their common advantage. It was true Jacopo had been their friend from childhood, and at all times regarded Francesca with the feelings of a son. But circumstances had changed, and one's feelings must not be put in the balance against an imperative necessity. There were several comfortable young farmers in the neighbourhood, who when they should understand that Rosalia was at liberty, and—

Francesca had proceeded so far in her train of thought, when it was suddenly interrupted by a voice so near, that she started as if her silent reflections were liable to observation. In justice to the good lady, it

should be stated that the tone of severe animadversion, in which she conceived it her duty almost invariably to address her daughter, was not extended indiscriminately to all who had the happiness of enjoying her acquaintance. She could upon occasion be gracious and affable to an extreme, more especially when the individual she addressed, was one wholly beyond the sphere of her authority, and who, either by superior rank or wealth, or an influential interest with those who possessed either, might possibly have it in his power to gratify her taste for some of the good things of this life, for which Francesca was said to entertain a fondness, that sometimes interfered painfully with her stricter notions of morality. Such an individual was he, who now stood before her, for she had little hesitation in recognising the esquire of the cavalier, whom she had the honour of receiving in her cottage a few days before. Accordingly, the close knit eyebrows relaxed, the contemptuous curve, described by the protruded lips, making them resemble those of a frog emerging from his pond, and prudently reconnoitering the country before he will venture ashore, or the arch of a lofty bridge spanning a very narrow stream, now became smilingly inverted to a semblance of the same arch, reflected in the glassy stream beneath; the likeness of a battered dollar vanished from the chin, and Dame Francesca returned the Parisian greeting of the écuyer with one of her most condescending courtesies.

"Ah, signor, you are welcome! Will you please to come in?"

Le Jay had lost nothing of his confidence, by the conversation which he had overheard. Determined to make the most of his time, he politely declined the invitation, and signified to Francesca that he had a communication to make to her from the "chevalier," his master, which he had rather deliver in some

place where they might not be liable to interruption.

"A message for me?" Francesca exclaimed, overflowing with sudden curiosity, as she led the écuyer to a little distance from the house.

"In the first place," said Le Jay, "the cavalier presents his respects to you and to the charming donzella, and begs that you will accept the enclosed, as a trifling mark of his esteem."

"Me, Signor! me accept money from the noble—the generous cavalier! Never! never! It shall not be said that Francesca Pacheco receives money in return for the ordinary offices of hospitality."

As she uttered these words, by way of evincing her determination, she turned her back directly on the ambassador, placing one hand behind it, in order to add to the dignity of her movements.

"But as a mark of esteem, merely, Signora," said the écuyer. "Surely you would not occasion my master so much pain, as he must feel when he hears that you have refused him?" And saying this in his most insinuating tones, he ventured to slip the purse into the hand just spoken of, and with gentle violence to close the fingers on the treasure.

"In that case indeed, Signor," said Francesca, slowly withdrawing the hand as she turned gradually round, "as a mark of esteem, as you say, and to avoid wounding the feelings of the dear, noble cavalier——" here she shot a downward glance at the purse, ere she plunged it into her capacious side pocket. "And yet, Signor, to lay pride apart," she continued in a mournful voice, "if you did but know the miserable state of mind in which the war has left me at this moment, not knowing how soon this cottage, in which I spent the happiest years of my life"—here the good lady laid hold of the corner of her apron, "may pass into other hands, and I

be cast upon the world without a home or a resting place."

As she said these words, she lifted the apron to her eyes, and turned her head aside, to indulge her grief without restraint.

"This cottage! What a pity!" exclaimed Le Jay, with a commiserating air, "and where as you observe, Signora, the happiest days of your life were spent! Alas! and can nothing be done to prevent such a misfortune?"

This imprudent question drew from the old lady a copious history of a whole catalogue of grievances and oppressions, complaints of creditors, who were hard-hearted enough to come looking for their money, and sundry other unmerited afflictions, which, notwithstanding all the prudence and foresight and industry which it was metaphysically possible for human beings to use, and a degree of heavenly patience and gentleness of conduct, which were quite astonishing under the circumstances, had brought her daughter and herself to the very verge of ruin.

"But I ought to ask your pardon, Signor," she said, when the torrent had flowed by, "for troubling you about our grievances; but you and the good cavalier are so compassionate, that it encourages one to be overbold. You must find the cavalier an excellent master, Signor."

"The kindest in the world."

"He is rich, too, I doubt not?"

Le Jay nodded his head in assent.

"Long may he live to enjoy it! and happy were it for the world, if all the rich were inclined to make as good an use of their wealth. But, my poor head! I had forgot. You told me that the cavalier had entrusted you with a private message. Will it please you to step this way for a moment?"

She led the way to a small gate, and Le Jay followed her into a little garden, where, now sufficiently master of the ground on which he trod, he proceeded to unfold his proposition. The poor woman, though no saint, was honest, and when she was made to understand the views of the profligate messenger, was for some moments really horror-stricken. The thought of extricating herself from her distresses by delivering her daughter up to infamy, had, in her moments of wildest impatience, never yet entered her imagination. Rage first, then grief, rendered her incapable of uttering her thoughts with any coherence, and for a long time both feelings alternately governed her mind and speech. Le Jay, however, though somewhat stunned by the first burst of indignation, had his confidence in some degree restored, by observing that her reproaches were vented with a degree of superfluous vehemence, and that in the tumult of her anger, the simple process which he at first expected at every instant, of showing him to the other side of the gate, seemed totally to have escaped her recollection. Accordingly, he awaited in apparent humility, the passing of the storm, and suffered the old lady to exhaust the whole stock of invective, without attempting to interpose a word by way of apology.

"Alas," she continued, as her passion gradually subsided into grief—"there was a time when I could not be insulted; but there is no one to stand up for the poor widow. Ah, villian that thou art, if my poor Fornaso Pacheco were alive, he would teach thee to come of such errands to this house; but well thou knowest that he is where my voice cannot reach him, or thou durst not for thine head have spoken so.

The artful emissary did not think it prudent to make any reply.

"But I will see whether there is justice to be had in your camp," said Francesca, "the Admiral shall hear of it"

"The Admiral?" Le Jay exclaimed, with a careless laugh, "you know not who my master is, Signora, when you menace him with the displeasure of the Admiral."

"And who may he be then, Signor Impudence?"

The écuyer mentioned the name of the knight, and had the satisfaction to observe that it produced its full effect upon the mind of the angry widow.

"What! *he?*" she exclaimed, "*he* send thee on such an errand? Impossible!"

"Thou wilt find it true, however."

"Why, they say he has more of the monk about him than the soldier, although he be as brave a knight as ever mounted steed. Thou wilt never persuade me that *he* gave thee such a commission. He bears too high and too fair a name to soil it with such a deed as this. They say he is a very father to the poor, and will go disguised about the streets in his own country, in order to discover those who are ashamed to beg, and to scatter his gold amongst them without being recognised."

"They may say what they will, Signora, and thou mayest imagine what thou wilt, but I assure thee it was he and no other who spoke with thee in this cottage some days since, and who this day commissioned me to make on his behalf a proposal, which any rational mother in Europe would have received as one of the highest honours which fortune could bestow."

Francesca paused. Had the tempter been less estimable, she would in all probability have continued to spurn the guilty proposition of his ambassador, but the high reputation of the Chevalier effected what all the arts of a known profligate might have failed to accomplish. The horror of the offence became diminished to her eyes, when she found it recommended by so admirable an example. She did not, however, think it proper immediately, to allow the alteration in her sentiments

to become apparent. She contented herself for the present, with uttering a new volley of reproaches in a somewhat less angry tone, and expressing her determination to ascertain, without loss of time, whether the unprincipled écuyer were not audaciously calumniating one of the noblest and most exemplary knights in Christendom. Le Jay took his departure, it being understood that he was to return on the following day, merely for the purpose of ascertaining whether Francesca had satisfied herself as to the truth of his mission, and Francesca consenting to allow him another interview with the same harmless object.

CHAPTER III.

In the mean time, Rosalia was busy spinning in the cottage. She was timing the movement of the wheel with the low hum of her own voice, (for it was only in Francesco's presence that she ever felt unhappy or uncomfortable,) when a knocking at the door attracted her attention. She opened it, and beheld Jacopo Pachioli. Rosalia received him with a modest joy, yet not without an expression of fear and embarrassment on her features.

"Is it thou, indeed, Jacopo? I did not think we should have seen thee so soon?"

"Why, since you would not come to visit me, Rosalia, I came to visit you. But you look embarrassed and perplexed; what is the cause of it?"

"Oh, Jacopo, I am afraid to tell thee—I am afraid to think of my mother returning and finding thee here"

"*Here?* Why, it is not the first time she has found me here, Rosalia."

"No, surely ; but I know not how it is, she is greatly altered of late. I believe it is the war, and our continued difficulties, that have disturbed her mind ; but it is not a quarter of an hour since she spoke so terribly to me for having staid to hear from Maria, that you had arrived."

"Oh, that is nothing. We shall be very good friends when we meet, notwithstanding."

"But she said more than I wish to repeat to you, and not at all passionately. She spoke very seriously about our distresses and our poverty and—"

"I doubt it not—I doubt it not—you know it is her way. Let us talk of something more agreeable for the present. You have not asked me a word about my journey to Milan. See, I have brought you a remembrance of my travels."

"What a beautiful medal !" exclaimed Rosalia, gazing with a naive expression of admiration on the figure of the Madonna and child, which were represented in low relief upon the little trinket. "It is very kind of you to procure it for me."

While she was placing it around her neck, Francesca entered, full of the conversation which had passed between herself and the écuyer. The sight of Jacopo Pecchioli, in her present mood, was by no means the most agreeable on which it was possible for her eye to rest. Accordingly, there was abundance of coolness in her manner, as she returned his plain and friendly greeting. A significant look sent Rosalia to her sleeping-room, when her mother, whose mind was every moment becoming more and more determined with respect to the course she should pursue, prepared to unfold to Jacopo as much of her views as it was necessary he should be made acquainted with.

"So, Jacopo, you have returned from Milan."

"Yes, signora, and with good news."

"Indeed?"

"I have been entirely successful."

"Well, for your sake, Jacopo, I am glad to hear it."

"I have brought you a little token of friendship," said Jacopo, unfolding a gaily coloured head dress, "which I hope you will do me the favour to accept."

Francesca, who was exceedingly fond of dress, was for a moment dazzled with the beauty of the gift, and returned thanks for it, in her most gracious manner. When the first burst of admiration, however, had subsided, her gravity returned, and she listened with a cold and somewhat formal attention to Jacopo's account of his adventures in Milan.

"Well, Jacopo," she said, when he had ended, "I am very glad that you have succeeded, but affairs have taken such a turn of late, that I fear we had better look upon this business as entirely at an end."

"At an end!" Jacopo repeated, with a look of perplexity—"I do not understand you."

"I mean to say, Jacopo, that I have and always had, as you well know, a very great esteem and regard for you, but circumstances are strangely altered. Nothing indeed would give me greater happiness than to see you and Rosalia happy together—but I fear it cannot be. There are too many difficulties in the way. We have enough to struggle with already, without adding new embarrassments to the old."

Jacopo immediately proceeded to combat the fears of the widow with all the energy which might be expected from him, in a case which so closely involved his own prospects of happiness in life, but he was arguing against a predetermined mind. Francesca heard him to the end, shaking her head at every sentence, and now and then replying to his projected schemes of happiness and comfort by a groan of incredulity. When he had done, she repeated what she had already said as to the necessity

of breaking off the union, without thinking it expedient to bring forward any fresh argument, or to show the insufficiency of those which Jacopo had advanced.

"Jacopo," she said, "all this is very fine, and you perceive that I have listened to you with all the patience which you could desire, but it does not convince me. They are all dreams on which no dependance is to be placed, and the sooner you dismiss them from your mind altogether, the better for your own peace, for, once for all, I tell you this union never can take place."

"Never can take place?" exclaimed Jacopo. "Dismiss it from my mind! How easily you talk! That hope or dream, if you will have it so, which has supported and encouraged me in every effort I have been making since I was capable of making any. Do you tell me now that it is never to take place?"

"Never, Jacopo; I have made up my mind upon it, and I am determined that it never shall."

"You are determined! Then it is merely a resolution of your own which is to be executed with or without reason."

"It is my resolution, Jacopo, and your rudeness and violence shall not hinder me from carrying it into effect."

"And you have resolved on this?"

"I am resolved."

"Then I can tell you that I never will assent to forego our positive engagement," cried Jacopo, passionately. "I know not what new plan or schemes may have entered your head during my absence at Milan, but I promise you I never will be a party to them."

"Go on—say what you please, Jacopo! be as rude as you will; I am all patience. I can be calm," she continued, in a loud and shrilly voice, while her frame trembled with emotion; "but you will find that I can be firm as well as cool." And she concluded by stri-

king the ground violently with her cane in illustration of what she said.

"And you will find," said Jacopo, "that I can be equally resolute on my side. I have your promise, and I will see whether engagements of this kind are to be made and broken at will. The whole neighbourhood shall hear of it."

"Go on, you know the whole neighbourhood is aware already that there is not so passionate a man in Milan, but I can tell you your passion shall not terrify me. I am a poor unprotected widow," she continued, in a loud and furious tone, which did not sound like that of a person who stood much in need of protection, "but your violence shall not compel me to deliver up my orphan child to misery and want, in the very morning of her days. There is no use in your looking so furiously at me; you may strike and kill me if you please, but you shall not shake my resolution."

Jacopo made no reply. Moved as he was, he saw the folly of adding anything further to what he had already said, while Francesca continued in her present mood. It was plain enough that some new project was at the bottom of this sudden alteration, but what it might be he found it impossible to conjecture. Discovering therefore at length that he was nothing the gainer for his vehemence, he wisely chose the part of silence, and shortly after took his departure from the cottage in a condition of mind very different from that in which he had entered it.

When he had gone, Francesca once more summoned her daughter from her sleeping-room. The latter had heard high words passing outside, but knew nothing of their import. The very sound, however, had something about it of ill omen. Accordingly, she appeared now before her parent with a fearful and downcast look, like one who is endeavouring to prepare for unwelcome news.

"Schemes and plans indeed!" Francesca exclaimed, walking to and fro with an impatient air; "this is your work, young impudence! This comes of the encouragement which you are so ready to give to anybody that chooses to gratify his spleen on your aged mother. What business had you encouraging this beggarly Jacopo about the house? Answer me!"

"Surely, mother, I never gave him the least encouragement that was not in compliance with your own wishes."

Now there is nothing which a person of an overbearing temper dislikes so much as to be answered by one of his, or her victims, more especially, if that answer be so perfectly in accordance with truth and reason, as to leave no possibility of reply. The common resource in such cases is to fly into an extravagant passion, so as to make up in fury, what is wanted in argument, and this resource Francesca now used in its perfection, by heaping such a quantity of abuse on her daughter, as the latter had never even heard of in the whole course of her life. From the seven capital or deadly sins, down to the sins which cry to heaven for vengeance, there was scarce a shade of iniquity, the guilt of which, either direct or indirect, her eloquent parent did not impute to her.

"And now," she added, at the close of her oration, "I have but one piece of information to give you. Never let me hear you speak of this Jacopo more."

Rosalia looked astonished.

"Well? have I three heads on me? I tell you, he must be a stranger here in future. To say nothing of his violent and overbearing disposition, to which in conscience I could not entrust your future happiness, his poverty alone is a sufficient obstacle to the union which he seeks."

"But, my dear mother, is it not now too late to think of this? Should it not have been spoken of, at least, before Jacopo's journey to Milan?"

"Better late than never."

"Yes—if not too late—but too late and never are alike. It is surely too late after our solemn promise is engaged to the contrary."

"Circumstances are altered, and more seriously than you are aware of."

"But do you consider, dear mother? The very day was fixed. The whole neighbourhood look upon it as a thing already performed. Why it is not more than two days to that which was named for the ceremony. What will be thought of it? What will be said of us?"

"It well becomes you, madam modesty, to show so much vivacity upon the subject; I think it might be just as decorous, if you would leave the arrangement of such affairs as this to your elders. I tell you it is not to be; let that suffice. In three days hence you and I must leave this cottage, and be cast as beggars upon the world, unless before that time we can amass a sufficient sum to pay the three hundred florins which we owe to Andrew Bartelo, now so many years. Where we are to get it, heaven knows! Certainly not out of Jacopo Pecchioli's coffers."

There was a silence of some minutes, which was broken by Francesca.

"There is one way, indeed, of safety still remaining to us, which if I were blest as other mothers are with a daughter, capable of using her reason, might be employed effectually even now."

"If it be anything that depends on me, as you seem to intimate——" Rosalia said, with an inquiring look.

"It does depend on you—unfortunately," replied her

mother, "if it were not so, I would have better hope of its success."

"What is it, mother?"

"Do you remember the noble Chevalier, who did us the honour to accept a drink of water from our hands the other day in the cottage?"

"I do, very well, I have seldom seen a countenance so full of goodness and condescension."

"Well, there is no accounting for the tastes of great folks. That same Chevalier, who is one of the wealthiest and most celebrated knights in all Europe, has taken it into his head to entertain a fancy for your own dutiful self, and has actually condescended to speak of sharing his riches and his honours with you, when the loftiest ladies in his own or any other country might justly think themselves honoured by his hand."

"Me? With me, mother?" Rosalie exclaimed with a mixture of simplicity and alarm, "surely this must be a mistake. There was good sense in every thing he looked and said and did. It is surely impossible that he could think of making a poor vulgar country girl his bride, even if she were free to accept such an honour."

"Umph!" ejaculated Francesca, hesitating, as she felt the disclosure approach a climax.

"Some unthinking person has been making himself merry with you, mother," resumed Rosalia, "this is too ridiculous an idea to carry any probability with it."

"You mistake the matter, Rosalia. It was not by making you his bride, as you imagine, that the noble Chevalier deigned to admit you to a share in his wealth and happiness."

"In what way was it, then?"

Francesca having already surmounted the difficulties which presented themselves in her own mind, to the fulfilment of what was now become her own scheme, had little further hesitation in laying it plainly before her

daughter, whose mind she was accustomed to mould and govern as she pleased. She was aware, however, that with all Rosalia's docility and simplicity of character, there were points of right and wrong on which she was intuitively clear-sighted, and on which she could be resolute; so that it was not without a considerable misgiving as to the success of her own powers of persuasion in the present instance, that she unfolded the plot of infamy which had been woven for her ruin. Rosalia listened with a look of amazement and naive horror, which did not give much encouragement to the speaker.

"And now," Francesca added, in concluding her statement, "you have heard the whole, and are at liberty to form your own decision. You know how we have lived for years—we have never known what it was to possess abundance, even for a single day—and many a day have I risen in the morning without knowing where we should turn to procure even so much food as might enable us to subsist until evening. Must we consume all our days in the same miserable uncertainty? We have no rich friends to relieve us with their money,—nor poor ones to assist us with their labour. Yet what we have hitherto endured, is prosperity itself in comparison with the destitution we shall suffer within the next few days. All this it is in your power to avert from us if you desire it."

The principal sentiment which had filled Rosalia's mind since first her mother had unfolded her criminal wishes, was that of surprise and grief at the change which misfortune had wrought in the feelings of the latter. She could hardly imagine it possible, that Francesca, before whom she had never dared to commit the slightest fault without well-grounded terror, could now be herself the person deliberately to propose to her a crime at the thought of which she shuddered.

"Well, what is your answer? Will you do as I desire?"

"Surely, mother, you are not serious?" Rosalia answered, gently, but firmly—"certainly not. If there be no other course than this, to save us from destitution, then welcome be it, and death, or worse if it should happen to us."

"I know the cause of this," cried Francesca, bursting into rage—"but I tell you it shall not succeed with you. I see through all your cunning, but your arts shall not impose on me, I will baffle your designs, be sure of it."

"What designs, mother? I solemnly declare," said Rosalia calmly, yet with a crimsoned countenance, and laying her open hand upon her bosom. "I have not a thought or wish in my heart in refusing to obey you, but the dread of disobeying heaven."

"It is a falsehood!" cried her mother, "and you know it is; you care not what becomes of me, because you know, as soon as we are turned adrift on the world, you are sure of a home with Jacopo Pecchioli, which would be denied to me, and which I would not accept if it were offered."

Rosalia attempted to fling herself upon her mother's neck, and assure her of her affectionate fidelity, but the latter rudely repelled her. Clasping Francesca's hand and kissing it repeatedly with a burst of tears, she addressed her with a fervour so unusual, that her mother, taken somewhat by surprise, listened in silence.

"Dear mother, will you never know me? Will you never know your child? How could you think me capable of so much baseness? Do you suppose, whatever becomes of us, that I would ever act so ungrateful, so unnatural a part as to forsake you in your sorrow? I would deserve to be myself forsaken by heaven, if I did so. No, indeed, let your fate be what it may, I am

resolved to share it, and I now solemnly promise you that I never will be the wife of Jacopo Pecchioli, nor of any one else, without your full and free consent."

"Then if you can be so far reasonable," said Francesca, somewhat softened, "why will you refuse to be so altogether? To what purpose your offering to share my wretchedness? It were more to the point if you would promise to relieve it in the manner I tell you."

"Mother, do not deceive yourself on that subject. You give me pain, without prevailing in the least. As solemnly as I have promised you that I will never fulfil my engagement to Jacopo, without your consent, so solemnly do I declare to you that I will never for an instant even entertain the thought of obeying you in this!"

"Then quit my house while it is mine!" cried Francesca, bursting with redoubled fury. "Out! tramp! Begone! Do you hear me? and this instant, too. I tell you now that whatever the consequence to myself may be, if you will not obey me in this, you never shall know me more. You may go where you will, but it must be apart from me— "

"Mother!"—

"Do you wish me to swear it? It is as certain to you as if it were already sworn. I know well what misery awaits me, but I will not give you the satisfaction of beholding it."

"What dreadful words, dear mother! What fearful thoughts!"

"Therefore make your choice at once. Either say you will be guided by my wishes, or there is the door! You must declare either for the one or the other."

"Mother," Rosalia said, weeping, "do but consider for a moment. Is it possible that I hear you commanding me to break the positive law of heaven, which I first heard from your own lips?"

"What business have you to ask such questions, madam pert? Do you think the noble Chevalier himself does not know what is lawful or honourable, a thousand times better than poor ignorant country-folks like us, who have hardly learning enough to see our way an inch beyond our noses."

"The Chevalier? Who is he, then?" Rosalia asked.

Francesca named him.

"*He!*" exclaimed the astonished Rosalia, clasping her hands with a start of surprise. "*He* send such a message? What! the gallant, the chivalrous, the heroic Chevalier! The protector of the oppressed—the ready and the tender friend of the widow and the orphan? the very mirror of chivalry! The glory and the boast of France—of—Europe; he, of whom all tongues speak nought but eulogy, who is blessed when he is named even by the hearts and lips of his enemies. The heroic Chevalier! He, who ever on the field of battle is more the angel of mercy, than of death! On whom kings rest for aid, and of whose glorious name even the Church herself is proud! He seek to lay snares in the path of the lowly, and to urge a poor friendless girl to trample on the holy law of heaven, and on the first grace of her own nature! *He* send this message? Impossible! Some vile impostor, some dastard, envious of his glory, has assumed his name for the purpose of debasing what he could not rival."

"I tell you it is *he*," Francesca insisted, with vehemence. "It is not an hour since his messenger spoke with me upon the subject."

"Then if it be," said Rosalia, "it behoves us the more to tremble for ourselves. No, mother, once for all, I will never hear more of this, even from you."

"Then quit my house!" exclaimed her mother, again rising into fury—"if you can be obstinate, so can I."

"Do not speak so cruelly, dear mother! Ask anything you will but this."

"I ask nothing from you, impudence! I desire nothing from you. I desire to have nothing to say or do with you. But hear me now. In consideration of all the pains I have wasted on you from your cradle, and in consideration of my own affection for you, unworthy as you are of such a sentiment, I leave you this one night to consider of what I have said. This night you can remain and sleep in your room, but if I find you not more reasonable, when we meet to-morrow morning, your head and mine shall never rest a night again beneath the same roof. This is sure to you as the sunrise, so think well upon the matter to-night, I recommend to you."

So saying, and violently rejecting the proffered parting caress of her daughter, she withdrew to her own room. Rosalia returned at the same time to spend a night of agony, such as she had never felt in her life before.

CHAPTER IV.

In the morning Rosalia was up with the dawn, determined to go and make the whole transaction known to her confessor, a friar of great repute in her neighbourhood. Making as little noise as possible, lest her mother should awake, she fastened on her simple walking-dress, and opening the cottage door, and as softly closing it behind her, she hurried across the fields in the direction of the convent of San Ambrosia. Waiting until the gate was opened, for it was scarce yet broad day when she arrived there, she asked to speak with Father Paolo. The porter, who was her relative, pro-

cured her admission, and she soon found herself in the presence of the reverend father.

Father Paolo, though one of the most esteemed, was by no means looked upon as one of the most learned brothers of the community of San Ambrosia. He had embraced his present vocation late in life, consequently without having sufficient time to make himself master of a greater extent of erudition than was barely sufficient to enable him to execute its ordinary functions. He had, however, what was of much more value to him than a mere acquaintance with books, an intuitive insight into the heart, which enabled him to discover, as if instinctively, the true remedy for the various disorders of the mind and of the passions with which it was his province to deal. When Rosalia entered, he was engaged in pacing to and fro reading a portion of his daily office. He observed the change which anxiety and want of sleep (for she had not closed an eye throughout the night) had wrought in her appearance. Returning her low courtesy by a slight inclination of the head, he continued to walk to and fro, reading in a low voice until his task was concluded. He then laid aside the book and inquired her business. When she had told him all, he said:

"Well, surely, there seems no difficulty in this. You could not have acted otherwise than you have done."

"But what is to become of me?" Rosalia said, with a deplorable look, "I know not where to turn."

"Oh! your mother will not actually do what she has threatened."

"Ah, but she will, I am sure," said Rosalia, "I never knew her to fail in executing what she resolved to do in that manner."

"Why then, my child, Heaven must be your friend, for you cannot have a second thought about the course

you are to take. And Heaven *will* be your friend, no doubt, since you are ready to suffer for its sake."

"I dread the very thought of returning home," said Rosalia, weeping; "it is strange to me that a person who bears so high a reputation as the Chevalier could bring himself to occasion so much misery to poor beings who never injured him."

"The Chevalier?" repeated Father Paolo, "what Chevalier do you speak of?"

Rosalia named him, with some hesitation.

"*He!*" exclaimed the clergyman, with a look of surprise and doubt. "Do you mean to say that *he* is the person who has made this proposal?"

"I fear to say it," replied Rosalia, "yet not because I doubt of its being true, but in imputing evil to such a name as his, even on the clearest grounds, I feel as if I were committing some unpardonable offence."

Father Paolo paused, and then said:

"And have you those clear grounds for judging that it was he who sent the message?"

Rosalia hesitated for some moments, and then replied:

"I believe I have—I am convinced that it was he."

The friar lifted his hands and eyes in silence for a moment.

"Alas!" he said, "how seldom is it that even the best and purest virtue on earth, is wholly free from stain! O War! thou hast other evils beside those which threaten human life and health!"

After reflecting for some time, in silence, he turned to where Rosalia stood, and said to her:

"I have been thinking of what is best for you to do, and my advice is that you go back without delay to your mother's cottage. She will probably urge you again upon this subject, and do you say nothing against her wishes, but content yourself with expressing your

willingness to go to the Chevalier with his messenger when he shall arrive—"

Rosalia used a gesture of surprise.

"Fear not to do as I direct. This will satisfy her for the present, and save you from further annoyance on her part. When the messenger comes return with him—"

"Go with him, father!"

"Go with him to the Chevalier—I know his character—he may be frail, as we all are—but he is not wicked—tell him your whole story simply and briefly as you have told it to me, and trust to Heaven for the event. Have you courage to act as I advise?"

"I will do it," said Rosalia, "if you think it the best course."

The friar returned to his occupations, and Rosalia to her mother's cottage. The latter was delighted at the change which she found in her daughter, and for the first time in her life overwhelmed her with praise. Le Jay did not fail to present himself at the appointed hour, when all arrangements were speedily brought to a conclusion, and Rosalia prepared to go with him to the camp.

In the meantime mischief had been brewing in another quarter. After parting with Francesca in the unpleasant manner already related, Jacopo returned to his house, perplexed to think what could be the cause of this sudden alteration which had taken place in the intentions of Francesca. Now it happened that he communicated his perplexity to a neighbour who was a near relative, and one of the most notorious busy bodies in the parish. This venerable personage had been, for some time before Jacopo spoke with her, perplexed in no slight degree upon her own account, and with her eye out on all sides in search of an elucidation. She had been present when the Chevalier and his écuyer

first entered the cottage of Francesca, and although she was in the act of departing, having actually bidden her farewell when they approached, she loitered long enough to observe that they had made a more prolonged visit than could be necessary for any ordinary purpose in her power to conjecture. As this good lady's thirst for information was comprehensive enough to include all kinds of affairs in her vicinity, embracing the most important, and not rejecting the most insignificant, at one time aspiring to an insight into the bishop's household, and at another not disdaining to watch the movements of the humblest peasant girl who had a character to be destroyed, she did not fail now to brood long and deeply over all the possible causes of this mysterious visit. Like most persons who are gifted with a similar zeal for science, her conjectures did not always put the most charitable interpretation on what she heard and saw. The first conclusion therefore which she came to in the present case was, that this was not the first visit of the knightly stranger to her humble neighbours. It was but an easy step from thence to the motives of the parties concerned, and having once set it down that the chevalier was a frequent visitor of Francesca and her daughter, Dame Arabella Cari became suddenly inflamed with a violent zeal for the welfare of her poor friends, and with restless alarms for their reputation.

Having no important business of her own to divert her attention from that of any neighbour in whose affairs she was kind enough to take an interest, this worthy lady spent the whole of the day and most part of a sleepless night in devising some means of rescuing her poor infatuated friends from the gulf which she saw opening at their feet, or of delivering them out of it, if, as was, alas, but too probable, they had already fallen. That they were already guilty, she had indeed no doubt remaining. The case was but too plain ; yet she was

too charitable to abandon them, without an effort, to utter ruin. Their reputation was yet untouched, and she kindly resolved to take it forthwith exclusively into her own patronage. Besides, there was poor Jacopo! He must not be suffered to run blindfold into the snare which was laid for him.

He would have been a dexterous thief who could enter Francesca's house at any time during the succeeding week, unobserved by the vigilant eyes of Arabella Cari. Accordingly, Le Jay did not escape her notice, either on his first or second visit, nor was she without forming her conjectures on the nature of the conversation which passed between him and Francesca during their long interview in the garden. It was when she had brought the train of discovery so far, that Jacopo made her acquainted with the scene which had passed between Francesca and himself, and the menace she had thrown out, for he could not yet bring himself to look upon it as anything more, of breaking off the intended union. All that he said was too complete a verification of her own suspicions to allow her to continue to entertain the slightest shade of doubt. Accordingly, it became her duty to place the poor deluded Jacopo upon his guard, but as no one dissected a reputation with greater tenderness than herself, she resolved to introduce the subject with caution.

"Ah, my poor Jacopo," the said, "I wish you had not gone to Milan."

"Why do you say so?"

"I do not like to tell you. I am afraid of making you uneasy."

"I am uneasy already, heaven knows," said Jacopo.

"That is true, indeed—you seem so—and besides there are cases when one's feelings must be put entirely out of the question. It is painful to me to speak what I know, particularly where it has the appearance of

injuring another's character—but there are cases—I remember to have once heard a doctor of divinity say from the altar, that there are cases when it becomes a positive duty of charity to tell the evil one knows of one's neighbour, when it is necessary, in order to prevent injury to others——"

"For heaven's sake, Arabella, what do you mean?"

"Ah, there now, you are so vehement! That is what I feared. Nothing—I mean nothing—that is, I mean nothing which I think it would be prudent to tell, while your passions are inflamed as they are at present. Heaven only knows what you might do, if I were to tell you all I have seen. No; wait till you are cool, and we may speak upon the subject with greater safety."

"I assure you, I am not in the least excited," said Jacopo, "nor am I inclined to injure any one whatsoever. I am vexed, indeed, and more than half mad with myself for letting my unfortunate temper run away with me, when it would have been much more advisable to have held my peace."

"Well, I am glad to hear you speak in that way, and indeed, if I did not know how rational you can be when you please, I would not venture to breathe a word to you of what has taken place in your absence, but found some other way of saving you from ruin. Nor would I even now for all the world utter a syllable of what I am going to say, to any other than yourself. Ah, my dear Jacopo, this war! this war!"

"What of it, Arabella?"

"Ah, the camp—the camp is such a school for wickedness!—and the French especially are of such a licentious turn! The best of us, Jacopo, are open to temptation. Even Lucifer, the brightest——"

"For pity's sake, cousin, confine your thoughts to the world we are in for the present, and do not torment me by holding me any longer in suspense."

"Well then, since you desire it so earnestly. Francesca and Rosalia have made a new acquaintance in your absence."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and a great one too. One of the leading officers of the French camp."

"Do you know who he is?"

"I do, for I made it my business to ascertain, as soon as I discovered on what an intimate footing he was at Francesca's cottage. I went to the camp myself on pretence of selling fruit, and I was not long in learning his name and that of his écuyer, who accompanied him."

"And what was his name?"

Arabella told him.

"Umph!" said Jacopo, emphatically. "And how often, now, might he have visited at the cottage in my absence?"

"Why, I positively *know*—but of—once," said the informant, hesitating, "I did not actually *see* him come oftener; but you know there can be no doubt he *did* so."

"Umph!" ejaculated the hearer once again. And this is all?"

"All?" exclaimed Arabella, with a look of disappointment, "is it not enough?"

"Poh, poh, it is too ridiculous."

"Ridiculous, indeed?" ridiculous? Very well; is it ridiculous to have a nobleman of his degree enter the cottage of a poor widow and her daughter, in that suspicious manner? What could he want there?"

"Poh, poh; a drink of water, in all likelihood."

"Umph; very good; a drink of water. Was it a drink of water that kept him a good half hour within? Was it a drink of water his servant wanted there in so many days after? Was it for a drink of water he went

into the garden with Francesca, and remained there for more than an hour? Was there not as good water at any other cottage on the way, as at Francesca's?"

"My good Arabella, you are too suspicious, and the extravagance of your surmises has effectually cured me of my own resentment. Good bye to you. If this was all you had to tell me, there was no necessity for so much charitable hesitation as you showed in making it known."

"But, Jacopo——"

"Teach your eyes and your ears a little charity, cousin. Neither the one nor the other will be a whit the less sharp for it. Farewell!"

"But Jacopo——"

He hurried off, leaving his busy relative not a little disappointed at the effect of her awful communication. Whatever doubts Arabella might have been willing to entertain before, as to the amount of criminality already contracted by her neighbours, her own reputation for sagacity was now interested in the reality of their guilt, and accordingly she redoubled all her vigilance to place it beyond question.

She was not disappointed in her aim. On the following day she saw Le Jay return to the cottage. He entered, remained for a considerable time, and then reappeared, followed by a figure which Arabella had no difficulty in recognizing. It was Rosalia. The downcast head, the timid motion, the features closely hidden, all spoke to the active mind of the observer, of guilt resolved upon, and shame not wholly yet dismissed. She waited but to see them take the road which led to the camp, and hurried away brimful of her tidings to Jacopo Pecchioli's cottage. Beckoning him to follow her to a little distance from the house, she looked in his countenance for a moment with an air of ill-suppressed triumph.

"Well," she said, "I am too suspicious, am I?"

"Have you seen anything further, then?"

"Have I *not* seen it? Have I not seen your mirror of perfection in the act of setting out for the camp in company with this disinterested admirer of Francesca's cold spring water? Eh? Perhaps the Chevalier has taken such a fancy to it, that she is carrying him a pitcher full to his tent."

"What do you tell me?" exclaimed Jacopo, his doubts for the time really aroused. "Did you see Rosalia going to the camp?"

"Oh, it is impossible—I am too suspicious—if I were to sharpen my eyes by teaching them a little charity, I might indeed have seen some such thing. But as you have such a charitable pair, so free from all the mists of suspicion, you can easily satisfy yourself by hastening across the fields, so as to meet them at the turn of the road."

Without uttering a word in reply, Jacopo hurried away in the direction, indicated by the speaker.

"*Me* suspicious!" the latter exclaimed to herself, as she gazed after him, *me* uncharitable! when the whole neighbourhood knows that an excessive blindness to the faults of my acquaintances is one of my chief failings. I wonder if he find this piece of information as ridiculous as the last. Me uncharitable! of all the people in Milan—me suspicious!"

Rosalia, in company with Le Jay, had just arrived at a turn in the road leading to the camp, when the former was startled by hearing her own name pronounced in a loud tone, and presently after, Jacopo, breathless and heated, sprung upon the road before her. Le Jay surveyed him with a supercilious air.

"Rosalia!" he exclaimed, "is it possible that I see you here?"

"It is, Jacopo."

"What are you doing? Where are you going? What are you about?"

"I do not wish to satisfy you now, Jacopo. Let me beg of you to let us pass, and wait until I can do so."

"But you must satisfy me——"

"*Must*——"

"I mean to say," cried Jacopo, "that I cannot but have an answer, I cannot bear to see you in such company without knowing to what purpose it is."

"As to her company, sirrah," said Le Jay, "you will please to reserve any remarks upon that point until they are called for, and as the young woman does not seem to desire your conversation, you will do wisely by drawing aside, and allowing her to continue her journey at peace. Otherwise, I shall be compelled——"

"If you say a word," exclaimed Jacopo, clenching his fist, as he saw Le Jay lay a hand upon his sword-hilt, "I will send you home to your master, with the making of four noses, besides the one you have already. You are a despicable fellow, beneath my notice, and you had better continue so, by remaining silent."

"Jacopo——" Rosalia exclaimed in alarm.

"Insolent clown," Le Jay exclaimed, grasping his sword-hilt.

"Jacopo, I entreat of you! hear me, Jacopo!"

"I will not hear you," cried Jacopo, passionately! "What business have you here, away from your mother's cottage? Answer me that! What business has any modest girl walking alone with a strange man so far from her home? and that stranger, a despicable ——you would never walk alone with me, Rosalia—you were so modest and discreet, that I was often vexed with you, for an excess of it. Oh, Rosalia, is it possible? You! you!"

"But won't you hear me, Jacopo?"

"Come with me home, and I will hear you there. There is no use in your talking now. I tell you I will not hear you——well, I will."

"Jacopo," Rosalia said with a look of agony, "I wish I could make you understand what I feel at this moment. I cannot now explain to you the cause of your finding me here, but I entreat of you to say no more, but let me pass—do you doubt me—do you doubt my intentions?"

"I do not," replied Jacopo, "but I know that clever people have been deceived. I know that you may be sacrificed with the best intentions in the world. Answer me one question. Are you not going to the camp? Do you hesitate to tell me?"

"Jacopo——"

"I tell you, you shall not go there—perhaps I know more of what awaits you, than you do yourself. I know who sent for you, and to what purpose."

"Jacopo, will you not trust me?"

"I will if I see you return, but if you *will* go, return me that medal which I gave you—you can have no use of that at the camp."

"Do not take it from me, Jacopo"

"Will you return with me?"

"No."

"Then give it me at once."

Rosalia used a gesture of distress and perplexity. At this moment Le Jay, who, notwithstanding the superiority his weapon gave him, did not care to trust his slight figure to the chance of a collision with so burly a shape as that of the Milanese peasant, perceived a foraging party approaching them at some distance. Accordingly, he suddenly became valiant.

"Give place, sirrah, this instant," he exclaimed, drawing his sword, "and let the young woman pass, or take the consequences."

Without hesitating an instant, Jacopo rushed upon him, armed as he was, and parrying with one hand an irresolute thrust, which slightly grazed his arm, in the next moment he laid the écuyer on his back upon the ground. Setting one knee upon his breast, he strove to wrest from his grasp the sword which he still firmly held; Rosalia shrieked aloud; in the next moment some of the soldiers ran up, and dragged Jacopo, heated, dusty, and bleeding, from the fallen écuyer, whom he still regarded in silence with looks of disappointed passion. Some of the men were going to dispatch Jacopo on the spot, as a matter of course, when Rosalia rushed with outstretched arms and piercing cries of terror, between him and the uplifted weapons.

"Don't kill him—don't kill the scoundrel," cried Le Jay, arising from the earth, re-adjusting his disordered apparel, and wiping the dust from it with much *sang froid*, "don't kill him—only bring him along—we shall find a question or two to put to him when he arrives at head quarters."

"Villain," said Jacopo, "if my voice can reach him, your king shall hear of it. He did not enter the Milanese to gratify the ruffianly passions of his followers —or if he did, and he refuse me justice—then I say, heaven speed the arms of the Confederates upon his rear."

"Hear the traitor!" cried Le Jay, "drag him along soldiers."

They resumed their journey to the camp. On reaching it, Jacopo was committed to the guard-room, while Le Jay conducted Rosalia to his own quarters until he should have an opportunity of making his master aware of her arrival.

CHAPTER V.

When Le Jay entered his master's tent, he found the latter engaged at chess with a brother officer. The appearance of the écuyer was enough to put an end to any interest which the Chevalier had hitherto taken in the game. Accordingly, he suffered himself to be check-mated as speedily as he decently could, and allowed his visitor to depart without making any effort to detain him.

"Well, Le Jay, what news?"

"She is in the camp, my lord."

"Indeed, and where?"

"I thought it prudent, my lord, that she should remain at my own quarters until I had apprized you of her arrival."

"It was well done. Hasten now and devise some means of bringing her here with as little notice as possible."

It is not necessary to say what thoughts divided the mind of the Chevalier, as he paced to and fro in his tent awaiting the return of Le Jay. In some time after the latter arrived, accompanied by Rosalia, wrapped in a military cloak. When Le Jay had retired, the Chevalier approached Rosalia, and took her hand with a familiar boldness, which became him far less than the air of noble condescension which she had remarked on his first entering her mother's cottage. On removing the hood from her countenance, the Chevalier seemed astonished and perplexed to find her bathed in tears. He was embarrassed by her grief and her silence, and seemed for some time at a loss how to interpret it.

"What is the matter?" he asked at length, in an encouraging tone, "what is it terrifies you?"

"Ah, signor," said Rosalia, "is it possible? I could not have believed it. Is it you, indeed, who sent for me?"

"Why do you ask, Rosalia? Do you repent of having come already?"

"Oh, sir," she exclaimed, clasping her hands and kneeling before him with a convincing earnestness of manner, "not all that this world could bestow would bring me here with my own will! But ever since your servant delivered your first message, my mother's heart was changed. I have not known a moment's peace since then. She has been urging me in the cruelest manner to do what my heart abhors—and at last enjoined me to come hither on pain of becoming an outcast for ever from her presence. I came then, signor, confiding in your mercy, in the character which you bear in all countries, to beg of you to have pity on yourself and me, and to desist from a pursuit that is bringing misery on a poor being who never injured you."

The Chevalier had suffered her to kneel until this moment, surprised and touched by what she had said. He now raised her gently from the attitude of supplication, and said in a kind voice:

"And you tell me then, Rosalia, that it was your mother forced you to come hither."

"Indeed, signor, it was."

"What was her reason now, for urging you so strongly against your will."

"Alas, signor," replied Rosalia with a fresh burst of tears, "I know not, unless it was our extreme poverty that must have drove her beside herself."

"And you are so poor then," said the Knight: "tell me all—conceal nothing of your circumstances from me."

In compliance with this desire, Rosalia related all—the projected marriage—the poverty and distraction of

her mother—the encounter on the road with Jacopo—all that was natural, with a simplicity and innocence of manner, that carried conviction with every sentence—

"—And I pray you, signor," she added, "not to let this Jacopo suffer for what was solely occasioned by his love for me. I am sure he had not the least intention of injuring any one until his passions were roused by seeing me, as he thought, in manifest danger. He was indiscreet, but he never yet was malicious."

"And you like this Jacopo, Rosalia?" asked the Knight.

"I—I—we were betrothed, my lord."

"Where is he now?"

"I believe they keep him a prisoner in the guard room. I am very sorry, signor, that he affronted your servant."

The Chevalier remained for some moments silent, and then advancing to where Rosalia stood, he took her hand and addressed her with as much delicacy as if he had been accosting one of the high born ladies of his sovereign's court:

"Fear nothing, Rosalia," he said, "you shall have no cause to repent your confidence. Whatever sentiments I may have entertained towards you heretofore, I am not ashamed to acknowledge those which I feel at present. Your grace and your beauty attracted my admiration, and I believed I loved you, but I can judge by my present feelings how far I was from thinking of you as highly as you deserve. You have had proof sufficient of my weakness and my wickedness, but I am not wicked enough to rob you of a virtue which is so dear to you."

Rosalia was about to sink at his feet, but the Chevalier prevented her.

"May your last end be happy, signor!" she said with tears, "I can wish you no greater blessing."

"And now," said the Chevalier, "is there any female friend whom you wish to see before your return?"

Rosalia named the sister of Jacopo.

"Retire," said he, for some time into that room, until she arrives. Fear nothing; no one shall intrude upon you there. For Jacopo, he must remain in the camp to-night, but no harm shall come to him."

Rosalia entered a small division of the tent, and the Chevalier summoned Le Jay to his presence. When he appeared, the Knight looked fixedly in his countenance for some moments and said:

"Le Jay, you have deceived me in this matter, but no more of that. The offence was mine rather than yours. Go now to the cottage of Jacopo Pecchioli and bring Maria, his sister, hither. Tell Francesca likewise to come here early to-morrow morning."

Le Jay executed his commission. Rosalia went with Maria Pecchioli to pass the night at the house of a relative of the latter. In the morning all had assembled at the tent of the Chevalier, when he ordered the prisoner to be brought before him.

Jacopo had passed a night of cruel perplexity. He could not suspect Rosalia of acting wrong, but he was passionate, and her seeming want of confidence annoyed him. There was added to these causes of vexation, a misgiving of his own prudence in trusting so fully to Arabella, and a doubt that Rosalia after all might have had sufficient reasons for what seemed so extraordinary in her conduct. Unable, however, to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, he continued in the same mood of resentment against all parties up to the moment when he was summoned to the presence of the Chevalier.

"So, young man," said the Knight, "you have been apprehended in the act of assaulting one of his most Christian Majesty's servants. I have brought your

friends here in order to afford you an opportunity of bringing forward any evidence you may think useful in your defence."

Jacopo looked round upon the assembly with astonishment, until his eye rested on Rosalia, who stood with her head drooping, in what might be a feeling either of modesty, or of conscious guilt. At first his bearing and his look, had been those of a person suffering under gross injustice, and violently excited: but the sudden apparition of Rosalia, in that place, and the undefined expression of her attitude and countenance, appeared to give a new direction to his feelings. He covered his face with his hands, and gave vent to a silent flood of tears, in which many of the spectators shared. After some moments, he approached Rosalia with a look and action expressive of anxiety and tenderness.

"Rosalia!" he said, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "will you for the sake of old times—for the sake of hopes that are now lost for ever—will you answer me one question?"

"What is it, Jacopa?" Rosalia said, turning away her head, and speaking in accents that were almost inaudible.

"Why did you refuse to return with me last night?"

"You must recollect, young man," said the Chevalier, "that you have first to answer the charge which is made against you."

"Villain!" cried Jacopo, addressing the Chevalier with a burst of passion, "you have the power to do evil, but that shall not prevent my calling you by your right name. You talk of your King, but he shall hear of you. Do what you will with me, I care not; you have already done your worst. As to you," he said, addressing Rosalia, "the fault is more than half yours—had you returned with me yesterday, all this might have been prevented."

"What can you mean, Jacopo?" exclaimed his sister, "how can you address Rosalia and the Chevalier in such a manner?"

"Ask her," said Jacopo, "what was it that brought her to the camp."

"The same which brought me," replied Maria, "we came together in obedience to the summons of the Chevalier."

"Together?" said Jacopo.

"Yes, this morning, we are not an hour arrived. She left the camp with me yesterday evening and returned with me this morning."

"And is she—is she innocent?" he asked, sinking his voice.

"Innocent? of what?" exclaimed Maria.

Jacopo looked round with a bewildered air, until his glance rested on the Chevalier.

"She is, Jacopo," said the latter, "rely on my sincerity, when I tell you that your mind on that subject may be perfectly at rest. At another and more fitting time, you may hear all that has seemed perplexing to you in the conduct of Rosalia. For the present let it suffice to assure you in her presence, and in that of her respectable friends, that there is not the slightest foundation for the uneasiness you seem to feel."

Jacopo gazed around him in astonishment. His thoughts now rushed to the other extreme, and he became as impetuous in gratitude as he was in resentment.

"If I have wronged you," he said, addressing the Chevalier, "and surely it is—it must be so, for who ever heard the name you bear, mentioned, except in praise. I hope you will forgive me; but I was told tales, for which I thought good reason was shown why I should believe them, and I did so. I was told that—but it must be false; it is impossible so renowned a Knight

could act so wicked a part. I was too credulous, and I am ready to suffer any punishment which you may think my offence deserves."

"Rise, young man," said the Chevalier, as Jacopo knelt before him, "I do not merit the good opinion you have expressed of me—but in supposing that anything has happened, or is likely to happen, that can make Rosalia less dear or less estimable to you, you err widely and most injuriously to her and to yourself. And now tell me, are you satisfied?"

"I am fully so," replied Jacopo, "I freely declare it."

"Then take her hand," said the Knight, "and be sure you have a treasure in it which many a sovereign might envy you."

"One moment, signor," said Rosalia, "I cannot consent to give Jacopo a hand which only yesterday I discovered he does not value. He refused to trust me, and demanded from me this medal," she added, taking it from her neck, "which I chiefly valued as a gift from himself. I did not like to give it to you then," she said, "because it might seem like acknowledging the justice of your doubts; but now I freely return it, and I hope you will find some person on whom you can bestow it, and what is of greater value, your confidence along with it."

"You have done enough in your own vindication, Rosalia," said the Knight, "to persist, would be resentment and not dignity."

"Then, signor," replied Rosalia, with a modest hesitation, "since I must not return it to the giver, Jacopo will forgive me if I bestow it where it is better deserved than by either of us. I am poor, my lord," she said, addressing the Chevalier with a smile, "and have little more than thanks to offer you; but you have given happiness this morning to many hearts.—Will it please you to accept this humble remembrance in return?"

So saying, she placed the medal on the neck of the Chevalier, with a grace and modesty which charmed the beholders. The eyes of the warrior glistened as he raised the medal to his lips. Without making any reply, he directed all to withdraw except Francesca, whose feelings were not the most enviable when she found herself alone with the Chevalier.

"And now," he said, with a look and tone of unusual severity, "in what way shall we speak of your conduct on this occasion? If you have anything to say which can palliate it, I am willing to hear you, for to me your behaviour, considering the character of your daughter, seems to have been something worse than censurable."

"Alas, signor," exclaimed Francesca, kneeling at his feet, "I can only offer our poverty as my apology. We were on the brink of ruin, and I thought you so good and so renowned a cavalier—"

"You are right," replied the Knight, "the offence began with me. Tell me now how much is the debt which you have to pay."

"Six hundred florins, signor—indeed it is a sum—"

"There," said the Knight, handing her a purse, "you will find in that two hundred crowns, which are more than sufficient to pay your debt. The remainder will serve to purchase a dress for the bride. Here are a hundred crowns more for a wedding portion, and now the sooner this marriage is concluded the better. Not a word more!" he exclaimed, as Francesca, with expanded arms, was about to burst forth into a torrent of gratitude, "let all return hither, Le Jay!"

The écuyer appeared, and in compliance with his master's desire, summoned the whole party into the presence of the Chevalier.

"My good friends," he said, "all now I hope is happily arranged, and we may bid each other farewell without ill feelings on either side. Jacopo, your honesty

will never suffer if you learn to abate something of your vehemence. Le Jay at my request, will, I am sure, think no more of what has passed."

Le Jay answered by a low bow, delighted that he had anything to forgive in a case where the odds were so much against him.

"For you, Rosalia," continued the Knight, "I thank you for your gift." He pressed her hand. "Farewell, and sometimes in your prayers remember the poor Chevalier Bayard."

It is not said how long after the event just detailed, the Chevalier received his death-wound in one of those fatal skirmishes with the army of the Confederates, which attended the retreat of the French troops. But, as he sat bleeding on the ground, his back placed against a tree, and his face according to his own directions, turned towards the enemy, with no other companion remaining than his écuyer, it may be supposed that the remembrance of this morning, was not the least consoling, which presented itself to the mind of the dying hero.

The third juryman having concluded his story, which was listened to with much attention, there was a general call for the song, with which, after a few moments recollection, he complied as follows :—

I.

Oh, weeds will haunt the loveliest scene,
The summer sun can see,
And clouds will sometimes rise between,
The truest friends that be!
And thoughts unkind may come perchance,
And haply words of blame,
For pride is man's inheritance,
And frailty is his name.

II.

Yet while I tread this leafy vale,
That nursed thine infancy,
And hear in every passing gale,
A whispered sound of thee.
My nighted bosom wakes anew,
To feeling's genial ray,
And each dark mist on memory's view
Melts into light away.

III.

The flowers that deck this shaded spot,
Low, lovely and obscure,
Were like the joys thy friendship brought,
Delicious, calm and pure.
Now faded is their genial glow,
And changed their simple hue,
Ah! must it e'er be mine to know,
Their type is faded too!

IV.

Yet should those well remembered hours,
Return to me no more,
And like those cull'd and faded flowers,
Their day of life be o'er.
In memory's fragrant shrine conceal'd,
A sweeter scent they give,
Than aught the world again can yield,
Or I again receive.

It was admitted by all present, that the third juror had fulfilled all the conditions of the common agreement without rendering himself liable to any demand on his purse. The call next passed to the fourth juror, who, after some hesitation, took from his lips the cigar with which he had been regaling himself, and after indulging in a preliminary draught of the generous ale which stood beside him, commenced the following narrative.

THE FOURTH JURYMAN'S TALE

THE MISTAKE.

" Tell, why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again! What may this mean?"

HAMLET, ACT I., Scene IV.

THE MISTAKE.

There was no happier man in the wide world, than Phelim O'Rourke, from the longest day he could remember, until that on which he was married, and alas, that we should have to record it, no one so miserable ever after. His fate was the more pitiable, that he was unusually cautious in entering on a state which was to fix the good or evil fortune of his future life. He did not embrace it as a mere boy, he was verging fast beyond manhood at the time, he had known the object of his choice from childhood, and he devoted a fortnight of deep contemplation to the affair before shrovetide. But after the inextricable knot was tied, the grounds upon which his unfortunate attachment rested, proved beyond all conception unsubstantial. The gay good humour of little Anty O'Donnel, the tender look, the glad welcome, and above all the winning obsequiousness of manner, which first caught his heart, one by one, faded, like fairy gifts away, in the person of Mrs. O'Rourke, until at the end of five or six months, he began almost to call in question, the fact of their having ever had any existence. He sometimes thought to him-

self, that he must have been juggled by witchcraft, or his imagination deluded by some love potion, perhaps privately administered by Anty. When he went from home in the morning, instead of the fond farewell look, which, in his young fancy, he imagined would daily follow him to his early labour, he had to endure the frowning glances of his helpmate, and her oft repeated charges about his tarrying out after work time; for the joyous welcome home, he met a reception that would have augured a change for the worse, in the wife of Rip Van Winkle! and for the fond anxiety to please in their frequent communings, a total disregard to every wish of his heart, and a determined resolution to have everything her own way.

Phelim was, happily for himself, of a very elastic temperament. If he was easily depressed by his evil fortune, he was also easily elated when his better star seemed to be in the ascendant; and perhaps if the settled cloudiness of Anty's countenance had been ever so rarely visited with a gleam of sunshine, he might have considered his fate, though a very chequered one, as not quite insupportable. But the season of her ill-humour sat in after wedlock like a polar night to the northern mariner, long and hopeless, and with no promise of a future day. "I have heard tell," he used to mutter to himself, in his moments of bitterness, "of a woman's leading a man the life of a dog, but sure a dog has a fine life of it compared to mine. He's up with the sun, delighting himself with his sports in the grassy fields, and there's no living eye takes envy at his amusement; he gets his mess in peace in the chimney corner, twice in the day, without toil or trouble, and he sleeps like a kitten, by the fireside all night, without dramin' or startin' as I do, thinkin' of the day's doens; if he gets an odd kick or a batin, he knows tis'nt out of any ill will, and it doesn't dwell on his mind a minute after the

pain is gone ; and if he hears a tongue equal to Anty's, tis'nt expected he'll understand it. Oh ! mo leare ! the life of a dog is a fine life."

Time, which it is said wears down the edge of the sharpest evil, did very little in his weary course for Phelim O'Rourke, when the cholera suddenly reached his neighbourhood, and committed awful havoc in every direction. There was the greatest consternation throughout the district, and the visitation was met by every one in fear and trembling, except by those for whom misery had already stript death of his terrors Phelim could not be altogether placed among the latter class, nor said to be wholly devoid of apprehension, yet anticipating some respite to his torments, from the very natural hope, that Anty's temper would be mollified by the universal panic, he was much less depressed than the multitude. Even a furtive smile might be sometimes detected playing about his mouth, on the announcement of some new and appalling stroke of the destroyer, when he observed the smooth and pallid fear overspreading the brow of his partner, and a silence, sudden as the palsy arresting her conversation. It at length, unfortunately, attracted Anty's notice, and as may be conjectured, convinced from that moment, that he was felicitating himself on the prospect of her seizure with the disease, her rage knew no bounds. Every thrill or start of terror she experienced, as the danger increased about her, furnished new ground for suspicion ! his very looks were watched, and examined with a metaphysical acuteness, and the faintest expression traced home to its iniquitous source, until all his anticipations, of even temporary repose, were buried in the darkest disappointment, the spring by which he thought to lie down for awhile and drink the sweet waters of contentment, pouring out for him only new draughts of bitterness.

When we mention that five years had already rolled over the heads of this ill-starred pair, and they were still living in one house, and partaking of the same meals in so decorous a manner, as to keep their domestic agreements in some degree hidden from the public, it will be admitted that Phelim was a man of the most enduring patience. With whatever amount, however, of Christian resignation, he suffered this sort of life, he could not always avoid indications of peevishness and vexation at his lot. He was often heard to say, "I wish to Heaven I was taken off at once be the sickness, and 'twould be an ease to me," sometimes indeed, it must be confessed, another alternative floated dimly in the perspective, when his wicked angel whispered the question in his ear, "wouldn't it answer as well, Phelim, if it took off little Anty." His better feelings nevertheless always discountenanced those evil suggestions, as well as the contingent results of such an occurrence, which his busy imagination was ever ready to disport in when permitted to go at large.

It happened one morning, as they were sitting to breakfast, that they heard a cry next door, and in a few minutes after a person ran in and informed them that the woman who lived there, and her three children, had been carried off by the cholera in the night, leaving the disconsolate husband alone in the world. Mrs. O Rourke's eye, after she had recovered from the shock which the first announcement of the news had occasioned, fixed itself instinctively on Phelim, and again she saw, or fancied she saw, instead of the natural expression of countenance at such awful accounts, a shrouded delight beaming in his looks, which was very badly concealed in his awkward semblance of sympathy for the sufferers. Her ire was instantly kindled, and after a pause of a few minutes, during which she was endeavouring to subdue the up-bursting violence into,

what she hoped might even for its newness prove more cutting, a bitter irony, she observed:

"Pleasant news this fine mornen, Misther O'Rourke; the loss of so many poor innocent craythurs at a sweep is enough to delight the heart of any one!"

"What do you mane be that, Anty, returned Phelim, 'twould be a strange bizness, if I wasn't sorry for poor Davy, in his trouble?"

Trouble enough! retorted Anty, I b'lieve you'd give a thrifle to be in his case, for all; 'twould be the glory of your heart, you murthering crocodile, if the sickness come into us to-day, and that you saw me dacently laid under the sod in the even. I know your thoughts, you villain, for all your long faces, I know how you laugh in your heart within, when you hear of a poor woman dying, hopen it may come to my turn at last; but I'll disappoint you; wid the blessin' of Heaven, I tell you, I'll disappoint you."

Phelim in vain protested against these accusations, and much more to the same purport passed between them, until the dispute reached a pitch, that he found by experience, it was not safe it should long maintain. He accordingly struck his colours and was hanging his head, after his usual fashion, in profound silence, waiting for the storm to subside, when the suddenness of that occurrence caught his attention, and looking up into his wife's face, he thought he observed it singularly pale and grave. She was evidently struggling with some sudden terror, and on recovering her speech which she did at once, from the moment she saw Phelim fix his looks upon her, she exclaimed:

"You have your wish, you murtherer, if 'tis of any good to you, but 'tis your bad angel done it. If you had'nt sold yourself, the wicked longing couldu't thrive with you."

"What's the matter now?" answered Phelim.

"I'm off," cried Anty, "that's all—run for the priest—run I tell you, and take your eyes off of me."

"Erah, what's the matter darlen," asked the husband again with as strong an expression of anxiety as he could summon up.

"Don't darlen me, you villin," returned Anty, "I'm off and you know it—'tis all your doens—'tis out of the passion you put me into I got it—my death will be at your door."

"Got what, avourneen?"

"Lave off your palaveren again, and get me the priest. Oh! the Lord help me. I'm off I believe—the cramp—the cramp. I'm done for in earnest—rub me—rub me—will any one get me the priest?"

Phelim now clearly saw that she was getting the cholera, for while she was speaking, her voice began to grow hoarse, and whispering, her face became blueish and shrunk to half its usual size, her eyes were sinking in her head, like those of a wasted corpse, and a cold sweat was oozing out from every pore. Rub me you vagabond, if there's any compassion left for your poor murthered wife. Oh my leg—my leg—rub me—won't any one rub me—there—there—higher up—oh my foot—the other foot—wont I get the priest at all, Dheelen."

A woman happening to come in at the moment, attracted by her cries, the astounded husband left his wife in her care, and darted off for the priest. We shall not venture to analyse his reflections by the way, nor offer a conjecture as to their nature. It is sufficient to say, that by the time he reached Father McMahon's residence his countenance had attained a very decorous length, and he was not wanting in a due degree of impatience, to hurry back with the worthy man. They left the door together, and though the priest was mounted very tolerably, and pushed on, as

in all cases of urgency, at rather a rapid rate, he was far outstript by the anxious Phelim, who stood again by poor Anty's side, before it could have been thought possible for him, to traverse such a distance.

The neighbours were at the time holding a consultation in an anti-chamber, to determine what was the best course to be pursued with her.

"Take her to the Hospital at once," says one, who thought the farther and the sooner she was removed from his own domicile the better.

"'Tis the best way," says a second, "for she's a gone woman if there isn't something done for her in a hurry."

"Gone or not gone," exclaimed a third, who proved to be a sister of Anty's, "she'll never set foot in the hospital. I'll not have her pisened be the Docthors any way."

"Indeed 'tis seldom they're throublesome afther comen out of their hands," observed a pedlar who stood listening in the crowd, "they're the quieter for visiting 'em ever afther to my knowledge."

"Thrue for him, faix," cried another, "many's the fine young boy or girl I see go into 'em stout and ruddy, and come out in the mornen with their feet foremost."

"Eyeh, don't be runnen 'em down that way," observed a little tailor, who had obtained some reputation as a wit, "they're not so bad after all; go into 'em ever so bare or naked and they never fails to send you out with a new wooden jacket and steel buttons!"

"Ulaloo! the vagabonds," exclaimed the sister, "they destroy 'em with their physics; sure I seen 'em with my own two eyes in the hospital, changing colour as soon as they drank 'em off."

"No wondher," rejoined the pedlar, "when they're paid for it."

"Paid by whom," exclaimed half a dozen voices simultaneously.

"By the Government," returned the pedlar, "who else? There are too many of us in the country entirely, and we're for ever fighten, and night-walken, and given the world in all of throuble. They thried emigration, and transportation, and turnen us out to starve on the high roads by what they call the subletting act, and they thried the treadmill, and even hanging itself, and t'was to no purpose. So they med up their minds at last to rid the country of us be pisening us like varmin, and when the cholera come, they tuck advantage of the Docthors to do it, be way of curen, unknownst to us."

"See that why!" ejaculated several.

"'Tis a good hundred pounds to 'em at any rate, every poor soul they put out of pain," continued the pedlar.

A low "Dheelen!" (God help us,) was heard from the crowd.

The priest had now arrived, and seeing Mrs. O'Rourke in such a deplorable way that there was not a moment to be lost, recommended strongly, that she should be at once removed to the hospital. He met, however, perhaps in consequence of the pedlar's communication, with more opposition than he expected, especially from Anty's sister, a Mrs. Judy O'Leary, of whom we have before made mention. He at length thought it better to refer the dispute to Phelim as the fittest person to give a final decision on the subject.

"I'll take the advice of Father Mac," cried Phelim in a melancholy tone, "he's the best judge, and moreover I have a great opinion of the Docthors." Phelim had been attentively listening to the pedlar's account of them.

"I tell you, Phelim," roared Judy, "if you take her there, she'll never come out of it a living woman!"

"The will of God be done!" replied Phelim, "how can we help it."

"Be not putting her in there, you neygur," exclaimed the indignant sister, "is it to get rid of her you want!"

The priest, perceiving that the difference of opinion between the parties was likely to increase, interposed before it reached a climax, and demanded of Judy, what she meant by insinuating such imputations against the hospital, where respectable medical gentlemen were risking their lives night and day, amidst the most shocking scenes, in the hope of rescuing even a few lives from the pestilence.

"Eyeh! the notorious thieves of the earth," returned Judy, "tis'nt for nothing they're doen it, and as for recoveren people, arn't the hospitals open now as good as a fortnight, and for the hundred that come out in coffins, there isn't one yet come out in his clothes!"

Phelim heaved a deep sigh.

"My good woman," observed the priest, "this is all a foolish prejudice. The disease is a dreadful one, and people must die of it wherever they are, but, independent of any other consideration, I think the safety of the neighbourhood should be considered: there will be danger of the sickness extending itself, if the poor creature is left here."

"I'll take care of her myself," answered Judy, "if she's left, and no one else need come near her."

"No, no, Judy a lanive," exclaimed Phelim, a little alarmed, "I'll not have you or the neighbourhood in danger by any means. No, no, avourneen, I'd sooner suffer any loss," and he wiped his eye with the skirt of his coat; "I'd sooner suffer any loss, than have the sickness spreading about like wild-fire, as it will, if poor Anty's left here."

"Thrue for you, Phelim," responded the alarmed crowd, "t'will be through every house on the road before mornen, if she's not taken to the hospital."

"They'll be but few of us left to tell it, I'm afeerd," said Phelim. "May Heaven protect us!"

As the sense of the meeting ran entirely with Phelim on the necessity of poor Anty's removal, it was in vain that the persevering Judy still held out, and endeavoured to convince them that she would so contrive to nurse-tend her sister, as to cut off all communication with those residing about her. It was carried by acclamation that she should be taken off to the hospital, and the cholera-cot having been summoned to the spot, she was laid into it, in a state that, without much aid from the doctors, gave a fair promise of her never revisiting her little home again. Phelim followed slowly, and with a dejected look, in the wake of the cotmen, and they all soon disappeared from the sympathizing eyes of the anxious and apprehensive crowd.

He returned to his cabin alone, and as David wept for his son while he was yet living, but became resigned when hope and anxiety were alike over, so Phelim grieved for little Anty throughout the day, shedding abundance of tears, but at night, when a messenger arrived directing him to bring a coffin to the hospital, the fountain of his sorrows became dried up. "If I was to weep for a hundred years," he observed, "sure 'twouldn't bring her back again to me, poor thing! 'tis only flying in the face of Heaven not to submit to my misfortune like a christian: there's no knowing how soon it may be my own turn." He accordingly attended at the hospital gate with a becoming spirit, and having delivered in the coffin, received it in his car from the hands of the porter and cotmen again, freighted with the remains of Mrs. Anty O'Rourke, as was testified by the chalk inscription on the cover. He immediately proceeded to the burying-ground, accompanied by the hospital grave-digger, with whose solitary assistance she was consigned to her last resting place

Death was a matter of too common occurrence in these days, to leave that deep or permanent gloom after it, which it is sure to do where its visits, as in ordinary times, are but few and far between. Individual distress, however great, seemed of small amount, even in the estimation of the sufferer, while the pestilence was still laying life waste in every direction about him. When, at the end of some ten or fifteen days, it at length quitted Phelim's neighbourhood, to hunt for prey in some new or untouched district, his misfortune was but an old and ordinary one in public remembrance. He had, indeed, ceased to grieve on the subject himself, though the image of poor Anty, he declared, still haunted his mind, and, however long he lived, could never be effaced from his memory. This assertion, however, very soon came to be doubted by his acquaintances. The living picture of Maggy Fitzgerald, a blooming girl who lived in his vicinity, was seen too frequently by his side, to permit the supposition that a rival from among the dead could occupy any very permanent place in his imagination. The truth was, that within three weeks after his late loss, Phelim was once more over head and ears in love. He had forgotten, or ceased to think of all his troubles and disappointments, and of such strange materials is the human heart made up, his affections were as fondly and utterly given away in this new attachment, as if he had never loved or been deceived by woman.

Fortune, however, seemed now fully disposed to make him amends for the long period of her desertion. His days passed on in uninterrupted dreams of delight, his nights in refreshing slumbers, and the lark welcomed the golden morning with a song less blithful. The blissful period that was to complete his happiness was at length fixed, and day after day, the rosy-footed hours kept whispering as they passed, of the joys that were

approaching, but alas for poor humanity! how uncertain are its hopes! how fleeting its enjoyments! on the very eve of the wedding, a friend broke the dreadful secret to him, that it was generally rumoured through the country, Mrs. Anty O'Rourke was still alive! Phelim sprung three feet from his stool at the announcement, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "murther!" as he came to the ground. On recovering his recollection, however, and calming a little, he totally denied the possibility of such an occurrence, described minutely his having himself received the coffin containing her remains from the porter, and his having buried it beneath three feet of earth with the assistance of the grave-digger. That they even rolled a great rock over the spot afterwards, which no unaided human effort could roll off again, so that, admitting such an absurdity as her returning to life after interment, there was no possible way by which she could extricate herself from the grave. He partly satisfied his informant by these explanations, but by no means removed the hankering suspicion from his own mind, though perfectly at a loss to account for it. Somebody, it was said, had actually seen and spoken to her, and though reports as groundless, every day find circulation, this one came too malapropos, to be treated with perfect indifference. He pondered and enquired, and pondered again, until the subject took such entire possession of his mind, that he felt he could neither rest nor sleep until he had his doubts cleared up in one way or another. He accordingly came to the resolution of visiting the hospital, and investigating the matter most minutely.

On arriving at the gate, he lifted the knocker with a palpitating heart, feeling that his fate depended on the decision of the next few moments. The porter appeared and demanded his business.

"Will you tell me, if you please," answered Phelim,

"do you remember a woman of the name of Anty O'Rourke, that I brought in here sick of the cholera, a little time ago?"

"I do, well," returned the porter.

"What became of her?"

"She was discharged, cured, about three weeks ago."

"Cured!" ejaculated Phelim, his jaw dropping, and his eyes dilating like saucers.

"Iss, to be sure. Do you think we never cure any one?" returned the porter, with an air of offended dignity.

"I don't mane that," faltered Phelim, but my—my—my wife."

"Oh, ho! she was your wife, was she? why then I never see one take the recovery of his wife so much to heart before."

"She's dead, I tell you," cried Phelim, "'tis a mistake of yours—you—you yourself put her corpse in the coffin for me, five weeks ago, and gev it into my own two hands at this very doore—don't you remember here at this doore? do, agra, try to remember—'tis as true as daylight."

"I don't remember any sitch thing," answered the porter.

"Oh, murther!" exclaimed Phelim, striking his hands against his forehead.

"May-be," continued the porter, "I gev you some one else in a mistake."

"Oh, murther!" roared Phelim again, as with hands still pressed to his forehead, he moved backwards and forwards before the gate, stamping the ground vehemently at every step.

"Faix, it sometimes happens us, for all," continued the porter, "when there's a great number of 'em goes off in the night. The names are pinned on 'em when they're thrun in the dead house, but sometimes they

slips off again, you know, and then we're all at a dead loss, not knowen one from another, so no wondther a mistake should happen—some one else's wife I giv you, I suppose!"

Phelim, upon whom some new light seemed to be breaking during this explanation, now started out of his reverie, and catching the porter's hand with eagerness, exclaimed, "Tell me one thing now like an honest man, and may the heavens be your bed as you tell me truly, do ye ever have two people of the same name in the hospital at the same time?"

"Eyeh! plague on em for names! to be sure we do, almost every day—there's no pleasing the people at all 'count of the bother we have with the way they're christened—all Paddy's or Davey's or Mary's or Peggy's till we can't tell one for another; but death and age, man," continued the porter suddenly elevating his voice, "why do you squeeze my hand that way."

"I did'nt mane any offence by it, avourneen," responded Phelim, "I'd be sorry to hurt a hair o' your head, but I have one question more to put to you. What sort of a woman was it be the name of Anty O'Rourke, that you turned out cured?"

"A handy little skeleton of a creature then, that no cholera could kill—one that the world couldn't plaze—scold—scolding always, and with looks that ud freeze a turnip when anybody venthured to answer her."

Phelim's heart sunk within him again: he summoned courage however to continue the investigation.

"E'then, do you know at all, did she get much medicine from the Doethers?"

"She couldn't be got to taste as much as a drop for any of 'em," replied the porter.

"Lord help us," ejaculated Phelim, with a deep sigh.

"But how is it," said the porter, "now I think on it, if she was your wife, that she did'nt go home to you."

"Thrue for you," answered Phelim, rubbing his hands and brightening up at a thought which had never occurred to him before. "What is it I'm thinking of at all; sure if she and I were on the living airth she'd find me out in half the time. The power av the world ud hardly keep her from me, for three whole weeks, that is, if she had her walk and her five senses. I'm the rail fool and not to recollect that at wanst. No! no! poor ooman, she's dead and buried long enough to keep quiet for my day at any rate! sure I helped to make the grave and throw the earth on her myself!"

"I'll be bail then, she has the good winter's coat of it," observed the porter, smiling, "you wouldn't like to let the frost to her, poor thing!"

"Eyeh! no matter," returned Phelim, "'tis equal how we lie, when it comes to that with us, but I'm obleeged to you for your information entirely, a good evenen." "Safe home to you, Misther O'Rourke," cried the porter, the smile still playing about his mouth, "and if I hear anything of Anty's stirren about, I'll not fail to come with the news to you."

Phelim quickened his pace, and pretended not to hear, muttered however when he reached a sufficient distance to vent his feelings with impunity, "wisha asy enough it is with you, that haven't chick nor child, nor any thing but your own four bones to throuble you; may-be when you marry, you'll not have your jokes so ready, and faix when you do, all the harm I wish you, is a wife equal to Anty."

On arriving at home, Phelim recovered his spirits and made every preparation for the wedding. After trying on a new suit of clothes which was made for him by a Limerick tailor, fitting himself with a shining caroline hat, and reviewing his figure, with due particularity, in a broken piece of a mirror which he had neatly

set in polished ash, he spent the evening at the bride's. To such as have loved, it is needless to tell that he did not return home until the moon was going to her rest, and that he then lay down on his humble bed to pass away the time in chiding the lazy hours, that one by one came slowly to his pillow to tell him of the approaching morning.

At last came the joyous wedding day, and with it, from far and near, the guests came gathering to the merry house of the bride. The weather was unpropitious, for the morning had set in with wind and rain in all the gloom of beginning winter; but the barn, in which for the sake of increased room, the company were assembled, was defended by a thick coating of thatch from the power of the storm, and a roaring fire blazing at the upper end, gave a fair guarantee against the influence of the cold. The wedding baked meats were set forth, the bagpipes had struck up a merry air, and the priest had already taken his place at the head of the banqueting table, when a loud knocking was heard at the door, and a poor woman, wrapped in a cloak, who sought shelter from the weather, was admitted to a seat by the fireside. The occurrence was to common to occasion much observation, and the feast proceeded. Great and fearful was the destruction on every hand, and stunning was the noise of the delighted multitude. After the meats and other substantial elements of the entertainment had disappeared and a becoming time was allowed for discussing the punch, they all arose at a signal from the priest, and a little circle was formed at the upper end of the apartment, in the centre of which he placed himself, with Phelim and Maggy before him. The important ceremony was now about to take place which was to make them happy for ever, and an anxious silence reigned throughout the room, broken only by the whisper of some of the elders to one

another, or the suppressed titter of some sly maiden, at the bashful bearing of the bride. Just as the priest took the book, a loud cough was heard from the stranger. No one took notice of it, except Phelim; but as soon as he heard it, he started as if he had been electrified, and let fall Maggy's hand from his own. Then looking towards the fire-place where the old woman was sitting, a cold shivering came over him, and large drops of perspiration hung glistening on his forehead.

"What's the matter with you, darlin," exclaimed Maggy, terrified at the change which came over him.

"Nothing achree," replied the bridegroom, "but a weakness that come upon me, when I heerd that cough from the ind of the room, it was so like the sound of one, that I was once used to, but that can never be heard in this world again."

Scarcely had he uttered the words, when another cough resounded in the same direction, and again a sudden terror seized upon Phelim, his teeth began to chatter, his limbs to tremble, and he kept looking up towards the fire-place like one that was fairy-stricken.

"Heaven purtect us!" he ejaculated in a faint whisper to himself.

"Phelim—Phelim, honey!" cried Maggy, dreadfully alarmed.

"Sure," muttered he, heedless of the voice of the bride, and gazing vacantly in the one direction, "I berried her with my own two hands!"

"What ails you, Phelim?" exclaimed the priest, shaking him by the shonlder, to arouse him out of the stupor which seemed to oppress him, "are you ill? or what is all this strange proceeding about."

"I'm not well, indeed, your reverence," replied Phelim, recovering himself, "I don know what's the matter, but

I'm sure I'll be quite well when this business is over. Let us go on."

He took Maggy's hand again, and the priest proceeded, but when Phelim commenced to repeat the customary words after him, "I take thee, Margaret Fitzgerald, for my wedded wife," his eyes instinctively fixed itself on the little woman at the fire-place, when to his utter horror, he saw her slowly rising from her stool and throwing back the cloak from her head, turn round to the company. A general scream acknowledged the presence of Mrs. Anty O'Rourke! She settled her look steadily on Phelim and walked slowly towards him. He staggered back two or three steps and would have fallen, had he not been supported by those about him. Her person seemed to grow taller as she advanced—her countenance more ferocious than he had ever seen it, and she was struggling with suppressed passion to such a degree as for some moments to impede her utterance. When her feelings at length found vent in words, she shook her clenched fist at him, at once relieving the party from all suspense as to her spectral character. "You villain," she exclaimed, you thought you got rid of me—did you? You thought you had three feet of the sod over me, and that you might get on wid your pranks as you pleased yourself, but I'll spoil your divarsion for you. I'll trait you wid a wife, so I will, you unnatural dog. Your darlen indeed, (curtsying to Maggy). Your Maggy, achree. So ma'am—hem. Nothen ud satisfy you but to be Mrs. O'Rourke, Mrs. O'Rourke enagh! Why you unmoral, unproper character, would you have the man marry two wives? would you have him scandalize the whole country? O you rail Turk (to Phelim) I have been watching every turn of you, these three weeks back; I've seen your doens—your coorten and dearen and drinken. What's become av the pig, you hangman?

the pig that I reared from a bonnive wid my own hands. Yes, two hands—look at em—not so white as Maggy's may-be, but belonging to Mrs. O'Rourke for all that, thankee. Where's my pig again, you born villin ?"

Poor Phelim, somewhat aroused by the fury of this attack, endeavoured to collect his scattered senses and get out of so awkward a business as decently as he could, but the greater his anxiety to appease her indignation, the longer his explanations—the more abject his apologies—the higher Anty's wrath mounted, until at length in the climax of a violent fit, she fell on the floor perfectly insensible.

The interest was now suddenly changed. The feelings of the party, which a moment before ran altogether in Phelim's favour, now set back in a returning tide of pity for the unfortunate Anty. All was anxiety and readiness to assist her, and no effort suggested for her recovery was left untried. Water was splashed in her face, feathers burnt under her nose, and attempts were even made at opening a vein by a skilful farrier who happened to be among the guests, but every thing they ventured to do for her relief proved for a time fruitless. While the crowd was still pressing round her, Phelim lay in a chair by the fireside, overcome with suspense and agitation, but after the lapse of some twenty or thirty minutes, suspecting from various exclamations which reached him, from time to time, from the group around his wife, that there were hopes of her coming to, he roused himself up and beckoning Davy Dooley, an old companion of his, to the door, he addressed him with a look full of meaning and in a gentle under tone.

"Isn't this a purty business, Davy ?"

"The quarest I ever seen in my born days," replied Davy, "she's coming to, I believe."

"We must have a Docthor, Davy," rejoined the husband, eyeing his friend with the same intent look.

"Eyeh! plague on 'em for Docthors, had'nt they her ondher their hands before?"

"They wern't to blame any way, Davy, she gev 'em no fair play either for death or recovery. The porter tould me she wouldn't taste a dhrop of their medicines if they were to flay her alive for it."

"'Twas like her cuteness," observed Davy.

"Well, but listen to me," continued Phelim, and stooping over, he muttered something into the ear of his friend.

"No better on Ireland ground," exclaimed Davy, slapping his hands in approval of the communication, "a kind, tender-hearted man, that never keeps poor craythurs long in pain. Oh! begannies, he's the real Docthor."

"Away with you then, arragal," cried Phelim, I hear her voice getten stronger, offer him any money, run, aroo! oh! mavrone!"

"Where's Davy going?" enquired the Priest as he saw him hastily leaving the door.

"Sending him off for the Docthor, I am, your reverence," answered Phelim, "for I'll never let her set foot in the hospital again. They neglected her there entirely, them rogues of nurse-tenders, and so I'll have her attended at home now, where she'll be med take every whole happerth the Docthor ordhers for her."

"You're an honest and a sensible man, Phelim, observed the Priest, and I admire your behaviour very much in all this strange business. I'm glad to find, too, you're not giving way to that foolish and wicked prejudice against the Docthors, which has been so prevalent since the cholera commenced."

"I'd be sorry to undervalue the gentlemen, your reve-

rence," returned Phelim, "sure, what ud I do at all now without 'em, and poor Anty is so bad. I wondher is there any chance for her ?"

"Very little, I fear, Phelim : it appears like an apoplectic attack."

"Is it anything of a lingering dizaze, your reverence ?" continued the husband, in a faltering tone.

"Not at all," replied the Priest, "it is generally a very sudden one."

"Ove ! ove ! the poor craythur ! I believe she's a gone woman," observed Phelim again, inquiringly.

"Indeed I fear so," answered the Priest, "unless the Doctor can do something for her."

As he spoke, Davy came running in ; the Doctor followed at a more dignified pace. He had met with him by good fortune a few perches from the cabin, and immediately secured his attendance.

On examining the patient, the Doctor shook his head despondingly.

"A bad case," he half muttered to himself, "a bad case ! too far gone for medicine !"

"Thry something, your honour," exclaimed Phelim, earnestly, "She was as bad or worse before, and she recovered of it."

"Not so bad as she is now," replied the Doctor, despondingly. "However, I must do the best I can," and writing a few words on a scrap of paper, he directed Phelim to take it to the Dispensary, where he would get two powders, one of which he was to give his wife as soon as ever he returned, and the second at five o'clock, if she lived so long.

The people cast ominous looks at one another, as he concluded, and the Doctor and Priest departed together. Davy meantime started off afresh for the medicine, and as soon as he got back, took care to see it administered strictly as the Doctor ordered. At ten

minutes to five precisely, Mrs. Anty O'Rourke took her departure for another world.

"She's dead!" whispered Davy, as he laid his hand on Phelim's shoulder, who was hanging drowsily over the dying embers on the hearthstone.

"Dead!" ejaculated Phelim, springing from his seat, as if half astounded at the news, "dead all out, is she, Davy?"

"Dead as a door-nail," returned Davy, and 'tis just on the stroke of five!"

"Think o' that, Davy," uttered Phelim faintly, and squeezed the hand of his friend.

"Faix he was very exact in his business," rejoined his companion significantly, "Oh mo leare! they're the dearies for Docthors!"

"Say nothen, Davy—say nothen," observed the widower, "sure he did as he was taught at the univarsity. He was a kind man, so he was, and I'll not forget it to him."

Phelim was as good as his word; the week after the decease and funeral of poor Anty, he had the doctor invited to another wedding feast, at which the affair between himself and the blooming Maggy was concluded without any farther interruption, and he was ever after his most intrepid defender, when any of the old women in his neighbourhood ventured to tamper with his reputation. He was, indeed, often heard to declare, "he'd go to the world's end for the Docthor—do anything for him—anything in life—but take his medicine.

Having concluded his tale, greatly to the regret of his hearers, who were much interested in the vicissitudes of fortune which it unfolded, the Fourth Juror without waiting to be called upon, "cleared the cob-

webs out of his throat," as he facetiously expressed himself, with a premonitory cough, after which he acquitted himself of the musical part of his obligation in the following manner:

I.

Hark, Erin! the blast is blown on the beath,
That summons' thy sons to conquest or death;
The lines are all set in fearful array,
And thou must be saved or ruin'd to-day.
Like the flood of the winter, resistless and grand,
Forth rushed to the shock the strength of the land;
And hearty and free was the ready hallo
That answered the call of Brian Boru.

II.

"Oh! trust not that form so aged and dear,
Amid the wild crash of target and spear,
Bright star of the field and light of the hall,
Our ruin is sure if Brian should fall."
Like the waves of the west that burn on the rock,
The hosts at the morning rushed to the shock,
But ere his last beam was quench'd in the sea,
The Raven was quell'd and Erin was free.

III.

Yet hush'd be the sound of trumpet and drum,
And silent as death let victory come;
For he, at whose call the chieftains arose,
All bleeding and cold was found at the close.
And Erin is sad though burst is her chain,
And loud was the wail that rose o'er the plain;
For Victory cost more tears on that shore,
Than ever Defeat or Ruin before.

Loud applause followed the conclusion of the song of the fourth juror, after which, without any preamble, the gentleman who sat next in order commenced as follows:

THE FIFTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

DRINK, MY BROTHER.

O, I have pass'd a miserable night;
So full of fearful dreams of ugly sights,
That as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Shakespeare.

DRINK, MY BROTHER.

CHAPTER I.

I DON'T know, gentlemen, said the Fifth Juror, after pausing for some moments to collect his thoughts, what your opinions may be of Irish parish priests in general, but it was my lot at one time to have an individual of that class for a neighbour, and a more civil, worthy kind of man, I have seldom——

The Fifth Juror was here interrupted by some murmurs and cries of "order!" from two or three of the company. After some discussion, however, it was decided that simply to speak of a parish priest in the way of narrative could not, strictly speaking, be considered controversial, and the story was suffered to proceed.

——A more worthy, civil gentleman, than Father Magrath it was not often my lot to meet. He was one of those few persons in whom good principles are engrafted on a happy nature, and whose minds, like some fertile regions of the east, produce spontaneously and in abundance, the flowers and fruits which are elsewhere only the product of costly and laborious cultivation. He was well liked by all in his neighbourhood, except ing a perverse few, with whom it would be a disgrace to be at peace, and this, without any mean compliances,

such as are too often used by cowardly spirits to propitiate the good will of those they fear. Many an occasion arose between him and the gentry in his neighbourhood to try his firmness in this respect, and while Father John accepted and returned, without hesitation or distinction, the civilities that were offered him, all were surprised to find him as independent and as unyielding in his measures as if he had not dined and cracked his jest with them on the previous evening, by their firesides or his own. A gentleman by birth, a foreign education had added to his natural benevolence a costly demeanour under which, if I might say so, he used to disguise his fundamental stubbornness. The consequence was, that no one could quarrel with him, except such persons as were noted for love of strife, or who could not endure to be thwarted in their views.

Well, gentlemen, I dare say you think I have been long enough singing the parœnesis of this country priest. However, I can assure you, whatever good qualities he possessed, he had not one more than he needed, for, of all the laborious offices that have been entailed upon our species by the sin of our first parents, perhaps that of an Irish priest upon a country mission is not readily to be surpassed. There was, in the first place, some thousands of rough, stiff-necked, wrong-headed country fellows to please and manage, many of them folks of impervious brains and inveterate habits, with which it were as idle to deal as to set about altering the bend of an old oak tree. It was in vain he begged of them, in the most persuasive terms, to make their calls in the day-time. If an old woman had but got the headache, they were sure to wait until he was just dropping off in his first sleep, and then knock him up to set out on a journey of two or three miles across a wild and boggy mountain, with all the assurances in the world that "he never would *overtake* her." And

slight would be their apology when, as it sometimes happened, after arriving at the scene of terror, he found the poor penitent smoking a pipe by the fireside without any more notion of making a voyage to the other world than of setting out for Constantinople. What added to the annoyance (if so patient a man could be annoyed by anything), was that it was invariably the most worthless, reckless, good-for-nothing vagabonds in his parish, who were least sparing of his time or labour, and who seemed to think that the less peace or quietness they allowed the priest, the more they showed their piety, and the surer they were of their salvation. It seemed in truth, as if by some supernatural means they knew precisely the very moment when their calls would be most embarrassing and inopportune, and chose that time especially to lay hands upon the well-plied knocker of his door. And there might be something to say, if those individuals were as liberal in contributing to the decent maintainance of their pastor, as they were in adding to his labours, but the reverse was the case to a lamentable extent. While the good, pious, well-conducted parishioners who never troubled their clergyman, but when it was necessary, and always at the proper time, were attentive to his temporal wants, and generous in contributing to his support, those reckless, unmanageable fellows whom it was impossible to please, who thought least of interrupting his meals or his sleep without necessity, and had menaces of a complaint to the bishop most frequently on their lips, were precisely those of all others who were most niggardly in giving, and whose names remained longest on the list of the unpaid at Christmas and Easter ; who were always best provided with an excuse, when a horse was wanted to draw home his hay, or a hand to work in his potatoe field. Nor was this all his trouble. Now and then some zealous preacher of an opposing creed would cast

an eagle eye upon his remote mountain parish, and make a sudden and unexpected inroad, preaching through highways and byways, and scattering small tracts about him like hand grenades, setting the whole district in commotion for a time, and then as suddenly make his exit, leaving Father John some month's work at least upon his hands to pick up all his combustible *cahiers*, and clear the soil of the seeds of heterodoxy which he had left behind him. Sometimes, likewise, such an individual, bolder than his brethren, (no small thing to say,) would seek an opportunity of encountering him face to face, in the presence of the most ignorant of his flock, and open a volley of citations from various councils, the very names of which were sufficient to invest him who was capable of uttering them, with all the authority of a man of parts and learning, more especially before hearers who are but too apt to suppose that the man who talks most and loudest has the best of the dispute, and that he is the most learned whom they find it hardest to understand. Then, again, there was the perpetual fighting at fairs, and drinking in public houses, to say nothing of night dances, card-players, fortune-tellers, and other such characters. To counterbalance all this he had, it is true, his satifactions also. He had the pleasure of believing that he was doing some good in his way, and of numbering amongst his flock some gentle, peaceful souls, such as one sometimes has the happiness to meet in this selfish world, and whose very looks inspire serenity and love. He had, besides, his books of theology and ecclesiastical history, to furnish him entertainment in his leisure hours; and if life, after all, felt burthensome at intervals, he had the hope which we all have, that he was laying up provision for a better.

I should have told you that Father John was not dependent on his parish for a subsistence. He inherited

a small property, of which, at the suggestion of some friends rather than by his own inclination, he retained possession after devoting himself to religion. The care of this he left in the hands of a younger brother, one of the most unprincipled ruffians that ever set his foot upon the earth. Neither the example nor the kindness of his brother had the least effect upon him, and everybody wondered that Father John did not send him about his business, and commit the care of his affairs to safer and honester hands.

One morning it happened that the clerk and the housekeeper were both busy in the kitchen, the former in giving the lost polish to his master's boots, the latter in preparing breakfast. They were very free in their remarks both on the priest and his brother, the former of whom was in the meanwhile quietly reading his office in the parlour.

"'Tis admiration to me, Mrs. Ahearn," said the clerk, "that his reverence would put up with the likes at all, at all. There is'nt a man but himself, that would bear with it. An' to hear the way he talks to him, when they meet about the accounts—the daarin' impident language he gives the masther. 'Tis my firm opinion, Mrs. Ahearn, that 'tis what he wants is to tire him out until he'll rise out o' the property entirely, an' let him have it for himself, an' my hand to you from the day he does that, it won't be long 'till the whole goes in ducks an' dhrakes about the counthry."

"Why, then, that would be a pity, Ned, although I'm in dhread there's a dale of it does'nt go much betther as it is. Is it thrue for 'em what they say, that of late he's keepin' worse company than ever he did before?"

"Is it Misther Richard?"

"What else? Sure 'tisn't Father John I'd mane!"

"Be coorse. 'Tis then, thrue, whoever tould you."

"I hear a thing of him," said Mrs. Ahearn, after a pause, "an' I'm a'most afeerd to ax you about it, in dhread either that it 'ud be thrue, or that I'd be casting such a slight upon him an' he not deserving it. Is it fact what I'm tould, that he keeps company with the Poundher?"

At the sound of this terrible word, the clerk laid aside the boot to which he was administering the last varnish of Warren's jet, looked and listened cautiously on all sides, and then advancing to the side of Mrs. Ahearn, whispered in her ear with the frightened gaze of one who was uttering a mystery of the most awful import:

"It *is*."

"I'm sorry for it," replied the housekeeper.

"So you ought, an' I'm in dhread there'll be more sorry for it before all is over."

"An' who is the Poundher, Misther Fitzgerald, if you please? Because I only heard a little of him from Susy Kenerk, the milk-woman, yesterday, when she tould me about himself an' Misther Richard, an' you know besides I'm strange to these parts."

"Will you answer me one question first, Mrs. Ahearn, if you plaise—Can you tell me who is Beelzebub?"

"Lord save us, Misther Fitzgerald," said the housekeeper, crossing herself, and curtesying devoutly, "what is it you mane be that?"

"I mane to say that the one answer will match both our questions. Who is the Poundher? Why then, I'll tell you, ma'am. Although you bein' from another part o' the counthry, still for all, I make no doubt you heard tell o' the river Shannon."

"O! vo! sure the whole world hear talks o' that, Ned."

"Well, about as good or betther than ten years ago, this Poundher as they call him, was a boatman on that

river, that used to be, airnin' his bread like the rest of 'em by carryin' turf an' praties, an' corn, an' butter, an' things that way, for the small farmers along shore up to the Limerick market, an' gettin' his nate per cintage upon the loadin'. The little boat he had is all the substance he was left by the ould father when he died, an' I'm sure 'twas enough for him if he'd be satisfied to get his livin' quiet and honest, to keep sowl an' body together without brinin' either to any throuble here or hereafther."

"'Twas a fine life, Ned."

"Well, you see Mrs. Ahearn, since the fall of Adam, we're all prone to sin. The Poundher wasn't satisfied, an' he got tired o' gettin' honest wages, an' tackin' back an' forward betwixt Limerick an' the west. So what does he do but to lend an ear to temptation, an' turn out a wather-pirate."

"A wather-pirate!"

"A *rale* wather-pirate. 'Tis the way he used to do, of a night when there would be no moonlight, he'd cast anchor in one o' the small lonesome creeks along the river side, an' then he'd go paddlin' about in a small skiff he had, along with himself an' a few more of his commerades, that he had under his command, an' the whole of 'em havin' plenty of arms an' ammunition, lyin' in wait for the poor boatmen that would be comin' back from Limerick afther sellin' their little cargoes. When they'd see a boat out in the middle o' the river, they'd slip out alongside her in the dark an' rob the crew, or may be do worse if they offered 'em any resistance."

"You don't tell me so?"

"The counthry knows it. 'Twas as much as a boatman's life was worth that time to venture out from the quay of Limerick at any time that he'd be likely to be overtaken by night upon the water. I h'ard of a thing

he done once that if it be fact, flogs all ever I hear for the dint o' wickedness."

"No?"

"Asy an' you'll see yourself. Of a time, Bill Doherty's big turf-boat was lying at anchor off Ahanish of a winther's night, when the Poundher an' his men (if the likes could be called men,) boarded her an' the crew asleep, an' murthered every one of 'em! One poor fellow med an attempt to escape by letting himself down from the boat an' swimming unknownst, but they spied him at a distance making for the shore, by the light of the moon which appeared at the moment, and shot him as they would a duck in the water."

"O murther, murther alive! A' Ned, is it fact you're tellin' me?"

"I only tell it to you as I'm tould myself. So you may considher, Mrs. Ahearn, what sort o' company that is for Misther Richard to be follyin' after."

"Oh, vo, vo! Misther Fi'gerald, I don't know what to say about it at all, at all. An' was'nt there ever any attempt med to put a stod to such doin's?"

"There was many a time, but what good was it for 'em. They might as well be sthriven' to catch an eel between their finger an' thumb. They took out the sogers to look for him, an' twice they even caught him, but he did't let 'em keep him long. One time——asy! Is'nt that a rap I hear at the hall-doore?"

"'Tis, an' a double rap too. I suppose 'tis Misther Richard, that thought fit to come at last, afther keepin' the master expectin' him these three days. Dear knows, 'twould be well we had either less or more of him.

I' you! there's another rap. What a hurry he's in!"

Mr. Fitzgerald, who added the dignity of porter to those of clerk, groom and valet, in the service of his master, laid aside the boots which he had at length brought to a suitable degree of lustre, and went to the

hall-door. He had not opened it many minutes when a cry of terror suddenly resounded through the house, followed by exclamations of "help! murder! robbery! The Poundher! The Wather-Pirate!"

It may be imagined what alarm these terrific sounds excited through the quiet dwelling of the priest. Mrs. Ahearn sunk down almost fainting upon the settle-bed. Father John came hurrying in his slippers from the parlour, but ere he reached the hall, the sounds had already ceased, and all was silent. On arriving at the front door, he found it wide open, and his clerk lying prostrate and apparently lifeless across the threshold. Anxious in the first place to ascertain the cause of the commotion, he hurried out upon the little gravel plat before the house, and looked on all sides, but could discern nothing capable of furnishing a clue to the mystery. Returning to the clerk, he found him already coming to himself, opening his eyes with looks of ghastly terror and amazement, and glancing on all sides as if he thought an enemy still lurked about the place. Mr. Magrath assisted him to rise, and conducted him to the kitchen, where he placed him in a chair, and commanded Mrs. Ahearn to have done fainting and get him a glass of wine.

The stimulant in some degree restored the affrighted clerk to his recollection, and after much sighing and groaning and broken exclamations, of "oh, the villain! oh, the water-pirate! oh, my cheek! my jaw!—to daar to come facin' in the very doore!" he felt sufficiently restored to be able to give some account of what he had seen.

He had gone to the door, he said, expecting to find Mr. Richard Magrath, for whose arrival they had been all looking out during several days past. To his surprise therefore it was that he beheld a man in the common dress of a boatman standing outside. An enormous great coat of frieze enveloped his person, and as he

stood, half turned away, the high standing collar aided by the wide-leafed oiled-cloth hat, which was drawn over his brow, almost completely hid his features. In this position he remained while he asked the clerk, "whether Mr. Richard was within ?"

"I was full sure that it is one o' them boatmen I had comin' to sell his turf," so the clerk continued his narrative. "Why then, says I, you're welcome home to us with your double rap ; one would think it was the Lord Lieutenant was there ! I was so vexed with him that I was goin' to slap the doore in his face, when what does the impident vagabone do but to turn overright me, an' openin' his great coat, put a pistol to my breast. If you stir, says he, or make the laste noise, you're a dead man. I knew the Poundher in a minute, for I saw him once in Kilrush ! Well, though bein' greatly frightened, the lord was plaised to put that spunk into my heart, that in place o' makin' him an answer, 'tis what I did was to lep upon him like Sampson among the Philistines, an' saize him by the collar, roarin' for help an' I don't know what besides. I don't know what his object was, whether it was to rob the house he wanted or what, but I suppose he changed his mind when he seen me so conthrairy, for in place o' firin' he only ga' me a fist in the jaw an' med off. Between the sthroke an' the fright, an' one thing or other, I got such a megrim that I suppose I lost my senses, for I don't remember anything more till I see your reverence along-side o' me with the glass o' wine."

The rumour of so daring an attempt made upon the very dwelling of the pastor, soon spread throughout the parish, and excited universal astonishment and indignation. After this, what enterprise was there which the Pounder might not be expected to undertake. Every one was terrified for his house and all that it contained. Like small birds twittering after a hawk had passed,

the people of the parish were seen getting into groups at each other's doors throughout the day, and discussing the motives of so audacious a proceeding. What could be the Pounder's object? and what was there that could stop him after pulling out his pistol at the priest's hall door? It could not be robbery he had in view, for he was shrewd enough to know that he had little chance of finding any great share of ready money in Father John's coffers. A less criminal intent could scarce demand so violent and hazardous a proceeding; and for any design bearing a deeper hue of wickedness, no probable motive could be imagined; so after all the disquisitions of all the longest heads that could be put together in the parish during the ensuing day, the aim and origin of the occurrence remained as much a mystery as they had been at the commencement.

CHAPTER II.

While the folks of the parish were talking and wondering, Father John had returned to his parlour where he remained for some time in a state of great uneasiness of mind. The clerk had been despatched to the house of the next magistrate, and a pursuit had been set on foot, but, as might have been anticipated, without success. Father John, or (as it is the more elegant modern fashion to call persons of his class,) Mr. Magrath continued to say his office, walking to and fro at a slow pace between the window and cupboard, pausing now and then in involuntary distraction of mind, and yielding unconsciously to the anxieties that pressed upon him.

"What am I to do with him?" he ran on, half in his

own mind, half in audibly whispered soliloquy, as his reflections crowded more forcibly upon him, "or was ever father plagued with an unduteous son, as I am with this most intractable of brothers? Is it even excusable to bear with him any longer? to sanction, as it were, by evident connivance, the scandal which he gives to the whole neighbourhood? Mildness has no effect on him; gentleness and forbearance, which are ever sure to disarm a generous nature, seem only to stimulate his insolence. How long shall I endure his rapacity towards my poor tenants, and his gross dishonesty towards myself? Is it not time for me to give up all hope and to have done with the heart-sickening suspense in which his conduct holds me. Nor is it even a moderate evil—a moderate ruin that menaces him. His whole career tends to no better a goal than a disgraceful exile, or an ignominious death. Shall I bring all to a close with him this very day, and appoint another in his place? No, never! Let all go to wreck and ruin before I lay patience aside, and surrender a brother to despair. The moment of mercy yet may come for him, as it has for others, and death shall come for one or both, before I grow weary of awaiting its arrival. At moments, too, amid the pitchy darkness that blinds him yet, I can fancy I see already faint gleams of light that seem to promise such a dawn. O joy of joys, if I should live to see it!"

At this instant, the door of his chamber opened, and half a figure presented itself in the aperture. There was nothing in it to preposess the beholder in favour of its owner. The dress was soiled and disordered as if through long travel or laborious exercise, and the countenance, though not deficient in youth or comeliness, was pale and dingy, as if from the effects of toil and watching. The features had, moreover, an expression of anxiety, which was plainly visible through the air of habitual dissolute boldness which invested them. For

a moment he seemed to hesitate, his hand still grasping the door handle.

"Come in, Richard, come in," said Mr. Magrath in a quiet tone.

The young man entered accordingly, with a discontented reckless look. He spun his hat across the room till it rested on a table at the further end, and walked towards the fire-place with a confident air, his hands thrust into the huge pockets of his open coat, and his uncombed hair half shadowing his forehead as he looked sullenly downward.

"Morrow, John."

"Good morrow, Richard."

"Well, John, have you been thinking since about that business we were speaking of?"

"How can you be so unreasonable? Give you up my property, not only as to the usufruct which you possess already to all intents and purposes, but as to the actual ownership; *quoad dominuine.* I cannot consent to it."

"So pious a man as you, and the pastor of a parish too, might find something better to mind than a temporal possession."

"That's a good sentiment, Richard, but I fear not altogether disinterested. It would be much the better done if you would give an account of your stewardship, Richard, which I can by no means prevail on you to do, than to continue urging me to a step to which I cannot conscientiously consent, Richard."

"Every body says that it is ill-done in you, who have your course chalked out before you, to refuse to provide for a brother who has nothing in the world to look to, except what you may choose to afford him."

"Refuse to provide for you, Richard! Me! Name any profession you will, and I will gladly furnish you the means of attaining it."

"I do not want a profession, it is too late in life for me to begin studying. Every body says it is a shame."

"I'm afraid you do not choose the best counsellors in the world, Richard."

"That's my own affair. I'll tell you what it is, John, if you don't do what I ask, I know how to make you sorry for it."

"Indeed you do, Richard. I know already that you know how to make me sorry, Richard."

"I'll give you more of it then, I promise you. I'll make you tired of your life before I have done with you, if you don't repent your avarice and covetousness."

His brother smiled pensively, as if to say, "you have gone nigh to that already," but he only answered:

"You can do no more than God suffers you. Welcome be his will, Richard."

"Why do you keep calling me Richard, Richard, in that way, at every sentence. That's what I hate, that preaching manner you always have towards me, as if I was some fool that you wanted to convert."

At this, his brother laughed outright.

"You remind me," said he, "of what is related of some obstinate Pagans in old times, who were so irritable at beholding the devoted affection of the early Christians for one another, and hearing them call each other brothers, that they declared it gave them a disgust for the word when applied to their own natural relatives. But no such deep rooted depravity has a place in your heart, and I can tell you I have my hopes of you."

"Then I can tell you that you never were more mistaken in your life," exclaimed Richard, in a loud and passionate tone. "I think I can see myself indeed bending down my head and crying *pecavi*, brother John. You shall see strange things first, I promise you."

"Never mind," said his brother, nodding his head and smiling, "time will tell."

"I'll let you know what time is likely to tell since you put me to it," cried Richard, still furious with anger, "and what I was thinking of this morning as I came hither, and what I most certainly will do, if you continue to show your niggardly and parsimonious temper. I'll read my recantation. I'll engage I'll find plenty of people who will be glad to do me justice. As for religion, I don't care what you may say about it; I think one is as good as another. Never fear; I'll make a stir in the country before long, and if I have not the head to write a long letter to the newspapers about the Irish parish priests, I can find those that will be ready and able to help me. Never fear, I'll touch you all up, depend upon it. I'll come like a thunderbolt upon you when you are least thinking of it. I'll go to meetings—I'll make speeches in England, and Scotland, and Dublin. I'll learn Latin—I'll print books—I'll ransack old libraries—or I'll find those that know how—I'll do for you, be certain."

"I suppose, Dick," said Mr. Magrath, after enduring this hail of menaces in silence, "it might be one of those theologians you speak of, who was flourishing his pistol at the hall door this morning."

"This morning?"

"Yes—a kind of sea-faring missionary, more commonly known, as Fitzgerald tells me, by the significant appellation of the Pounder."

At the mention of this name, the countenance of Richard Magrath acquired a prodigious length.

"The Pounder?" he exclaimed in amazement. "Did Fitzgerald say he saw that ruffian here this morning?"

"He both saw and felt him," replied the priest, "as if you take the trouble to examine, his left jaw will bear testimony at this instant."

Richard hurried from the room with a confused and agitated look, as if he were not sorry at the instant to

have an excuse for retiring. His brother quietly resumed the reading of his office, and awaited his return, but in vain. On his ringing the bell at the end of half an hour, the clerk entered with his face bound up in a handkerchief to say that he had left the house immediately on hearing the particulars of the Pounder's visit, and with an air of confusion and haste, as if the intelligence had occasioned him some strange perplexity.

"But there's one abroad, sir," added the clerk, "that wants to speak with you."

"Who is it?"

"Nobody, only me, please your Reverence," said a voice outside the door.

"Come in Mahony, come in," said the priest, and the stranger entered while Fitzgerald returned to the kitchen. "Well, Mahony, what's the matter now?"

"I hear you had the Poundher here this morning, sir?"

"You heard aright."

"An' Misther Richard? wasn't he with you while ago?"

"He was."

"Do you know where he's gone to, sir?"

"I have no idea."

The stranger made a considerable pause, and drew up his person as if about to deliver an oration. There were few circumstances which could occasion more uneasiness to the worthy clergyman, or to any one who knew the individual who stood before him. He was a cooper by trade and a great politician; one of those blustering noisy patriots, who I make no doubt think much of their country, but certainly think a good deal of themselves. No one could be on more pleasing terms with another than Mr. Mahony was with himself. A certain fluency of words, in a district where English, not to say Latin, was at a premium, aided by that noble scorn of false modesty peculiar to great minds, rendered

him by pre-eminence one of the most troublesome, unmanageable, turbulent characters in Father John's entire parish. Wherever a mob collected, or on whatever occasion, he was sure to be a ringleader. Who would, might look after his tubs and cans when any popular movement called him out of doors, and his neighbours declared that he must have a great capacity for minding the business of the public, for it was acknowledged on all hands that he paid very little attention to his own. Some wags indeed, either through envy or malice, had contrived to affix upon him the sobriquet of "*Incubus*" from the frequent use which he made of that word in his orations, and with so much success that he was better known by the name of Incubus Mahony, than by his own. But such petty malevolence he treated with the silent contempt which it deserved. On the present occasion, however, he seemed to labour under some more immediate alarm than that of any prospective political calamity.

"Sir," said he, after a pause, "I have not words to express my feelings at the extraordinary news which I have heard. The times are out of joint. It is my painful duty to announce to you that your valuable life is in danger."

"Do you mean general danger, arising out of the deplorable state of things in which we live, or any particular danger as regards myself?"

"Reverend sir," said the cooper, "in this case the danger is particular. Most undeniable it is indeed, that at any time we cannot be said to possess our habitations in security. Our destinations are in the hands of persons whose minds are a century behind the age. But they sleep on a volcano. *Salus populi suprema lex.* Dispersed by the whirlwind of popular indignation they shall see its waters burst upon them with outspread wings and find themselves overwhelmed when too late,

beneath the tottering conflagration. Too long have we groaned beneath that incubus, which—"

As Father John knew by experience, that when the cooper was once fairly mounted on the incubus it was no easy matter to stop him, he cut short his career at the outset by requesting him to state what the particular danger was of which he spoke. The question seemed at once to restore the orator to his recollections, and enabled him to speak rationally.

"The danger," said he, "is nearer to you than you imagine. At some time to-day you will be sent for to visit an old man who, you will be told, lies ill in a cabin near the shore. Beware of that old man?"

"This is too absurd," said Mr. Magrath. "Whom have I injured, that I should fear such treachery?"

"Ask not whom you have injured, but whom your death might serve?"

"How?"

"With what purpose, do you think, that infamous wretch presented himself at your door this morning? Was it to look for money? He is not so simple."

"And what could be his object," said Mr. Magrath, "what has he to gain or lose by my life or death?"

"Might it not be that he would feel an interest in the loss or gain of others?" Might it not be made worth his while?"

"To whom do you allude?"

"I scarce know how to make you credit it, but this much I can tell you as certain, that the Pounder and one of his notorious gang were both overheard as they were drinking together, forming a plot to put you out of the way, in order that your brother Richard might have the disposal of your property. I am not at liberty to make known to you the name of my informant, but you may depend upon my information."

"I am obliged to you for it, Mahony, but I cannot give credit to your informant whoever he is. You surely do not suppose that I can think my brother capable of such an act."

"I did not hear that he was actually privy to it, but I would strongly recommend to you to mind what sick calls you may have to answer on this day. Prudence is the first of the cardinal virtues. In answer to the question 'whom have you injured?' I am free to answer no one; but if you ask 'who is likely to injure you?' I would keep the negative in the rear ranks until I find myself treading on smoother water. True indeed, reverend sir, no wrestler in the game of patriotism has approached nearer to the goal, or culled more laurels in the stormy waves of political life, as the whole parish and the rest of Europe can bear testimony. No one has been more prompt in responding to the call of the people, when uplifted against that incubus which—"

"You flatter me, Mahony, too much, but I am thankful to you for your information, and I hope you will be satisfied with my telling you that I will not fail to think of it."

With this assurance the cooper took his leave, not however until he had enabled Mr. Magrath to take down in writing a minute account of all that he was at liberty to reveal. Putting the notes which he had made into his pocket book, the clergyman, after wishing his informant a good morning, resumed the customary business of the day.

CHAPTER III.

In the meantime, Richard Magrath had taken his departure from his brother's house in a state of mind which it would not be easy to describe. There is no truth, gentlemen, more certain, and we have frequent opportunities of bearing testimony to it, than that there is no depth of depravity at which we are not capable of arriving, when we have once forsaken the path of goodness. The prince of the apostles denied his master, and an unguarded glance transformed the King of Israel from a saint into a murderer. There was just so much truth in the statement of the cooper that the dreadful act had already been spoken of between the parties in question, and the plan proposed; and there was just so much justice in the clergyman's opinion of his brother, that the latter had recoiled from the detestable act when placed before him in all the naked horror of detail, and refused his assent to the perpetration of a deed, under any circumstances, as singular in enormity as it is rare in actual occurrence. Amid the violence of character which he had displayed from childhood, occasional gleams of goodness had appeared, though at long intervals, which seemed to redeem his nature in some slight degree from the reproach of absolute and unmingled depravity. Those favourable indications, however, were completely lost in the vicious and dissolute career which he had run for many years, and it was only the startling proposition of his reckless associate, which at length awakened something like a movement of remorse within his mind. Stunned by the atrocious suggestion, he was for a time unable to offer a reply, and spent the whole of the remaining day in a reverie of thought. He had heard in his childhood, stories of crime and violence, and

listened with a terrified interest, to the awful detail of evil practices by which, step by step, some miserable being had been led to the extremity of guilt, and he started as he asked himself whether it were true that such was indeed to be the end of his course? and was he really now himself in the terrible position of those wretched beings, whose history in old times struck dismay into his soul? He felt for a moment like a sleep-walker, who suddenly awakened by the grasp of some rude hand, finds himself standing on the verge of a tremendous precipice, and on the point of making the last decisive step. Such wholesome thoughts, however, did not long retain possession of his mind. His heart, habituated to resist and to subdue such impulses, began ere long to feel less sensitive even with regard to this, and he listened with less horror to the hardened suggestions of his associate, and the details of the plan which he laid down for the accomplishment of his design. The latter was, however, astonished and vexed to find that he could not at any time obtain from him, either by word or action, a distinct assent to his proposition. It was in vain he tempted his cupidity by setting before him its advantages to himself, and stimulated his passions by exaggerating the distrust with which he was treated. The young man listened to him, but avoided as if instinctively, all the traps which he laid for catching an assent however slight, and all the remarks he made in reply, came in the shape of an objection of some kind or another, either as to the means to be used, or the probability of escaping detection, or on some other ground. At length, the Pounder began to look on him as one of those beings who combine weakness with their wickedness, and who are much more easily induced to play the part of accessories after the fact than before, through a feeling, not of virtue still unextinguished, but of mere selfish cowardice. Reasoning in this manner,

though not altogether correctly, on the disposition of his coy disciple, this minion of iniquity had been induced to make that daring attempt at obtaining admission to the presence of Mr. Magrath, which had been frustrated by the unexpected valour of Fitzgerald the clerk.

Well, gentlemen, I will not weary you any longer with general observations, when I know you are longing for incident. The account which Richard had received of the appearance of the Pounder at his brother's cottage, excited his indignation to the highest. He sought and found him in a low cabin near a small creek, where he was accustomed to moor his boat. He reproached him vehemently with his treachery, to such a degree that it had nearly brought on a breach of their evil intimacy. As before, however, the pertinacity of his companion exhausted his anger, and he was once more prevailed upon to listen, almost in silence, to plans and arguments against which he offered but faint and nominal objections. While they disputed, the Pounder adroitly caused some drink to be placed upon the table. It appeared also as if he had mingled some unusual ingredient in that portion of which he prevailed on Richard to partake, for before he had finished a single glass, its effects became apparent in the extreme drowsiness which affected his features and his conversation. Perceiving the unaccustomed heaviness which oppressed him, he refused to drink more, and telling the Pounder that he would only take a turn in the air in order to shake off his drowsiness, he arose and left the cabin.

Unobserved, the Pounder followed him at a distance cautiously watching his movements. The evening was calm and sunny, the surface of the river lay smooth as a mirror, and the wood and cottages along the shore had that melancholy beauty which was occasioned by the loneliness of the scene and the hour. The freshness of the air dissipated in a degree his inclination to sleep,

and enabled him even to pursue a connected train of thought or rather of musing with tolerable distinctness. The loveliness of the landscape, and the tender light of evening by which he looked upon it, affected his spirits and predisposed him for the reception of gentle and softening impressions. Forgetting the promise made to his associate, he strolled for a considerable way along the margin of the waters, following the numerous windings of the shore, as they led him onward, at one time by a jetting point, and at others by a silent wood, or green and level coreass. The thoughts, which amid the hurry and dissipation of the past months had occurred at intervals and for passing moments only to his mind, now came before him in a connected series, and fixed his almost undivided attention. Still wrapt in thought, he entered a small glen, through which a broken stream came hastening to mingle its waters with those of the majestic river that flowed beneath. Following at a distance, the Pounder saw him turn into this glen and continue his lonely walk, thridding his way slowly amid the rocks and brushwood by which the place was filled. About a quarter of a mile from the shore the glen was crossed by a small green valley, free from trees and ornamented on one side of its acclivities by a ruined kill or church called by the name of some saint of the Carlovingian times, whose name alone survived in popular tradition. Further up the valley, at some distance on the opposite side, stood the small parish chapel, a low white-washed building overshadowed by a few elms. Being the eve of the Sabbath, a few men and women, cottagers in the neighbourhood, were seen passing the door or following the lonesome pathways that led from various directions to the house of worship. The quiet, sunny scene contributed still further to dispose the mind of the young man to a mood of calm reflection. He approached the ruin. The waste of time was visi-

ble on all around it. A broken holy water vase of hewn stone lay fallen near the threshold. Some mouldering bones discoloured by the weather were scattered near the porch and around the rank grass that grew around. Through the moss and lichen, and between the foliage of ivy that mantled the decaying walls and grew close around the doors and windows, traces were visible of elaborate sculpture and mason work. Thoughts of times long past came over the mind of the young prodigal as he gazed around him. The contrast of manners struck and interested him. Those mouldering bones, where were the spirits that inhabited them? and were they at this moment the better or the worse, for the share which they might have had in the creation of this ruined temple, and the hymns which once sounded within its walls? From the past, his thoughts strayed to the future, and he gazed curiously on his limbs, and over his extended fingers, and strange feelings woke within his mind as he compared them with the miserable fragments that lay strewn around him. Continuing to watch his movements, the Pounder soon beheld him enter the church, and lost sight of him for a considerable time. On crossing the valley and reaching the ruin, he was surprised to find him seated amid some loose stones, with his shoulder leaning against the wall, and sleeping profoundly!

Satisfied that he was indeed asleep, he hurried downward through the glen and across the fields in the direction of the cabin which he had left to follow Richard. Crossing the threshold, he beheld seated near the fire, one of his accomplices, in boatman's costume like his own, and busy in finishing the drink which he had left behind him.

"Come along!" exclaimed the Pounder, beckoning impatiently. "He is safe."

"Isn't he coming back?"

"No,—he will remain quiet where he is, till midnight at the least. I took care of that when I mixed his drink."

"Did you get his consent?"

"Trash, man! I didn't want it. He'll be ready enough to consent when it is done."

"I'm in dread to have anything to do with it. I done many a thing with you, but never the likes o' this before. Nobody ever has luck or grace that has any call to a thing o' the kind."

"I suppose some ould woman was talkin' to you since I left the house."

"'Tis not any ould woman, but the whole counthry knows it. We seen ourselves the time o' the throubles, those that waylaid father Mulqueen, and took his life for crossin' 'em in their night walkin', that none of 'em ever come to a good end. One was dhrownded in goin' to America, another was killed by a fall from his horse, another was found dead in his bed (lord save us!) afther spendin' the night dhrinkin,' and sure there was only the other day that yourself seen the last of 'em dyin' of the dint of starvation, in his ould days, afther bein' in beggary half his time."

"Is it crack'd you're gettin'?"

"If you wouldn't heed that, isn't it recorded in histhory itself what happened all those that had a hand in the death o' Father Sheehy of Clonmel? Isn't it noted to this very day, that from all the grand jury down to the manest witness, neither they nor their children afther 'em, come to a timely end?"

"It's my belief you're gettin' light."

"Whatever would come across myself, I would'nt be plased my deeds 'ud be visited upon my childher."

"Why didn't you think o' that before? Sure you can plase yourself. If you don't like to do it, you can stay here. I'll find plenty besides that has notions

above crusheening with ould women in the chimney corner ?"

"I wasn't sayin' again' goin' all out. I was only talkin' as it came into my head."

"Well then, did you talk enough? If you did, go now an' do as I tould you. You know yourself what you're to say. An' ould man, a thraveller, that's taken suddenly ill, on the road side. But there's one job that we have a right to settle first."

"What is it?"

"Do you remember when last we were talkin' o' this business?"

"I does."

"An' when we settled the way we were to do it?"

"I remember that likewise."

"Well, don't you call to mind that just after we settlin' the plan, an' we thinkin' there was nobody hearkenin' to us only ourselves, how we hard one give a little cough in the room, a-near us, just as if he was sthrivin' to keep it in, and he could'nt?"

"I does—little Sam Hare, the tinker, that does jobs about the counthry. There's no one need to be in dhread of him; he's a little cowardly sprissawneen that wouldn't daar open his mouth."

"I think 'tis betther make sure of him for all that. 'Tis aisy done, for his cabin is in among the threes on the road side as we go."

"Wisha, the dear knows nobody need to be in dhread o' Sam Hare. What is it you're thinkin' o' doin'?"

"I'll tell you as we go along."

They left the house together.

In the meantime, Father John expected with anxiety the return of his brother. Evening fell, however, and he came not. Day closed in all the splendour of an Atlantic sunset. Night came, and it was evident that

Richard did not intend returning. It was within two hours of midnight, and every one in the house had retired to rest. Mr. Magrath had already begun to disencumbur himself of his dress, when a loud knock was heard at the front door. In a few minutes after, Fitzgerald turned the handle of the chamber door.

"Are you asleep, sir?"

"No, what do you want?"

"A call, sir, there's one abroad for you to go over in all haste to the cross."

Mr. Magrath thought of the cooper's warning, but he kept the suspicion to himself, and said in an ordinary tone:

"It is just like them, just the old story. They let the whole day pass, and wait until I am just stepping into bed. Who is it that's ill?"

"An ould man, sir, he says, a thraveller that's taken suddenly ill, a little piece in from the cross; I axed him myself why he wouldn't come airly, an' he says 'tis only while ago the man come to the house at all."

"I suppose there is no help for it. Bring round the horse as soon as you can. You had better give the messenger a drink by the fire-side while he is waiting."

Fitzgerald departed and returned in a few minutes.

"He wouldn't take anything for the world, sir. He says he must go back at once, as ourselves knows the way, an' there'll be one waitin' for us at the cross to show us the house."

This last incident did not contribute to the removal of the doubts which had occurred to the mind of the clergyman. In a short time the horses were ready, and Mr. Magrath, accompanied as usual by his clerk, set out upon his mission. It is scarcely necessary to say that he experienced no little anxiety as he left the house, but he did not feel the vague warning of Mahony, sufficiently precise or credible to warrant him in

acting on it, at the hazard of abandoning a fellow creature in his extremity. The night was moonless and calm, with just sufficient light to enable them to pursue their road with tolerable certainty. About half a mile from the house, after traversing a lonely mountainous track, on which, at long intervals only, appeared the wretched cabin of some poor labourer, or petty agriculturist, the travellers descended a slope leading to a turn in the road, which was crossed by a small stream. On either side, at this place, extended one of those woods of stunted oak, which grow spontaneously in various parts of the country. As they crossed the stream, an exclamation from the clerk attracted the attention of his master.

"The light, sir! Did you see the light in the wood?"

Mr. Magrath turned to the left, and beheld among the trees, at the distance of a musket shot from the road, the reflection of a strong light, but from what cause it originated, the distance and the intervening wood rendered it impossible to discern.

"What can be the cause of that, Edward?" he said, after gazing on it for some moments in silence.

"The heavens bless you, masther, an' don't let it trouble you, but let us go on, whatever it is. What call have we to it?"

"I'm afraid there's some mischief going on thereabout, Edward."

"Eyeh, what mischief, sir? A heap o' faggots may be, they're burnin'. The night will be lost on us, if we stop lookin' at it."

The clergyman hesitated for some moments.

"I do not like to go further without knowing more about it," he said, "Follow me, or if you are afraid, remain here till I return."

This speech left the hearer in a state of cruel perplexity, for being long since fully, though privately sat-

isfied in his own mind, that the light which they beheld proceeded from no natural cause, the horror of approaching the awful scene, even in so good company as that of his master, seemed nothing inferior to that of remaining alone upon the road. He decided, however, on accompanying Mr. Magrath, knowing enough of his character to judge how useless would be any attempt at dissuading him from his terrific purpose.

CHAPTER IV.

Turning into a narrow bridle road, they proceeded for some minutes in silence, the clergyman with difficulty preventing his horse from stumbling over the huge stones and masses of broken earth, that filled the track. At length, an opening in the wood disclosed the cause of their perplexity. The light was seen to proceed from a small cabin, which fronted the narrow road, and was almost hid on every other side by the close ash and fir trees that grew around. From the small window, but more especially from the doorway which stood wide open, the light proceeded.

"What in the world came over me, an' not to know the place 'till now?" exclaimed Fitzgerald. "Sure it ought to be as well known to me as our own hall doore. 'Tis Sam Hare the little tinker that lives there."

Proceeding onward until they arrived opposite the door, they beheld within a figure which had enough of the grotesque, to have afforded them amusement under any other circumstances. On the floor was seated a small sized, thin featured man, his hands bound together at the wrists, and passed over his knees in such a manner, as to allow a long broom handle to pass beneath the

flexure of the latter, and over that of the elbows, so as effectually to keep him pinioned in his sitting posture, without the power to stir a limb, and at the least motion in imminent danger of falling on either side, in which case his misfortune would have been as irremediable as that of an inverted turtle. His countenance, as he looked up, betrayed the most pitiable terror and anxiety.

Dismounting, Mr. Magrath gave his bridle to Fitzgerald, and approached the door. As he presented himself at the threshold, a harsh cry broke from the little man, which was echoed by a female voice from an inner room, and for some minutes a screaming duet was kept up which rendered it impossible to distinguish any other sound. His appearance, however, contributed more to make it cease than anything which he could say. The terror of the pinioned tinker changed, on seeing him, to the most extravagant joy. Drawing out the broom handle and releasing his wrists, Mr. Magrath enquired for a time, in vain, the cause of his being found in so extraordinary a position. The poor tinker, however, was too thoroughly affrighted to be able to give any account of the occurrence, and it was only from the female he learned that, while they were at their supper, their house had been suddenly invaded by two men in boatmen's dress, who, after menacing and ill-treating Hare in various ways, administered an oath to him, to what purport she could not say, as they had taken the precaution to remove her at first to another chamber, where she could only gather an indistinct account of what was passing. In the meantime, the bewildered tinker did nothing but moan and laugh with a kind of incoherent joy, when he looked upon the clergyman. The fire-place was occupied by an enormous heap of burning turf, which the woman told him had been made by the strange men, who threatened to burn the tinker behind it, in case he persisted in refusing to take the oath.

"So these people have made you take an oath, Sam," said the priest.

"Hi! hi! the Poundher! he! he!"

"Oh! ho! the Pounder was it? Well, what did he swear you to?"

The tinker was silent.

"Of course you are well instructed enough to know, Sam, that you had no right to take an unlawful oath, and are as little bound to keep it, more especially if it binds you to anything unjust. You know what is said of the ways of becoming a partaker in the sin of another. Don't be guilty by concealing; *participans, mutus, non obstans, non manifestans*, are all alike."

"Aye, sir, that's the way," said Fitzgerald, whose curiosity had led him to fasten the horse at the door, and follow his master unseen into the house, "give him enough o' the Latin, an' I'll engage you'll soon bring him to, if anything could do it.

Nothing, however, could do it, as it appeared, for neither by Latin or English could the tinker be induced to reveal a word of what had passed between him and the Pounder. Still it was evident that something had occurred, in which Mr. Magrath was personally interested, for when that gentleman, weary of the scene, was about taking his departure, the tinker flung himself before him, and embracing his knees, seemed entreating him in the most piteous manner not to venture abroad. In answer to the clergyman's repeated questions, he only exclaimed in broken sentences:

"Don't—don't!—Go home!—I can't!—Go home."

"Why should I? What is it you desire me not to do? What have I to fear?"

"I can't—I can't tell—I can't speak at all—I'd be burnt—I'm desthroyed—I'll be burnt behind the fire."

"You may surely tell me at least what is the nature

of the danger you see for me? You will not? Then do not annoy me with your noise."

Abruptly leaving the house, Mr. Magrath deliberated with himself for a few moments on the course which he had best take. Some mischief was evidently afoot, but he could hardly persuade himself, that it was directed against his life. The thought seemed too extravagant. No motive, but Richard's benefit, could be imagined for it, and he never could persuade himself that his brother could really even for a moment entertain so horrible a thought.

"Amid all his thonghtlessness and violence," he said to himself, I have detected traces of a better spirit, that makes it seem impossible he should proceed to such atrocious lengths. I have seen him on more than one occasion bestow his best coat, or pair of shoes, on a poor man, when he thought he was entirely unobserved. It is impossible that he can be a party to such a plot, and without him what motive can any other person have to injure me?"

He determined to pursue his journey, and dismissing Fitzgerald on the ground that he did not require his attendance, he took the road which led to the appointed place, alone.

In the mean time Richard continued to sleep profoundly on the uneven resting place, which he had taken up within the ruined Kill. The drug which had been mingled in his drink, while it oppressed his senses, quickened his imagination, and rendered it more susceptible of those vivid and singular impressions, which the mind often receives in dreaming. At first his visions were confused and mingled of the pleasing and the horrible. Sometimes he fancied himself borne upon a strong wind, with a speed that excessive as it was, yet filled him with a sense of buoyant delight and exultation, over houses, rivers, towns, churches, gardens, seas and conti-

nents, all of which seemed gliding rapidly away beneath him, in brilliant panoramic succession. Then a sudden and intense darkness overspread the face of all things—terrific sounds re-echoed through the gloom, and a crash like that of falling mountains, with rocks rolling upon rocks to an unfathomable depth, turned the very sense of hearing to an affliction. Then again the series of phantoms assumed a pleasing character. Green fields and gently flowing streams, with waving groves and rustic music, succeeded to the congregation of terrors, from which he had just escaped. For a considerable time these incoherent phantoms occupied his fancy. At length, whether that the influence of the potion he had drank was worn out, or from some other cause, this extreme confusion ceased, and his visions began to assume a more consecutive order.

Again, he thought he was seated in the cabin, where he had left the Pounder. He was alone and meditating on the deed, to which the latter sought to urge him. While he deliberated, now dwelling listlessly on the advantages which he should derive from its accomplishment, now recoiling horror-stricken, from the means suggested, he thought the Pounder entered and beckoned him from the cottage. Led by some strange impulse, he arose in silence and followed. The Pounder led the way to the shore, where he turned and awaited him. As they walked together on the beach, the river cōrsair renewed his instances, and with so much force and artifice, that the dreamer could no longer hold out against him. He consented, but as, when he had done so, the tempter turned to look upon him with a gesture of applause and satisfaction, he started back with a thrill of fear, as he discerned beneath the broad leafed hat and matted hanging locks, the malignant features of the Arch-enemy of mankind!

The consent, however, was given, and it was not re-

called. The deed he now thought was executed exactly in the manner which had been proposed to him when awake. Their whole scheme succeeded to their desire. Detection was effectually baffled, and Richard, as his brother's legal heir, entered into possession of the property, which he had acquired by the sin of Cain!

Still, the connection of his dream continued. He entered on the gay and dissipated course of life which had been, for so long a time, the object of his ambition. He kept hunters—attended and bet at race courses—won and lost at cards—indulged in all the varieties of what he had regarded, and heard spoken of by others, as a life of pleasure.

He did not, however, find it such. In the midst of his tumultuous delights, remorse haunted him, and the memory of what he had done, was for ever present to his soul. It was in vain that he shut out reflection at one sense; she instantly re-entered through another, and as he hurriedly swallowed cup after cup of the intoxicating waters of delight, she was for ever present to mingle bitterness and anguish in the draught.

Wearied out by the incessant strife, sick of his disappointed hopes, and stung almost to madness by tormenting recollections, a settled gloom and melancholy at length took possession of his mind. Every kind word that had been ever spoken to him by his brother in their days of familiar intercourse, every gentle tone and mild forbearing glance came back upon his mind, and pierced it through with agony. The love which in childhood he had felt toward his brother, revived with a more than redoubled force, and as he reviewed his whole career of quiet generosity and kindness, he experienced a torment, somewhat similar to that he might imagine of a lost spirit, remembering the happiness which it slighted, and which it could never more regain.

One evening, scourged in spirit by such thoughts, he

sought relief by walking out alone by the river-side Insensibly he found himself pursuing the same path which he had actually followed during his walk on the preceding evening. On arriving within view of what in his waking moments appeared to him to be a ruined church, he was surprised to behold it thronged with people as at the celebration of some great festival. Making enquiry at one of the doors, he was told that a most holy priest, celebrated throughout the country for his skill in directing consciences, was within, and engaged in hearing the confessions of the people. Immediately the idea occurred to him of seeking relief from his remorse, by acknowledging his guilt at the feet of this saintly minister. Entering the church with this intent, he was, however, diverted from carrying it into execution by the extraordinary sight which he beheld within. The people were on their knees and praying in silence ; a great number of candles were lighted on the altar, before which stood a priest with his back turned, and engaged in the most solemn part of the mass. While he stood fixed in wonder, with his eyes riveted on the officiating minister, the latter slowly turned as if to give a benediction to the people, and revealed to the conscience-stricken Richard, the ghastly inexpressive features, and meaningless eye of his murdered brother!

The terrible dream continued with the same consecutive distinctness. He now thought, that while he still gazed as if spell-bound, on the features of the awful figure, it returned his gaze, and slowly descending the steps of the altar, approached the spot on which he stood, bearing in his uplifted hands the silver chalice which he used during the sacred ceremony. The people gave way in silence, and formed an open passage between the brothers, along which Richard saw the figure still approach. He thought to fly, but all power of motion had deserted him, nor could he even avoid the

cold and fearful glance that met his own. At length the figure stood, and presenting to his lips the sacred vessel, which now he saw was filled with blood, said, with the gentle smile which he so well remembered:—

"DRINK, MY BROTHER!"

At the same instant, one universal cry of execration burst from the assembled multitude. Some rushed upon him with hideous looks, some menaced, some railed loudly at him, while one, dipping his fingers in the silver vessel and drawing them forth all steeped in blood, with a smile of sharp contempt, sprinkled some drops upon his face and dress. His senses could no longer support the oppressive vision: he awoke with a cry of terror, and springing to his feet, for a time could neither remember where he was, nor whether he still slept. The darkness contributed to bewilder him; he could only discern the open sky alone, where a few stars twinkled faintly between the masses of cloud, and the broken outlines of the roofless walls around him. The night had changed in his sleep, for the wind now rushed hoarsely through the trees, and drove a mizzling rain upon his person; circumstances which had probably some influence in producing the latter changes in his dream. So strongly was the intense feeling of terror still upon his mind, that one of his first impulses was to fly, supposing that the dreadful scene might be renewed. He darted through the open doorway and again involuntary paused, as he reached the grassy slope outside. He gazed around him. Gradual recollection stole upon him, the ruin, the distant river, the little valley, every new sight restored him to himself, and as the thrilling idea, "It is only a dream!" flashed upon his mind, with a wild cry of extacy and gratitude, he flung himself upon his knees, and gave vent to his feelings in a burst of joyous weeping.

His extacy was not of long duration. Recollection

awoke, the occurrences of the preceding evening returned to his mind and filled him with alarm.

"What!" he exclaimed—"A dream? This hour—this very instant, all may become real. Already—"

Without waiting to give full expression to the terrible doubt, he started from his knees, and forgetting even his hat which had fallen from him in his sleep, he rushed with the speed of madness through the fields.

While this was passing, Father John continued his journey towards the place appointed, still unable to persuade himself that any evil was really intended him. The night had already changed to wind and rain. On arriving at the cross, he found, as he had been led to expect, a person waiting for him on the road. The man answered his question without embarrassment or hesitation, and recommended him to dismount, as the way was rather difficult to ride. Mr. Magrath, who saw nothing to be gained by any show of distrust, at once complied and accompanied the messenger on foot, conversing cheerfully as they proceeded. About a quarter of a mile from the common road they reached the house, a miserable cabin, in which they found only the man for whom the clergyman's assistance was required. The loneliness of the place, the discomfort of every thing, and the deserted look of the house, in which scarce even a spark of fire was lighted on the hearth, adding nothing to the confidence of Mr. Magrath. A wretched partition divided the hut, on the inner side of which, the sick man lay on a low pallet, covered by a tattered quilt. These particulars the clergyman was enabled to discover by the glimmer of a rushlight, stuck in the fissure of a cleft stick, which was handed him by the messenger. Having caused the latter to leave the house while he received the confession of the penitent, he drew for that purpose a low rush-bottomed chair close to the bedside, and prepared to enter on the office of his ministry. Before

doing so, he knelt, as was usual with him, for a few moments, to offer up a customary prayer. In this attitude he did not perceive what was done by the pretended penitent, who arose softly from his pallet, and drawing from beneath the bed-clothes a large and pointed knife, he lifted the right hand and leaned forward to reach the spot on which the priest was kneeling. At this instant, a rush of hurried feet and a rapid voice was heard outside. The clergyman turned his head to listen, and the penitent shrunk again beneath the bed-clothes. The outer door was dashed back upon its hinges, and a figure drenched in rain, and wild in look and gesture, rushed into the room. It was Richard Magrath. Standing between his brother and the bed, from which with one arm he held him back, with the other he dragged off the bed-clothes, and revealed to the eyes of the astonished clergyman the figure of the Pounder, fully dressed, and with the knife exposed and gleaming in his grasp. For some moments all three remained motionless and without speaking. The baffled assassin seemed irresolute what he should do, and glanced from one to another as if doubting which of the two he should select for the object of his assault, while the clergyman lifted his hands and eyes in mute astonishment, and Richard pointed out the detected ruffian, with a look of deprecation and self-abasement.

At length Richard, turning to his still irresolute accomplice, addressed him in a low and agitated voice :

"Go !" said he, "and provide for your security. It is not for me to be your accuser, who have more reason to accuse myself. But never see nor speak with me again."

The fellow arose with a sullen look, and after muttering something which they could not distinctly hear, departed from the house. Richard, then turning to his brother, and casting himself at his feet, confessed with

sentiments of the deepest remorse, the whole extent of his criminality, relating at the same time the temptations by which he had been assailed, and the awful dreams by which he had been recalled from the very verge of ruin.

"But now," he added, "I place myself in your hands to do with me as you will, to deliver me up to any punishment my crime deserves. I resign the trust which you reposed in me, and which I have so grievously abused. From this time forward it shall be my chief care to repair the injustices I have committed, and to avenge against myself, the unnatural war which I have so long made on my own happiness and peace."

It is unnecessary for us to dwell on the astonishment and horror of the worthy priest at the extraordinary scene which passed before him, or his heartfelt thankfulness to Heaven, not so much for his own providential escape, as for the repentance and restoration of his lost brother. After a full reconciliation and forgiveness, Richard returned with him, and by his advice, and his own perseverance, became and continued, for the remainder of his life, a model of exactness and regularity to all the neighbourhood, never ceasing to recal with feelings of terror and of gratitude the awful precipice, to the very verge of which he had been led by his precipitate and heedless conduct. The fate of his seducer is public, so that it is scarcely necessary to mention it. Touched by some impulse, the nature of which was known to few besides himself, he surrendered himself into the hands of a gentlemen residing near the river which had been the scene of his piracies. By some kind of tacit understanding with the authorities whom he so long had baffled, he was tried on a minor offence, and sent into perpetual exile in one of the great South Sea colonies.

All the Jurors courteously returned thanks to the Fifth Juryman for the pains he had taken to entertain them by his narrative.

"An incident, somewhat similar to what forms a main feature in the story we have just heard," said one of the company, when the murmur of voices had subsided, "is related of one of the later Greek Emperors, who, if I mistake not, afterwards came to a violent death while absent from his dominions. But, unfortunately, in his case the dream came after the crime and not before it."

"The only fault that I would presume to find with our friend's story," said another juror, "is that in accordance with the vicious taste of the day, he has made the interest turn too much upon the evil dispositions of our nature. I know that vice itself can be so represented as to make the picture serve the interests of virtue, but I cannot relish the continual harping upon guilt and crime which overspreads what people still persevere in calling our literature. For my part as I never could take a pleasure in reading such productions, so when it comes to my turn you must not expect anything of the kind from me."

"If you tell about our own beloved isle," muttered another of the company, in a half sneering tone, "I fear you can scarce be so choice of your subject and adhere to the truth."

"I emphatically deny, sir," exclaimed one of the patriot's, (who was a member of a political union, and secretary to a liberal club,) rising from his seat with an inflamed countenance, and gazing with fiery eyeballs on the last speaker—while he placed his clenched hand upon the table to express determination: "I most emphatically, sir, deny the correctness of your last position. Crimes take place in Ireland as in all countries,

but I deny, sir, [with a slight rap on the table]—I deny, sir ——."

"Two or three voices called, "order," and "chair!"

The political union man still kept his eyes fixed on the other party. "It is most incorrect," said he, "to charge a whole country with the deeds of individuals, and most untrue to say that Ireland exceeds, aye, or equals other countries either in the number or quality of the crimes which stain her soil. You may smile, sir, in the consciousness of your own fancied superiority, but I tell you, [another rap on the table] that nothing but the most engrossing spirits of monopoly ——."

This was the signal for universal uproar. At the word "monopoly" a storm arose, in the midst of which the vehement gesticulation only of the political union man, and the words "temerarious," "foul calumny," and "sinister intentions," which at intervals were heard to escape his lips, were all that gave a hint of the nature of his oration. Amid tumultous cries of "chair!" "order!" and deafening calls for "silence," the Foreman arose like Neptune, amid the breakers in the first book of the Æneid.

Prospiciens, summá placidum caput extulit undà, but had not the same facility in obtaining silence. Having procured a hearing he endeavoured to reconcile all parties by reminding them of their covenant, but for a time in vain, one party insisting that the patriot should explain what he meant by the word, "monopoly," and the other demanding a retraction of the calumny upon the character of the country. At length both were prevailed on to explain, each paid the stipulated fine, and quiet was restored.

The incarcerated tourist, who lay all this while in the lower cupboard, much diverted by what he conceived, to be so frivolous a dispute amongst fellow-countrymen

was now doomed to experience the truth of that adage which tells us that "listeners hear no good of themselves."

"There is one thing at all events," said a Juror, in the calm which followed, "which all will readily admit. Whatever may be thought of crime in Ireland, I believe everybody will allow that it is not half so bad as it is at the other side of the Channel."

To this there was a general and immediate expression of assent. Every one agreed that, let people say what they would of Ireland, she was not half so bad as England.

"There is something naturally bad about all the English," said one. "You read every other day in the newspapers of crimes committed in England, the like of which are not so much as known in this country."

"Gentlemen," said the Juror, who had given rise to this discussion, perceiving that all those remarks appeared to be directed toward his side of the room, "you must understand me. When I alluded to the condition of our own country on the score of moral offence, I was far from designing to insinuate that the case was at all so bad as it is in England.

"Oh, we all know that," exclaimed a number of voices. "Except a man was out of his senses he couldn't think that."

It may be imagined what feelings agitated the breast of the tourist, while he was thus compelled to hear his native country spoken of in such a manner. Involuntarily, he thrust open one of the doors a few inches, and a vehement expression of dissent arose to his lips, when he was recalled to his senses by one of the Jurors asking "what was that noise?" to which another having replied that "he believed it was a rat," the first speaker flung a sod of turf at the cupboard, remarking that "the

whole town was pestered with them." On reflection, he judged it better to remain quiet, consoling himself with the thought, that whatever they might say of his country, he had often heard their own as ill-spoken of at the other side of the Channel; "and perhaps," he candidly added in his own mind, "with as little justice or due balancing of circumstances after all."

Harmony being perfectly restored, the Fifth Juryman was called on for his song, which, after a little pause he gave to the company as follows:

I.

The merriest bird on bush or tree,
Was Robin of the grove,
When, in the jocund spring time, he
Sang to his nesting love.
Unknowing he the art to frame
Methodic numbers vain,
But as each varied feeling came
He wove it in his strain.
With freedom gay
He poured his lay,
While heaved his little breast of fire,
To rival all the woodland choir.

II.

Upon a day, a luckless day,
When drove the wintry sleet,
Some urchins limed a willow spray,
To catch poor Robin's feet.
They sought by measured rule and note
To change his woodland strain,
Do, re, mi, fa, he heeded not,
He never sung again!
His joy is o'er,
He sings no more,
Nor knows the genial kindling thrill,
That only freedom's children feel.

You, who would dull the poet's fire
With learning of the schools,
Gay Fancy's feet with fetters tire,
And give to Genius rules.
Had bounteous Nature's counsel hung,
Upon your will severe,
Tom Moore had ne'er green Erin sung,
Nor Burns the banks of Ayr.
O'erawed I ween
Both bards had been,
Nor dared to strike the simple lute!
In your majestic presence mute.

When the Fifth Juryman had ended his song, which was received as the playbills have it, "with the most unbounded applause," the Juryman next in order was called on for his Tale.

The Sixth Juror, after surveying the company for some moments with an air of gravity and importance, as if deliberating with himself whether or no he should resolve his thoughts into words, and striving to form an estimate of the frame of mind of the company to which he was about addressing himself, said:

"Mr. Foreman and gentlemen, may I be allowed to ask you a question?"

"Certainly," said several voices.

"I wish to know, then," he said, "before I begin my story, such as it is, whether you object to impossibilities in the tales we are to tell?"

"Object to impossibilities!" exclaimed a juror in astonishment. "How can you ask such a question? Why impossibilities are the very life and soul of fiction, and for aught I know of history too. By no means whatever. It is in describing impossibilities that the genius of an author appears in all its splendour. Was there anything in all the wars of Hannibal at all comparable to his melting a passage through the rocks with

vinegar? For my part, I candidly confess to you, I would not give a button for a narrative that had not three or four good stout impossibilities to show the author's mettle and keep one from falling asleep over the course of the tale."

"All depends," said the Foreman, "upon the genius of the author. There are some writers who will describe a journey to the moon with a greater air of veri-similitude than others can throw into their account of a trip from Dublin to Liverpool. One can make a lie look like truth, another will maul the truth in such a manner that the whole world shall take it for a lie. So in the hands of a stupid dunce, an every day fact will wear all the awkwardness of an impossibility, while in those of another, better skilled in the use of language, a physical or moral impossibility will read as smoothly as an every day fact."

"Since that is your feeling, gentlemen," said the Sixth Juror, "I will no longer delay but supply my lack of invention by relating for your entertainment, as closely as my memory will enable me to do, one of those numerous ancient Irish romances which are at this day circulated so extensively in their original language in the cottages of the Irish peasantry, but for the most part so totally unknown in any other circles, whether literary or polite."

The one I am about to relate is, perhaps, the most popular of them, and as a purely literal translation of a national romance, the great antiquity of which is indisputable, must be regarded as a literary curiosity. You have all heard of the mournful history of the children of Lir, if not in its original language, at least in the beautiful melody of our island bard, which commences:

"Silent, O'Moyle, be the roar of thy waters,"

a narrative, in the original, of pathos so affecting, yet

wild withal; so deeply wrought and uniformly sustained to its close, that an Irish peasant at this day cannot hear it named without a sigh."

The attention of the company being excited by this preamble, a general silence prevailed, when the Sixth Juryman commenced the story.

THE SIXTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

THE SWANS OF LIR.

Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not ye breezes your chain of repose,
While murmuring mournfully Lir's lonely daughter,
Tells to the night star her tale of woes.
MOORE'S *Irish Melodies.*

THE SWANS OF LIR.

CHAPTER I.

After the battle of Tailltean, the Tuatha Danaans assembled together from the remotest corners of the five provinces of Ireland, in order to make arrangements for the future government of the Isle. All agreed that it was better the whole country should be united under one monarch, chosen by common consent, than to continue subject to the interminable dissensions and oppressive imposts, arising from the rivalry of a number of petty sovereigns. Six candidates aspired to this supreme power, namely, Bogh Dearg, or Red Bow, of the tribe of the Deasies. Ibbreac, or the Many Coloured, from the Red Stream, Lir, Fiuvar the Royal, Mioyar of the Great Burthen, so surnamed from his prodigious strength, and Aongusa Og, or young Oneas. All the rest of the Tuatha Danaans, except the six candidates then went into council, and the determination was, to give the kingdom to Bogh Dearg, for three reasons. The first reason was, that his father had been a good man in his time, the second, that he was a good man himself, and the third, that he came of the best blood in the nation.

When Lir heard that the crown was to be given to Bogh Dearg, indignant at the choice, he returned to his own home, without waiting to see the new king inaugurated, or letting any of the assembly know that he was going, for he was convinced that the choice of the people, would have fallen upon himself. Bogh Dearg, however, was proclaimed in due form, by the unanimous consent of the assembly, none of the five rejected candidates opposing his election, except Lir alone.

The ceremonies being concluded, the assembled tribes called on the new monarch to lead them in pursuit of Lir.

"Let us burn and spoil his territory," said they. "Why dares he, who never had a king in his family, presume to slight the sovereign we have chosen?"

"We will follow no such counsel," replied Bogh Dearg. "His ancestors and himself have always kept the province in which he lives in peace, and it will take nothing from my sovereignty over the Tuatha Danaans, to allow him still to hold his own possessions there."

The assembly, not fully satisfied with this reply, debated much on the course they had best take, but after much discussion, the question was allowed to rest for a time. Meanwhile, an incident occurred, which pressed heavily on the mind of Lir. His wife, whom he tenderly loved, fell ill and died in three nights. The report of her death which was looked upon as a grievous loss in her own country soon spread all over Ireland. It reached at length the ears of Bogh Dearg, and of the princes and nobles who were at his palace.

"Now," said the monarch, "if Lir were willing to accede to it, I could propose a mode of redoubling the present friendship which I entertain for Lir. You all know that I have three daughters, the fairest in the kingdom, and I would praise them further, but that I am their father. I mean Aov, Aoife, and Alve, of whom

Lir might choose which he pleased, to supply the place of his dead wife."

The speech of the king circulated amongst the Tuatha Danaans and all agreed that a messenger ought to be sent to Lir in order to propose the connection, with a suitable dowry for the bride. When the ambassador arrived at the palace of Lir, he found the latter willing to accept the proposal, and, accordingly, both returned together to the royal residence of Bogh Dearg on the shores of Lough Derg, where they were received on the part of the Tuatha Danaans, with all the acclamations that even a more popular prince could expect. All parties seemed to take an interest in promoting the union.

The three daughters were sitting on chairs richly ornamented, in a hall of their father's palace. Near them sat the queen, wife of Bogh Dearg. When Lir and the Monarch entered, the latter directed his attention to the three princesses, and bade him choose which he would.

"I do not know which of the three to choose," said Lir, "but the eldest is the most royal, and besides it is just that she should have precedence of the rest."

"Then," said the monarch, "that is Aov."

"Aov, then, I choose," replied Lir.

The marriage was celebrated with the magnificence becoming the rank of the parties. They remained a fortnight in the palace of the monarch, after which they went to the residence of Lir, who gave a splendid banquet on his arrival. In the progress of time Aov had twins, a son and daughter, who were named, the one Fingula, and the other Aodh, or Eugene. In her next confinement, she gave birth to two sons, to whom were given the names of Fiacra, and Cornu, but died herself, in a few days after. Lir was exceedingly grieved at her death, and only for the love he bore his children, would almost have wished to die along with her. The

tidings reached the monarch, who, together with all his household, made great lamentations for his eldest daughter, grieving more especially for the affliction which it caused to Lir.

"Nevertheless," said the monarch, "what has occurred, need not dissolve the connection between Lir and us, for he can, if he please, take my second daughter Aoife to supply her place."

This speech as was intended, soon found its way to Lir, who set out immediately for the palace of Bogh Dearg. The marriage was celebrated with the same splendour as on the former occasion, and Lir after spending some time at the monarch's palace, returned to his house with Aoife, where he received her with all the love and honour which she could expect. For some time Aoife returned the same to him and to his children, and indeed any person who once saw those children, could not avoid giving them all the love which any creature could receive. Frequently the old monarch came to see them to Lir's house, and often took them to his own, where he would gladly keep them, but that their father could not bear to have them out of his sight. It was the custom of the Tuatha Danaans to entertain each other in succession. When they assembled at the house of Lir, the four children were the whole subject of discourse, and the chief ornament of the day, they were so fair and so winning both in their appearances and their dispositions, and even as they dispersed to their several homes, the guests were heard to speak of nothing else. Lir himself would rise every morning at daybreak, and going to the apartment in which his children lay, would lie down among them for a while. The black poison of jealousy began at length to insinuate itself into the mind of Aoife. As if the love of Lir were not wide enough to comprehend them and herself, she conceived a mortal hatred against her sister's

children. She feigned illness, and remained nearly a year in that condition, totally occupied in devising in her mind, some means of ruining the children.

One morning she ordered her chariot to the great surprise of Lir, who, however, was well pleased at this sign of returning health. Aoife next desired that the four children of Lir should be placed in the chariot with her, and drove away in the direction of Bogh Dearg's house. It was much against her will that Fingula, the daughter, went into the carriage, for she had long observed the increasing coolness in the mind of her step-mother, and guessed that she had no kindly purpose in her thoughts at present. She could not, however, avoid the destiny that was prepared for her, nor escape the suffering which she was doomed to undergo.

Aoife continued her journey until she arrived at Fiondach, where dwelt some of her father's people whom she knew to be deeply skilled in the art of the Druids. Having arrived at their residence, she went into the place where they were, and endeavoured to prevail on them to kill the children, telling them that their father through his affection for them had slighted her, and promising to bestow on them all the riches which they could require.

"Ah," replied the Druids, "we would not kill the children of Lir for the whole world. You took an evil thought into your mind, and left your shame behind you, when you come with such a request to us."

"Then if you will not," cried Aoife, seizing a sword which lay near, "I will avenge myself, for I am resolved they shall not live."

Saying these words, she rushed out with the drawn sword, but through her womanhood she lost her courage when she was about to strike at the children. She then returned the sword to the Druids, and said she could not kill them.

Aoife resumed her journey, and they all drove on until they reached the shores of Lough Dairvreac, on the Lake of the Speckled Oak. Here she unharnessed the horses, and desired the children to descend and bathe in the lake. They did as she bade, but when all were in the water, she took a magic wand and struck them with it one after another. One after another, the forms of the beautiful children disappeared, and four white swans were seen upon the water in their stead, when she addressed them in the following words :

AOIFE.

Away, you children of the king ! I have separated your lives from joy.
Your people will grieve to hear these tidings, but you shall continue birds.
What I have done, I have done through hatred of you, and malice to your father.

THE CHILDREN.

We, left here on the waters, must be tossed from wave to wave.

In the mean time Lir, returning to his palace, missed his children, and finding Aoife not yet come home, immediately guessed that she had destroyed them, for he likewise had observed her jealousy. In the morning he ordered his chariot to be prepared, and following the track of his wife, travelled along until he came to the Lake of the Speckled Oak, when the children saw the chariot approaching, and Fingula spoke as follows :

By yon old Oak, whose branches hoar,
Wave o'er Lough Dairvrae's lonely shore,
Bright in the morn, a dazzling line
Of helms and silver targets shine ;
Speed brethren dear, speed towards the shelving strand,
'Tis royal Lir himself who leads the shining band.

Lir came to the brink of the water, and when he heard the birds conversing as they drew nigh in human language, he asked them how they became endowed with that surprising gift.

"Know, Lir," replied Fingula, "that we are your four children, who, through the frantic jealousy of our step-mother, and our own mother's sister, have been reduced to this unhappy condition."

"Are there any means," asked the wretched father, "by which you can ever be restored to your own forms again?"

"None," replied Fingula, "there is no man in existence able to affect that change, nor can it ever take place until a woman from the south, named Deocha, daughter of Ingri, the son of Black Hugh, and a man from the north, named Larigneau, the son of Colman, shall occasion our deliverance in the time of THE TAILGEAN,* when the christian faith and charity shall come into Ireland."

When Lir and his attendants heard these words, they uttered three doleful cries.

"Are you satisfied," said Lir, "since you retain your speech and reason, to come and remain with us?"

"It is not in our power to do so," replied Fingula, "nor are we at liberty to commit ourselves to the hands of man, until what I have told you shall have come to pass. But in the mean time we possess our speech and our mental faculties as fully as ever, and are moreover endowed with one additional quality, which is that we can sing the most melodious airs that the world has ever heard, and there is no mortal that would not feel a pleasure in listening to our voices. Remain with us for this night, and you shall hear our music."

* Tailgean, or the Holy Offspring, a name supposed to have been applied by the Druids, to St. Patrick, previous to his arrival in Ireland.—*O'Brien's Irish Dictionary.*

When Lir had heard these words, he ordered his followers to unharness their steeds, and they remained during the whole night on the strand, listening to the music of the birds, until all were lulled to sleep by the enchanting melody, excepting Lir alone. In the morning Lir arose from the bank on which he lay, and addressed his children in the following words :

LIR.

In vain I stretch my aching limbs
And close my weeping eyes,
In vain my children's moonlight hymns,
For me alone arise.
'Tis morn again, on wave and strand
My children, we must part ;
A word that like a burning brand
Falls on your father's heart.

O had I seen this fatal hour,
When Lir's malignant queen
First sought his old paternal tower,
This hour had never been.
As thus between the shore and you
The widening waters grow,
So spreads my darkening spirits through
The sense of cureless woe.

Lir departed from the lake, and still following the track of Aoife, came to the palace of the Ard-Righ, or Chief King, as Bogh Dearg was entitled. The monarch welcomed him, but complained of his not having brought his children as usual.

" Alas, poor that I am !" said Lir, " it is not I who would keep my children from your sight, but Aoife yonder, once your darling, and the sister of their mother, who has had them transformed into four swans, and abandoned them on the Lake of the Speckled Oak. They have been seen in that place by a great multitude of our people, who have heard the story from themselves, for they retain their speech and reason as before."

The monarch started at these words, and looking on Aoife, immediately became convinced, that Lir had spoken the truth. He began to upbraid his daughter in a rough and angry tone.

"Malicious as you were," said he, "you will suffer more by this cruel deed than the children of Lir, for they in the progress of time will be released from their sufferings, and their souls will be made happy in the end."

He then asked her into what shape of all living creatures she would least like to be transformed.

"Speak," said he, "for it is not in your power to avoid telling the truth."

Aoife, thus constrained, replied with a horrible look and tone, that there was no form which she more abhorred than that of a Deamhain Eidhir or Demon of the Air."

"That form then," said the monarch, "shall soon be yours," and while he said so, he took a magic collar and laid it on her. Immediately losing her own shape, she flew away, shrieking, in that of a foul Spirit of the Air, in which she continues to this day, and will to the end of time, according to her deserts.

Soon afterwards, the monarch and the Tuatha Danaans went to the Lake of the Speckled Oak and encamped upon its shores, listening to the music of the birds. The sons of Mile, likewise, came thither from every part of Ireland, and formed an encampment in the same place, for there never was music comparable to that of those swans. Sometimes they related their mournful story, sometimes they would answer the questions proposed to them by the people on shore, and talk familiarly with their relatives and friends, and at others they sung, both by day and night, the most delightful music that was ever heard by human ear; so that the listeners on shore, notwithstanding the grief

and uneasiness in which they continued, enjoyed as sweet sleep, and arose as fresh and vigorous, as if they had been resting in their accustomed beds at home. The two multitudes of the Sons of Mile, and of the Tuatha Danaans, thus remained in their respective encampments, during the space of thirty years. At the end of that time, Fingula addressed her brethren as follows :

"Are you ignorant, my brothers, that but one night is left of the time which you were to spend upon the lake?"

On hearing this, the three brethren grew very sorrowful, and uttered many plaintive cries and sounds of grief; for they were almost as happy on that lake, enjoying the company of their friends and relatives, talking with them and answering their questions, as they would have been in their own home; more especially, when compared to the grief they felt on leaving it, for the wild and stormy sea that lies to the north of Ireland. Early in the morning they came as close to the brink of the lake as they could, and spoke to their father and their friends, to all of whom they bade a mournful farewell, repeating those pitiful lines that follow :—

THE CHILDREN.

Receive, O royal sage, our last farewell,
Thou of the potent spell!
And thou, O Lir, deep skill'd in mystic lore—
We meet—we meet no more!
The sum complete of our appointed hours,
We leave your happy bowers.
Farewell, dear friends, 'till time itself is o'er
We meet, we meet no more!
For ever now to human converse lost
On Moyle's wild waters tost,
Our doom till day, and night, and seasons fail,
To weave a mournful tale.
Three lingering ages on the northern main
To waste in various pain!
Three lingering ages in the stormy west
To heave on ocean's breast.

Sad is our doom, dear friends, on wintry seas
Through many a year to freeze—
Harsh brine and rocks, with horrid sea-weed brown
For Lir's soft beds of down!
No more the joy of Lir's paternal breast,
Early we part unblest!
A pow'r unseen, commands that we forsake
Lone Dairvreac's peaceful lake.
Rise from the wave, companions of my fear,
Rise, brethren dear!
Bright wave and pebbly beach and echoing dell
Farewell, a last farewell!
And you, dear friends, who throng the leafy shore,
We meet—we meet no more!

CHAPTER II.

Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away,
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
MOORE'S *Irish Melodies.*

HAVING ended those verses, the swans took wing and arising lightly on the air, continued their flight until they reached the Sruih na Maoile, or the Sea of Moyle, as those waters were called which flowed between Ireland and Scotland. Their departure occasioned deep sorrow to all who witnessed it, and they had a law proclaimed throughout the kingdom, that any one, from the king to the peasant, who should kill a swan, let his power be as great as it might, should meet with certain death. In the mean time, the children of Lir found that they had made an unhappy change of place. When they saw the broad wild ocean around them, they grew cold and hungry, and began to fall into despair, thinking that all they ever suffered was nothing until they were sent to these seas. They remained on the waters until one night it began to freeze very hard.

"My loving brothers," said Fingula, "we make very unwise provision against the coming night if we do not keep close together, and lest by any mischance we should lose sight of each other, let us appoint a place where we may meet again as sōon as it may be in our power."

"In that case, dear sister," said the three brothers, "let us meet at the Carrig na Roin, (or the Rock of Seals,) for that is a place with which we are all acquainted."

They continued thus until about the middle of the night. The wind then increased to a storm, the waters arose, and the mountains of brine as they rolled and broke around them, sparkled in the gloom as if they had taken fire. So great was the tempest that the children of Lir were separated by the waves. All were scattered far and wide, nor could one tell whither any of the three others had been driven. At length it abated a little of its violence, the deep became more settled, and Fingula found herself alone. Not being able to see her brethren any where around, she felt the deepest anxiety of mind, and at length broke forth into the following words:

FINGULA.

I.

Heart-broken o'er these seas I glide,
My frozen wings together clinging:
No more along the stormy tide,
I hear my brethren singing.

II.

Three lingering ages, marked by woes,
Since first we left Lone Dairvreac's water;
Break, break my heart and give repose
To Lir's unhappy daughter.

III.

Beloved alike, O loved so well,
That made your sister's breast your pillow,
Tell me my wandering brethren tell,
Where roam you o'er the billow?

IV.

Hid by what rocks or secret caves,
That wont beneath my wings to slumber
I fear the dead will leave their graves,
Ere time restore our number.

V.

Toss'd by the surge and sleety storm
At random o'er this briny water;
Woe, woe to all who share the form
Of Lir's unhappy daughter.

Fingula remained that night on the Rock of the Seals. At sunrise the next morning, looking out in every direction along the water she saw Cornu coming towards her with head drooping, and feathers drenched with spray, so cold and feeble that he could not answer her questions. Fingula received him lovingly under her wings, and said:

"If Eugene were with us now, our condition would be tolerable."

Not long after she saw Eugene coming towards her, with a drooping head, and wings hanging to the ground, and she welcomed him, and put him under the feathers of her breast. Immediately after she saw Fiacra approaching, and she then removed Cornu from beneath her right wing and placed him under her left, and put Fiacra beneath her right wing, where Cornu had been before. She then settled her feathers about them, and said:

"Severe, my dear brothers, as you have found the last night, you must yet see many more as bad."

The children of Lir continued for a long time in the same condition on the Sruih na Maoile, until one night they suffered so much from the cold and wind and snow, that nothing they had hitherto felt was comparable to it; which made Fingula utter the following words:

FINGULA.

I.

Hard is our life and sharp with ill,
My brethren dear;
The snow so thick, the wind so chill,
The night so drear.
We strive to keep
Sad concert in our songs of pain,
But the wild deep,
Relentless, mars the rising strain.

II.

Vainly we soothe our aching hearts
With converse sweet,
Wave after wave, high heaving, parts
Our union meet.
Ah, doom severe!
Harsh was our mother's vengeful will,
Ah, brethren dear,
Hard is our life, and sharp with ill.

They remained for a year on the sea of Moyle, when one night, as they were on the Rock of the Seals, the waters congealed around them with the cold, and as they lay on the rock, their feet and wings were frozen to it, so that they could not move a limb. When at length, after using what strength remained in their bodies, they succeeded in getting free, the skin of their feet, and the innermost down of their breasts, and the quills of their wings, remained clinging to the icy crag.

"Woe to the children of Lir!" said Fingula, "mournful is our fate to-night, for when the salt water pierces into our wounds, we shall be pained to death;" and she sung these lines:

FINGULA.

I.

Sad is our hap this mournful night,
With mangled feet and plumage, bleeding;
Our wings no more sustain our flight,
Woe comes to linked woe succeeding.
Ah, cruel was our step-dame's mind,
When hard to nature's sweet emotion,
She sent us here mid wave and wind,
To freeze on Moyle's relentless ocean.

II.

The wild sea foam that strews the shore,
The weeds those briny waves engender,
For past delights are all our store,
Though fostered once in regal splendour
Rise, sister of three brethren dear,
Let custom dull the edge of anguish,
In hollow rock or cavern drear,
By doom unrighteous, bound to languish.

Leaving the Rock of Seals, they alighted again on the waters of Moyle, where the sharp brine pierced them keenly, although they strove to keep their feet under their wings as closely as they could. They continued to suffer thus, until their feathers grew, and the wounds of their feet were healed. They used frequently go as near the shore as they could, on that part of the Irish coast, which looks towards Scotland, and every night they came together to Moyle, which was their constant place of rest. One day as they drew nigh the shore of Bama, to the north, they saw a number of chariots and horsemen, splendidly arrayed, with horses richly caparisoned, approaching from the west.

"Do you observe that brilliant company, you sons of Lir?" said Fingula.

"We know not who they are," replied her brethren, "but they seem to be Irish; whether of the Sons of Mile, or the Tuatha Danaans, it is impossible for us to conjecture."

They drew close to the shore, in order to observe more accurately. When the horsemen saw them coming, they hastened towards them, until they came within speaking distance. The persons of note who were amongst them were, Aodh Aithiosatch, or Merry Hugh, and Feargus Fithcall, (of the Complete Armour,) the two sons of Bogh Dearg the Monarch, and the third part of his body-guard. The horsemen were, for a long time, shifting their place, in order to come near the birds, and when at length they did so, they saluted each other very lovingly, with the affections which became relations. The children of Lir inquired how the Tuatha Danaans were, and especially, Lir and Bogh Dearg, with their friends and dependents.

"They are all well in their respective homes," replied the horsemen. "At present, it is true, they are in your father's palace, partaking of a splendid banquet, in health and joy, knowing no other want than that of your absence, and their ignorance of your place of abode, since you left the Lake of the Speckled Oak."

"Evil has been our life since then," said Fingula, for neither we nor any other creature, that we have heard of, ever suffered so much as we have done, since we came to the waters of Moyle;" and she uttered the following words:—

FINGULA.

We four are well,
Though in keen want, and sombre grief we dwell,
Happy are they;
Who sit in Lir's bright hall, and share his banquet gay.

Rich food and wine.
For them in sparkling gold and silver shine ;
While far away,
His children shiver in the hungry spray!
We, who of yore,
On dainties fared, and silken garments wore ;
Now all our fare,
Cold sand, and bitter brine, for wax and honey rare.
Our softest bed,
The crag that o'er those surges lifts its head ;
Oft have we laid
Our limbs on beds of tenderest down arrayed.
Now must we lie,
On Moyle's rough wave, with plumage seldom dry ;
A pageant rare
Oft bore us to our grandsire's palace fair.
Ah mournful change !
Now with faint wings, these dreary shores I range.
O'er Moyle's dark tide,
Plume touching plume, we wander side by side ;
Sharing no more
The joys that cheer'd our happy hearts of yore ;
The welcome mild,
That on our grandsire's kingly features smiled!
Lir's counsel meet,
And fond paternal kiss, that made the morning sweet.

The horsemen returned soon after to the house of Lir, and told the principal men of the Tuatha Danaans where they had seen the birds, and the dialogue they had held together.

"We cannot assist them," they replied, "but we are well pleased to hear that they live, for they will be restored to their former shape, after a long time has elapsed."

The children of Lir, meantime, returned northwards to the sea of Moyle, where they remained until their time in that place had expired. Then Fingula spoke to her brothers, and said :—

"It is time for us to depart from hence, for the period appointed for us to remain here, is at an end, and she added these verses :—

FINGULA.

I.

At length we leave this cheerless shore,
Unblest by summer's sunshine splendid;
Its storm for us shall howl no more,
Our time on gloomy Moyle is ended.
Three hundred sunless summers past,
We leave at length this loveless billow;
Where oft we felt the icy blast,
And made the shelving crag our pillow.

II.

Still on our lingering night of pain,
Far distant beams the dawn of gladness;
Light ease beside the western main,
Awaits our long accustomed sadness.
Long must we haunt, that billowy shore,
Ere breaks for us, the day beam splendid,
But here our numbered years are o'er,
Our time on gloomy Moyle is ended.

After that time, the children of Lir left the sea of Moyle, and flew until they came to the most westerly part of the ocean. They were there for a long time, suffering all kinds of hardship, until they happened to see a man, a tiller of the ground, who used often watch them when they came near the shore, and took great pleasure in listening to their music. He told the people on the coast of what he had seen, and spread the tidings of the prodigy far and near. However, the same tale remains to be repeated, for the children of Lir never suffered so much before or after as they did on that very night, after the husbandman had seen them; the frost was so keen, and the snow coming so thick upon the wind. The waters all congealed into ice, so that the woods and the sea were of one colour. Their feet stuck to the ground, leaving them unable to move, and they began to utter the most lamentable cries, while

Fingula comforted, and strove to persuade them not to grieve, but in vain; and she repeated these lines:

FINGULA.

I.

Sad are my suffering brethren's piercing cries,
This dreary night!
Sharp drives the snow shower, o'er the moonless skies,
With ceaseless flight!
Where'er they search the frost bound ocean o'er,
On solid ice, their thirsty beaks are ringing,
Nor on the wintry shore,
Fresh water laves their plumes, nor bubbling fount is springing.

II.

O thou dread Monarch, who to sea and coast,
Their being gave,
And led'st, as shadowy rumour tells, a host,
Through the deep wave!
Behold these wretched birds with pitying eyes,
Their lingering years in joyless slavery spending,
In thy great might arise,
And bid our souls be free, their bonds of anguish rending.

"Brothers," said Fingula, "confide in him, who made heaven, and the elements, the earth with all its fruit, and the sea with all its wonders, and you will find comfort and relief."

"We do confide in him," they answered.

"And I confide with you," said Fingula, "in the only being, who is full of knowledge and of pity," and their confidence came in due time, for they obtained the relief they sought, and from that day forward they never suffered trouble or perplexity. They remained on the Oraas Domhnan, (Deep Seas,) until their time was fulfilled, when Fingula said to her brethren:

"It is time for us to go to Fioncha, where Lir and his people dwell, and our people also."

"We are well content to do so," replied they; and all proceeded together somewhat joyfully, until they came to Fioncha. They found the place where their father's palace had stood, and all around it, without either house or inhabitants, but everything looking dreary and dull. They saw smoke at a distance, and the four came towards it, and uttered three mournful cries, and Fingula repeated these words.

FINGULA.

I.

A mournful wonder, is this place to me,
Which once I knew so well!
Not even the trace of that loved home I see,
Where Lir was wont to dwell.
Nor hound, nor steed, nor lord nor lady bright,
Nor welcome spoken!
Since I have lived to see this mournful sight,
My heart is broken.

II.

This was not in our father's time of old,
A loveless, lightless waste,
Without a cup, the sparkling wine to hold,
Or princely guest to taste.
The home where oft we hail'd each joyous morn,
Is bleak and lonely!
And nothing left, to us its heirs forlorn,
Save memory only.

III.

Now do I know the deep devouring grave,
Holds all who once were dear!
Sad was our life, on Moyle's tempestuous wave,
But keener grief is here.
Low rustling grass, and winds that sadly blow
Through dry leaves creeping!
And he who should his cherish'd darling's know,
For ever sleeping!

CHAPTER III.

When shall the day-star mildly springing,
Warm our island with peace and love.
O when shall heaven its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above.
MOORE'S *Irish Melodies.*

The children of Lir remained in the place where their father and their ancestors had lived, and where they had themselves been nursed and educated, and late at night they began to sing most melodious music. In the morning they took wing and flew until they came to Inis Gluaire Breanain, and they began to sing there; so that all the birds of the country that could swim came to that place, which was called Lochan na Heanlaithe, (or the Lake of the Birds,) situate in Inis Gluaire Breanain. The used frequently go round that country, and sometimes to Inis Geridh, and to all the western islands in the country, returning every night to their accustomed place of rest. They continued in that condition for a long time, until the christian doctrine was preached in those countries, when St. Patrick came to Ireland, and St. Macaomh Og came to Inis Gluaire Breanain. The first night he came there the children of Lir heard the sound of the bell ringing near them, and were greatly rejoiced. They hastened towards the place from whence they heard the bells, and the three sons of Lir made such speed that they left Fingula by herself.

"What is the matter with you, dear brethren?" said Fingula.

"We cannot tell," they replied, "we know not how to account for the heavenly music we have heard."

"I will explain it to you," said she, "that is the bell

of Macaomh Og, and it is by him you shall be released from your pain and trouble, and you shall be comforted;" and she said these lines:

FINGULA.

List, list to the sound of the anchoret's bell,
Rise children of Lir from the wave where ye dwell,
Uplift your glad wings and exult as ye hear,
And give thanks, for the hour of your freedom is near.
He merits our duty, the Mighty, to save,
From the rock and the surge, from the storm and the wave.
Who clings to his doctrine with constant endeavour,
His grief shall be turn'd into glory for ever.
Past moments of anguish for ever farewell!
List children of Lir to the sound of the bell.

The children of Lir were listening to the music of the bell until the saint had finished his prayers.

"Let us now," said Fingula, "sing our own music to the great ruler of the heavens and the earth;" and they sung the most melodious strains of praise and adoration. Macaomh Og was listening, and in the morning early he came to the Lake of the Birds and saw them on the water. Coming close to the shore, he asked them, were they the children of Lir?

"We are, indeed," they answered.

"I am most thankful to hear it," said he, "for it was to relieve you that I was sent to this island, rather than to any other part of Ireland. You may trust in me, for this is the place that was appointed for you to be released from your enchantment."

On hearing these words the children of Lir came to the shore, and depended on his word. He took them down to his residence, where they remained listening to his instructions and joining in his devotions day after day. Macaomh Og sent for a craftsman and desired him to make two silver chains, which he accordingly did. One of them he put between Eugene and Fingula, and the

other between Cornu and Fiacra. The four swans were frequently in great spirits, rejoicing at the termination of their sorrows, and as happy as if they had forgotten all their previous misery.

The king who governed Conact at that time was named Lairgnean, the son of Colman (the same of whom Fingula had spoken to her father on the Lake of the Speckled Oak,) and his queen's name was Deocha, the daughter of Ingri, son of Black Hugh. Deocha came to hear of the wonderful birds, and being seized with a violent desire of possessing them, requested the king to procure them for her. He replied that he could never persuade himself to ask Macaomh Og to give them up. Deocha, enraged at his refusal, declared that she never again would spend a night within the palace of Glairgnea, as the king's residence was called, unless she got the swans; and, leaving the palace, she travelled to Kill da Luadh (now called Killaloe) and took up her abode at her own home. When Lairgnean found her so resolute, he sent a messenger three several times for the birds, but could not obtain them. Incensed at being thus refused, he came himself to the place where Macaomh Og lived, and asked him if it were true he had refused his messengers?

"It is true," answered Macaomh Og.

"Then," said the king, "it is true, likewise, that I will take them with me whether you are willing or otherwise."

As he said this he rushed toward the altar near which they stood, and seized the two chains which coupled them together. No sooner had he done so, than the swans lost their plumage, their beautiful feathers disappeared, and the three sons of Lir appeared three withered old men, with their bones seeming to project through their skin, while Fingula, instead of the graceful swan that sung such enchanting strains, became

an old shrivelled hag, fleshless, and bloodless. The King, astounded at what he saw, let fall the chains, and returned home, while Macaomh Og uttered many lamentations after the birds, and pronounced a malediction on Lairgnean. Fingula then said:

"Come hither, holy father, and give us baptism, for we are as much concerned at parting with you as you in parting with us. You are to bury us together in this manner. Place Cornu and Fiacra at my back, and place Eugene before me;" and she again said, "baptize us, holy father, and make us happy; and I pray that He who made heaven and earth will prolong our lives until you can perform the holy rite, after which you are to bury us in the manner I desire."

After that they departed this life, and the children of Lir were buried by Macoamh Og as Fingula had desired; that is to say, Cornu and Fiacra at her back, and Eugene before her. He raised the earth in the form of a tomb, and placed a stone over them, on which he carved their names in the Ogham character, and wept bitterly above their grave. It is thought that their souls went to heaven. For Lairgnean, who was the immediate cause of their death, Macaomh Og predicted his fate in the following lines:

MACAOMH OG.

I.

Ill shoot of Colman's royal line,
The malison of heav'n is thine,
The grief which thou hast caused to mine,
Thine own cold heart shall feel,
Thou whose unholy zeal
Hath left me on this isle forlorn,
My cherish'd darlings' loss to mourn.

II.

And she whose soul in evil strong,
Hath prompted this unfeeling wrong,
To early dust consigned, shall long
Her fruitless rapine wail,
A shiv'ring spectre pale!
The malison of heav'n is thine,
Ill shoot of Colman's royal line!

Not long after, Lairgnean and his wife died a sudden death, according to the prediction of Macaomh Og, which concludes the history of the Swans of Lir.

Many of the Jurors at the conclusion of the tale, seemed to feel themselves much in the situation of persons who had been just listening to what it would be dangerous not to admire, and yet in their hearts were not sorry to find the whole brought fairly to a close.

"For my part," said one, taking the poker, and stirring up the fire, "I thought I should have been frozen to death myself, with listening; I never longed half so much for my dinner, as I did for an opportunity of poking up the turf, which I thought it would be merciful to do, while our friend was making the air of the room chilly with his descriptions of the starvation of those poor Swans. I hope the heroes of the next tale will approach somewhat nearer to the tropics."

"They shan't go, either north or south, I assure you," said the Seventh Juror, further than the borders of our own green isle, and that in the height of summer, as you shall understand, when our friend on my right has favoured us with his song."

The Sixth Juror, in reply to this hint, said that he was sure the company must have anticipated him in the

lyric which he proposed attempting, and which was the only one he could think of appending to the melancholy tale which they had heard.

With those words he cleared his throat, with one or two preparatory "hems," and in the genuine old Irish cadence, so different from the fashionable version of the air, delighted the company with the melody which Moore has furnished on the foregoing narrative :—

"Silent O Moyle be the roar of thy water!"

When the applause which followed his performance had subsided, the Seventh Juror was called on to redeem his pledge, which he did by relating the narrative which follows.

THE SEVENTH JURYMAN'S TALE

Mc ENEIRY, THE COVETOUS

——What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself!

VOLPONE.

Mc ENEIRY, THE COVETOUS.

CHAPTER I.

Near the spirited little town of Rathkeale, in the county of Limerick, arises, as the whole universe is aware, the famous mountain of Knoc Fierna. Its double peak forms one of the most striking objects on the horizon, for many miles around, and awful and wonderful and worthy of eternal memory are the numerous events connected with its history, as veraciously detailed in the adjacent cottages. But I have not now undertaken to give you a history of the mountain, nor even a description of it, or of its neighbourhood. My sole business at present is with a certain Tom Mc Eneiry, who formerly took up his abode near the foot of that majestic eminence. Were I writing a novel in three volumes, instead of relating a plain story here by the fire-side, to eleven of the most intelligent and patient hearers that ever sat in a jury-box, it might be prudent on my part, having the prospect of some nine hundred weary blank pages before my eyes, to fill as large a portion as possible, with a minute description of Tom, or as I should in such case feel it my duty to call him, Mr. Thomas Mc Eneiry, beginning with the soles of his feet, and ending upon the crown of his head, recording the colour of his eyes and hair, not failing to state

whether his nose ran faithfully in the painter's line, or capriciously deviated in any degree to either side, if the mouth were straight or otherwise, together with an accurate sketch of his costume, a full description of his house and furniture, and a copious history of his ancestors. But as there is not a rogue amongst us, however grave a face he may put upon it, who does not in his heart love the stimulus of incident far better than the most exquisite display of more pictorial fidelity, I shall beg leave without further preamble, to leave all these elaborate details to your own fertile imaginations.

Tom Mc Eneiry, then, was Tom Mc Eneiry ; once a *comfortable* farmer, as any in the vicinity of Knoc Fierna, but reduced by extravagance at first, and then by long continued reverses to a condition far from prosperous. In vain did he and his wife endeavour by a thorough economical reform, to retard their downward course in wordly fortune. At one time cattle died, at another, the potatoe crops failed, or the wheat was half smut ; misfortune after misfortune fell upon him, until at length the change began to eat its way even into appearances themselves. Mr. Thomas Mc Eneiry became Tom Mc Eneiry, and at last, "poor Tom Mc Eneiry," and his helpmate might have applied to herself, the well known stanza, in which a lady in similar circumstances laments the changes of manner produced in her old friends, by a like alteration in her affairs

> When I had bacon,
> They called me Mrs. Akon.
> But now that I have none, 'tis ' How goes it, Molly ?'

They grew thinner and thinner, and shabbier and shabbier, until both in fortune and appearance, they presented little more than the skeletons of what they had been. At length, they actually came to their last meal, and Tom sighed deeply, as he took his seat on the side of the table opposite his helpmate.

"Here, Mrs. Mc Eneiry," he said, politely handing her a laughing *white-eye* across the table, "take it—'tis a fine maly one, an' make much of it—for I'm sorely afeerd, 'tis the last time I am ever to have the honour of presenting you with anything in the shape of aitables."

"Tis your own fau't if you don't," said his wife.

"How so?" said Tom, "how do you make that out?"

"Why," replied his wife, "I'll tell you what I was thinking of this morning. I was turning over some of the old lumber in the next room, looking for a little firing, when I found an old harp that I remember you used to play upon, a long time ago."

"Oh, 'tis time for me to forget that now," said the husband.

"You're not so ould as that," replied Mrs. Mc Eneiry, "you could play very well if you liked it, and, you know 'yourself the great pay harpers and poets, and historians, and antiquarians, and *genologists*, an' people of that sort gets from the great lords and gentry in Ireland. 'Tis known to the world, the repute music is in, and the taste they have for it in this counthry."

"The more taste they has for it," says Tom, "the less chance I has of pleasing 'em when they hears me."

"Can't you put good words to it," says she, "an' 'twill pass."

"Why, that's harder than the music itself, woman," replied her husband, "for the words must have some sense in them, whatever the music has—and where am I to get *idayes*, a poor fellow o' my kind, that never had any recoorse to history, or other great authors, nor knows nothin' of joggeraphy, nor the juice of the globes, nor mensuration, nor more branches of that kind."

"Many's the songs and pothery I ever hard myself," said Mrs. Mc Eneiry, "and there wasn't much senes nor *idayes* in 'em, an' they to be well liked for all. Begin

praisin' their ancesthors, an' they'll be well satisfied, I'll go bail, whatever way the varse runs."

"But when I do'n' know one o' the ancestors woman?"

"What hurt? Can't you praise 'em so itself?"

"But sure I should have their names any way."

"You needn't, I tell you, call 'em any name, an' praise 'em enough, an' I'll go bail they won't disown 'em. Do my biddin' an' I'll engage you'll soon have a pocket full of money."

Tom Mc Eneiry was prevailed upon, he searched for his old harp, set it in order, so as to produce sounds as nearly resembling music, as could be reasonably expected from such a musician, and such an instrument. Now, in order to comprehend the full extent of Tom's presumption, and of the nature of the competition, which the eloquence of his helpmate urged him to set at defiance, it is necessary to bear in mind that the race of wandering bards in Ireland, was not yet extinct. The printing press, and the newspaper had not yet rendered man independent of the talents of those locomotive geniuses, whose business it was to travel from castle to castle, entertaining the lordly host or hostess, with the song, the tale, or the geneological narrative, according to the mood in which they happened to find their hearers. The privileges and emoluments of those bards were considerable, and consequently, the candidates for the profession were numerous, and the course of education protracted and elaborate. They generally went in companies of twelve to the houses of the chieftains, and petty princes, about the isle, comprising in their number a poet, or filea, a crotarie or harper, a seanachie, or antiquarian, together with a jester, and persons skilled in various field sports; all of whom, when the time allotted had expired, having received their several fees shifted their quarters, and gave place to a new batch of

rambling literati of the same description. The amount of their fees, and the degree of honour shewn them in the number of their attendants, or persons who were appointed to wait on them, and in the length of time allowed them to remain as guests, were regulated by the number or quality of their compositions. The many privileges and emoluments attached to the profession, gave rise to a degree of competition, which appears almost incredible. In the seventh century they are said to have comprised no less than a third of the male population of the kingdom ; insomuch, that the monarch of that day, was obliged to restrict their number by law. Nor is it to be supposed that all which is related of their laws and customs, is a mere by-gone legend. The practise continued to a period, long subsequent to the English invasion, and even at the present day, some individuals of the class are to be found at rural wakes and weddings, and their compositions, though now limited to the entertainment of a humbler class of auditors, are not less popular than when told by the bedside of the monarch, desirous to forget the toils of state, or the provincial chief, returning weary from the pleasures of the chase.

At this moment yawning seemed about to become a favorite recreation amongst the Jurors, observing which, the narrator prudently changed his tone.

But I perceive, gentleman," he continued, "that you have heard enough for the present, of the customs of the ancient bards of Erin, so to return to Tom Mc Eneiry. He set off early on a winter morning, like the Minstrel Boy, with

"his wild harp slung behind him,"

after bidding Mrs. Mc Eneiry an affectionate farewell

The morning was fine, though frosty, and Tom felt something of the spirit of adventure buoy up his heart, as his footsteps rung upon the hard and lonely high-road. He remembered the outset of the renowned Jack and his eleven brothers, and found himself with a conscious elevation of mind, in much the same circumstances under which that favourite of Fortune and many other great historical personages had set out on their career He had not gone far, indulging these thoughts, when his attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of a strange voice at a distance.

"Good morrow, Mr. Mc Eneiry," said the voice.

Tom looked up and beheld a man coming down the hill, dressed in homely attire, but with something in his countenance and demeanour, which rivetted Tom's attention in spite of himself.

"Good morrow, kindly," replied Tom, "although I don't know how you come to know my name, for I never saw you before in my life as I can call to mind."

"Oh, I know you very well," said the stranger, "but pray tell me what is the reason of your leaving home so early in the morning, and at such a season of the year?"

"Hard times, then—the hard times," replied Tom, with a mournful look.

"But is it hard times that make you carry that old harp on your back?"

"The very same raison. I have nothin' to get at home an' I'm goin' about to see what would I make by playin' a dhrass of an evenin' at the quollity's houses."

"Oh, you know how to play, then?" enquired the stranger.

"Wisha, middlin," said Tom, "indifferent enough, dear knows."

"And what business have you going out as a harper if you don't know how to play?"

"Wisha, I do' n' know—what else am I to do?"

"Let me hear you a little."

Tom took down his harp, but he had scarcely struck a few notes when the stranger put his hands to his ears and begged of him as a favour to play no more.

"Oh," said he, "you're no good. What in the world put it into your head to set up for a musician. Why, man, you'd scandalize yourself the first place you'd come to. I never heard such bad music in all my life, unless it might be at Christmas when the pigs do be killing. Who in the world was it persuaded you to take up the profession of music?"

"Why then, who else only my wife?" replied Tom, "sure 'tis aisily known that no one but a woman could ever think of anything so foolish."

"Well, we must only see what can be done," said the stranger. "Show me your hands."

He took Tom's hands between both his, and rubbed them a little, after which he said:

"Now try what hand you can make of it."

Tom took up the harp, but such was the exquisite harmony which his touch now drew from the instrument that he had well nigh lost his wits in ecstacy.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "where am I? or is it a phœnix I hear? or one of the children of Lir singing upon the Sruih na Moile? I never hard sich music all my days! I'm a made man—you're a jewel of a taicher to me this morning."

"I could taich you more than that," said the stranger.

"Could you now?" asked Tom with a curious grin.

"I could so."

"What is it av you plaze?"

"I could taich you how to make ugly men handsome."

"In airnest?"

"Not a word of a lie. Take me into your services and I'll show you how 'tis done."

"*Mc* take you!" cried Tom, "sure it would be much better for *you* to take me. What business would I have of a boy, that isn't able to keep myself, let alone a servant."

"Don't mind that," said the stranger, "I have a fancy to serve you beyond others, and I'll ask only what wages may be reasonable according to the gains we make."

"If that be the case," said Tom, "I'll take you and welcome, an' where are we to face to now?"

"To some ugly man's house, to be sure," replied the stranger.

"Where are we to find 'em?" asked Tom, "if it be our thrade to make ugly people handsome, we'd starve in the county Limerick, for there's nobody in want of us."

"That's not the case with other parts," said the stranger—"and now I think of it, I'll tell you where we'll go. There's a gentleman they call Seaghan (or Shaun) an Fhiona, *i. e.* John of the wine, who lives at Carrigfoile down by the river's side; and there's not an uglier man from this to himself, nor a good piece a-past him. Let us go there, and do you begin playing a little upon the harp, and if they fault your music, you can offer to alter his lineaments, and leave the rest to me. He'll pay you well, I'll engage."

"With all my heart," said Tom, "you are a surprising man, and I depend my life upon you."

They travelled along together, the stranger instructing Tom, as they proceeded, in all that it behoved him to say and do, when they should arrive at Carrigfoile. Notwithstanding all the speed they could make, it was late in the evening when they reached the gate of Carrigfoile Castle.

"There's some great givin'-out here to-day, surely," said Tom Mc Eneiry, "there's sich a fine smell o' *griskins*."

"There always is, mostly," replied the stranger, "there isn't a betther warrant in the counthry to keep an open house, than John of the Wine, though he being so ugly."

They blew the horn at the gate and were admitted without question, that being a gala day, on which all persons were allowed to partake of the festivities of the castle without distinction or invitation. When they entered the castle hall, Tom had no difficulty in recognizing the lord of the castle amongst all his guests, and could not help acknowledging in his own mind that report had not wronged him in the least, when it spoke of him as an ugly man. However, he kept such reflections to himself, and took his place amongst the musicians, who all looked upon him with supercilious eyes as an intruder of whose pretensious none of their number had any knowledge. After a little time, John of the Wine, (who was so named in consequence of his hospitality,) observed a strange face amongst the harpers, and addressed himself to Tom Mc Eneiry.

"Well, my good friend," said he, "what place do you come from?"

"From a place convanient to Knoc Fierna, plase your honour."

"Well, you are welcome. And tell me now, can you do anything to contribute to the entertainment of all these gentlemen and ladies?"

"I'll do my endeavour to play a dhrass for 'em upon the harp, if they wishes it," said Tom.

"I'm sure they'll be all very happy to hear you," said John of the Wine, "music is always pleasing, more especially when people are disposed to spend a pleasant evening.

Tom took his harp, not without some feeling of timidity, when he observed the eyes of all the ladies and gentleman fixed upon him, and above all, the eyes of the other great harpers and poets, and the place as bright as the noonday, with the blaze of the huge rush-lights, some of which were twisted to the thickness of a man's arm and more. When he had played for a while, John of the Wine asked him from whence he was? Mc Eneiry replied that he was from Knoc Fierna, in the County of Limerick.

"And who is the best harper in your country?" asked Shaun.

"They say I am, when I'm at home," said Mc Eneiry, "but I don't b'lieve 'em."

"Upon my word, then, *I* believe *you*," replied his host. "You might as well stop," he added, "and not be spoiling whatever good music we have in the place without you."

"Plase your lordship," said Tom, "I hardly got well into the tune, before you began to cross-hackle me. If you let me thry another dhrass, may be, I'd knock something out of it that 'ud be more plasin'."

"That would easy be for any one, but yourself, I'm thinking," said Shaun, "but, however, you can try again if you desire it."

Tom took his harp again, but so far from improving upon the former experiment, he had hardly struck a few notes, when his music created such a tumult in the hall of the castle, that it was with great difficulty any degree of order could be restored. Some roared with laughter,—others stopped their ears, and ran to the farthest end of the room, while not a few manifested a strong inclination to eject the manufacturer of such abominable discord, from the banquet hall. This movement was highly applauded by the remainder of the company, and amidst general shouts of "turn him out!" one or two of the most determined, laid their hands on

him, and were about to rough-handle him, when the stranger bustled through the crowd, and rescued him from their grasp.

"Stop ! stop !" said he, "let him alone—have patience—I often told you, masther, not to offer ever to touch the harp, while your fingers were so stiff from the frost. Let me rub them a little, and then see what you can do. 'Tis a very sharp evening, gentlemen," he continued, rubbing his master's hands between his own, "and ye oughtn't to be too hard upon travellers. Try now, master, and see whether you can satisfy them better."

Tom took the harp and played such ravishing strains that the company thought themselves happy to hear him.

"Well," exclaimed John of the Wine, "I give it up to you, and to your instructor, whoever he was. You're the finest touch at the harp of any man that ever set foot across our threshold."

"Ah," said Tom, smiling round on the company, with all of whom he had now become an object of great admiration. "I could do no more than play a tune upon the harp."

"And what else could you do ?"

"I could make an ugly man handsome," said Tom, fixing his eyes upon the master of the castle.

"Could you really ?"

"I could by being raisonably considhered for it."

"Why then," said John of the Wine, "there isn't a man in Ireland stands more in need of your art at this moment, than I do myself, and if you can make me handsome, my word to you, you'll not be sorry for it."

"Poh," said Tom, "I could aisily do it."

"And when will you begin ?"

"We may as well try it to-morrow morning," said Tom, "for my boy and myself will want to be going before night."

CHAPTER II.

It was agreed upon, and the remainder of the evening was spent in mirth and feasting, Tom Mc Eneiry enchanting all who heard him with the music of his harp. In the morning John of the Wine rose early, after spending a sleepless night in anticipation of the important change which he was about to undergo. When all was ready, he went with Tom and his servant into a private room, where they proceeded to business, after having locked the door. The Boy, as Tom chose to call him, placed a large basin full of water on a table in the middle of the room, and near it a small quantity of a whitish powder, exactly resembling wheat flour. He then desired John of the Wine to lie down on the floor, and took a large knife in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that?" said John of the Wine, looking somewhat surprised.

"To cut off your ugly head," replied the Boy, "and to give you a handsome one in place of it."

"Nonsense, man," said Seaghan an Fhiona, "do you think I'd allow you to cut off my head?"

"Oh, well, surely you can keep it if you wish," said the Boy, "I didn't know you had such a value for it."

"And couldn't you perform the cure without cutting off my head?"

"No—nor the most skilful man that walks Ireland. Sure it stands to reason you must root up the weed before you plant the flower."

"Well, cut away," said O'Connor, "I'd risk a deal to get rid of such a face as I have at present."

He lay down, and the Boy cut off his head, washed it carefully, shook upon the wound a little of the white powder already spoken of, and placed it once more upon

the body. He then slapped O'Connor on the shoulder and exclaimed :

"Get up now, John of the Wine, look at yourself in the glass, and I wish you joy of your fine face and fine poll of hair."

Shaun started up from the table, and Mc Eneiry handed him over to the looking glass.

"Now, sir," said he, "do you rejoice at your change of features?"

"Upon my honour," replied John of the Wine, "I never saw a finer face upon any man, though 'tis so like my own in all but its ugliness that any would know me again. You are welcome now to stop at my house so long as you like."

Mc Eneiry looked at his man.

"We can't stop so long, master," said the Man, "for you know we must go down to Ulster to the great O'Neil, who stands very much in want of your skill."

"That's true," said Mc Eneiry, "'twould never do for us to make any delay here."

"Well, I am sorry for it," said Shaun, "but let me know when ye are going in the morning, an I'll be prepared for ye."

Early next day Mc Eneiry and his man got up and told Shaun they were about to go. Finding it useless to attempt prevailing on them to remain, he called his herdsman, ordered him to bring out a score of the fattest cattle, and desired a pair of his best horses to be got ready for the use of the travellers. When they had mounted and all was ready for their departure, he brought out two boots, one full of gold and the other full of silver.

"Here," said he, "Mr. Mc Eneiry, is a small token of my gratitude for the favour I have received at your hands. There are two scores of fat cattle, of which I request your acceptance, and a small sum of ready

money, which may be of some use to you on the way home."

So saying, he handed the two boots to Mc Eneiry, who desired his man to carry them, with as much composure as he could use, although it was hard for him to avoid springing off his horse with surprise and joy. O'Connor next summoned four of his working men, and commanded them to drive the cattle home for the two gentlemen, and to be sure to show them all due respect upon the way. When all was arranged they took leave of John of the Wine and his family, and departed.

They had not proceeded a great way on the journey homeward, when the Man turned around to the persons who were driving the cattle, and said :

"Well, what are ye, my good men ?"

The four men all took of their hats, and bowed down almost to the ground before they answered, according to the instructions given them by their master.

"Plaze your honour's raverence and glory," said they, "we are labourin' men of the Seaghan an Fhiona."

"I dare say now," said the Man, "you may have some work to do at home for yourselves."

"Plaze your majesty," said the four men, bowing down again to the earth, "it is true for you ; we have so."

"What time," asked the Man, "did your master allow you to go and come with us ?"

"He gave us one week, my lord."

When the Man heard this he put his hand into the boot that was full of gold.

"Come here, my good men," said he.

They approached in the most respectful manner, with their hats off, bowing down their knees, and he gave each of them a handful of gold and another of silver.

"There, said he, "poor men, take that and go home and till your gardens until the week is out, and take

the horses back with ye, likewise, and we'll drive the cattle home ourselves."

The four men broke out into a torrent of gratitude, showering down praises and blessings of all kinds upon the travellers, after which they all set off on their way home.

For some time after their departure, Mc Eneiry remained silent, following the cattle without turning his eyes on either side. At length he said to his man:

"Why then, you had very little to do that time, so you had."

"Why so?" asked the Man.

"To be giving our money away to those fellows that had their day's hire to get when they'd go back."

"Don't speak so uncharitable," said the Man, "we earned all that in the course of a few hours, without much labour or trouble, and we have plenty remaining after what we gave them."

"What do you call plenty?" said Mc Eneiry.

"If you had the one tenth of it when I first met you," replied the Man, "you needn't go about with your harp upon your back as you did, and a bad hand you were at it too. There's gold and silver enough for us yet, besides all the fat cattle we have on the road before us."

Mc Eneiry said no more, but resumed his journey in silence, looking as if he were rather defeated than convinced by the reasoning of his companion. At length they reached the foot of Knoc Fierna, and he beheld the smoke rising from the chimney of his own house.

"Well, I suppose we must be parting now," said the Man, "so we might as well stop here and divide what we got."

"What do you mean by dividing it?" said Mc Eneiry.

"I'll tell you," replied the Man, "do you take ten of those fat cattle for your part, and I'll keep the remaining

half score, and we'll make two fair halves of the gold and silver, and you must get one of them also."

At this proposal McEneiry looked like a man who was treated in a very unreasonable manner.

"Well," said the Man, observing how he stared at him, "have I three heads on me?"

"No," said Mc Eneiry, "but the one you have hasn't much sense in it. Will you bear in mind, if you plaze, that in all this business I was the Masther an' you were only the man. It is I that should have the sharing of it an' not you; and I think," he continued, "the one twentieth part of that we got ought to be enough for you, more especially, considering all you wasted on them fellows that had their hire growing for 'em while they were with us."

"Ah," said the Man, "that is an ingenious speech. We have both plenty by dividing all fairly in two, and I'll engage your family will have a joyful welcome for you when you go home with the half of it."

"Well," said Mc Eneiry," all I can say to you is, that I will insist upon getting the most part of it, as I was master, and if you offer any objection, I am here in my own neighbourhood, and I can get more people with a whistle than will be sufficient to make you agree to it."

"There is no one living would allow you so much," said the Man, "and as it happens, let us leave it all to that man on the white horse behind your back, coming along the road. I am satisfied to abide by his decision."

"Let us hear what he'll say first," replied Mc Eneiry.

Saying this, he looked about in the direction pointed out by his man, but could see nothing.

"What white horse do you speak of?" he said, "I can see no —— Eh? what's this?" He looked round again—above, below, behind, on all sides, but neither man, nor boots, nor cattle were to be seen. All had

vanished, and there he stood, at the foot of the hill, as poor as he had left it two days back, the wind lifting his threadbare garment, and sighing with a melancholy cadence through the strings of his old harp.

Tom only recovered from his astonishment to vent his feelings in a burst of lamentation. The inutility of wasting his time in the mere indulgence of grief was however apparent, and he accordingly soon desisted. Sitting down on the road side, he endeavoured to collect his scattered thoughts, and entered into the following dialogue with himself:

"Well, Tom Mc Eneiry, what are you to do now? If you go home you know you must be under the painful necessity of leaving it again and parting with your family in the same manner as you did before, and where would be the use o' that. I'll tell you what you'll do, Tom, as I'm your best friend, and indeed, I may say, almost your only friend, these times. Go to the next farmer's house, and begin to play your harp for them, and you'll get a welcome there for this night, and stop there; and if you want to know what you are to do in the morning, don't be in a hurry, but take things aisy, and I'll tell you. Start off with yourself, at the peep of the day for Carrigfoile, and come before John of the Wine, and tell him you want a letter of recommendation from him to the great O'Neil, in Ulster, statin' what an ugly face he had, an' what a purty one you gave him in the place of it. When you get the letther, which he will be most happy to give you, start away with yourself again for Ulster, an' when you get there, you have only to put a purty face upon the great O'Neil, the same way as you seen your man done upon O'Connor, an' you'll get twice as great a reward from him as from Seaghan an Fhiona, an' you can keep it all to yourself, without having an ungrateful, unnaythur'l, baste of a man, to squandher the half of it away upon

the road home, and rob you of the rest when you get there. That's my advice to you, and if you're a wise man you'll take it."

CHAPTER III.

Mc Eneiry like a great many people in the world had a great respect for his own advice, so he followed it without delay. He slept that night at the house of a neighbouring farmer, who was not so nice in music as John of the Wine, and in the morning early, set off for Carrigfoile. It was near sunset when he beheld the majestic castle lifting its head between him and the west, and proudly towering above the waves that lashed the base of the lofty cliff on which it stood. When he arrived at the gate, he was surprised to find all in confusion before him. The court-yard was full of men and women running to and fro, and a large body of kerns and galloglach were under arms before the door. While he looked on all sides, perplexed to think what could be the cause of all this tumult, he saw a man approach, whom he recognized as one of those who had been sent to drive the cows home with him and his man. The poor man saluted him with great respect and seemed overjoyed to see him. In answer to his enquiry respecting the cause of the confusion which he beheld, the countryman told him that there was confined in the castle, a young boy, a servant of John of the Wine, whose name was Cluas ó Faibhe or Fulvey of the ear, (so called because he had one ear of unusual size).

"Every body is sure," said he, "that he will be hanged this evening or to-morrow morning airly, an' that's the raison they're gatherin' to see the execution."

"An' what is it he done out o' the way?" asked Mc Eneiry.

"I don't know that, indeed," replied the man, "but they say there's no doubt but he'll be hanged. If the master plazes to hang him, sure that's no business of ours to ax the raison."

"Surely, surely," assented Mc Eneiry. "The quollity an' us is different."

At this moment, casting his eyes towards the door of the Castle, he beheld O'Connor coming forth with his handsome new countenance looking very mournful. He went towards him, and John of the Wine brightened up a little on seeing him, and received him very cordially.

"I am very glad so see you," said O'Connor, "whatever brought you here, but I have not time to say much to you, now, for I am in great trouble of mind. There is a servant of my own, for whom I have a great regard, in prison in my castle for some offence he gave to my brother, O'Connor of Connaught, who is come to demand satisfaction for the affront he gave him, and I am very much afraid he must be hanged in the morning I can't tell you how sorry I am for it; for he was one of the wittiest men I ever had in my service, besides being an excellent poet, and you know yourself, what respect I have for poets, and bards, and all branches of science and learning. However, I'll tell you what you'll do. Go into the Castle and stop there to-night. I'll give orders to have you well taken care of, and in the morning I'll hear whatever you have to say to me."

Mc Eneiry did as he was desired, and was entertained for the night in princely style. In the morning, hearing a bustle in the court yard, he arose, and looking through a window, saw the people gathering to behold the execution. He dressed himself as quickly as he could, and coming down to the court, found the two brothers,

John of the Wine, and O'Connor of Connaught, standing before the castle, surrounded by knights and gentlemen, kerns and galloglach, waiting to have the prisoner brought forward.

"Well, brother," said John of the Wine, "this is too bad. I hope you won't go any farther with the business now. He got punishment enough for what he did, in the fright you gave him, without carrying it any farther."

"You may defend him, and have him hanged or no, just as you like," said O'Connor of Connaught, "but if you refuse me satisfaction for the affront I have received you must be content to incur my displeasure."

"Oh, well, sooner than that," says John of the Wine, "if you insist upon it, he must of course be hanged and welcome, without further delay."

He turned to some of his attendants, and was just about to give directions that the prisoner should be brought forward, when Mc Eneiry, having heard what passed, stepped boldly forward and made his bow and scrape in the presence of the two brothers.

"Pray, my lords," said he, "might I make so free as to ask what was it the fellow did, that he is going to be hanged for?"

O'Connor of Connaught stared at him for some moments, as if in astonishment at his impudence and then said, turning to his brother:

"What kind of a fellow is this, that has the assurance to speak to us in that manner?"

"He is a man of a very singular profession," replied John of the Wine.

"And what profession is it?"

"Why," answered Seaghan an Fhiona, "he has that degree of skill, that if a man had the ugliest features Nature ever carved out upon a human head, he could change them into the fairest and most becoming you

ever looked upon. I have reason to know it," he added, "for he tried the same experiment upon myself, and executed it very much to my liking."

"Indeed," said O'Connor of Connaught, "you may well say it is a singular profession, and since you speak of yourself, sure enough, I remarked the great change for the better in your countenance, although I did not like to speak of it before, for fear you might think me impertinent; and what most surprises me is, that he should have preserved the resemblance so completely, notwithstanding the great alteration."

"Yes," said John, "everybody says I'm a handsome likeness of what I was."

"Please your lordship," Mc Eneiry said, addressing O'Connor of Connaught, "might I make so bould as to ax again, what is it he done amiss, an' if it be left to my decision," he added, with a tone half jesting, and half serious, "I'll do my endayvours to get at the rights of it."

O'Connor of Connaught commanded one of his attendants to tell Mc Eneiry what Falvey of the Ear had done.

"Some time since," said the attendant coming forward, "my master came down here on a visit to his brother, and was so much diverted by the wit and sprightliness of the prisoner, that he asked John of the Wine to let him go with him to Connaught for a while. When they were about going, John of the Wine called the prisoner aside and addressed him in these words. 'Now, you Falvey of the Ear, listen to me and remember what I am going to tell you, for if you don't, it will be worse for yourself. My brother is a man of a hasty, turbulent temper, and I strongly recommend to you, to keep your wit under check, and take care never to play upon his words, or to make him a smart answer, or take him short in what he may say, for that is what nobody

relishes, and what he cannot bear. A satirical tongue, or a mouthful of repartees, Cluas,' said he, 'are more dangerous to the owner of them, than to anybody else. You may remember what the Latin poet says :

—Mitte jocos ; non est jocus esse malignum,
Nunquam sunt grati qui nocuere salas.

and moreover :

Omnibus minatur qui facit uni injuriam.

meaning, that the honey of wit cannot sweeten the sting of satire, and that the jester is a common enemy, for he who cracks a joke upon one, threatens all. But enough said—remember what I tell you.' Falvey promised him to be careful, and came with us to Connaught. He went on very well for some time, and my master liked him every day more and more. One morning, however, my master and some gentlemen went out fowling in the wood of Landers, belonging to his wife's father, and they took Falvey with them. One of them shot a bird which fell into the top of a very straight and lofty tree. When my master saw that, he said, he would be very glad to have the bird down by some means or another. 'I'll go up for it, O'Connor,' said Falvey of the Ear, and accordingly he did so. When he was coming down again with the bird in his hand, my master looked up, and said : '*Ni rian suas an gerann ar mo capul.*'* On hearing this, Claus looked down at him, and said : '*Bo dheachair domhsa dul suas gancuram capul do bleith oram.*' † At this there was a laugh amongst those who stood by. When my master heard his words played upon in that manner, he got furious. 'Take him some of ye,' said

* I would not go up there for my horse.

† It was hard for me to go up without a horse ! The wit of Cluas o' Failbhe's answer turns on the double meaning attached to the *ar* in Irish, which signifies either *for* or *upon*, according to its context. Cluas affected to take it in the latter sense.

he, 'until I hang him this instant out of the tree.' They made a run at him, but Cluas hopped away from them, and run homewards. My master and his people followed him a long way, but he had an advantage of them, for he could go all the short cuts across the country, while they being mounted were obliged to take the road round. They pursued him to Limerick and beyond, and got sight of him just as he drew nigh the river Maig, where it flows between Adare and Court. There being no bridge, he had no other way of escape than to leap across the river, and he did so, cleverly ; and I'll leave it to anybody that ever saw the Maig whether it wasn't a noble hop. Well, when my master saw that, he forgot all his anger in admiring such a spring. 'Cluas,' said he, 'that was a good leap.' 'It wasn't better than the run I had to it,' replied Cluas, taking him short again. At that, my master got twice as furious as ever, though he was upon the point of forgiving him the moment before. The whole party dashed into the river on horseback and swam across, but with all the haste they could make, Cluas was at Carrigfoile before them and told John of the Wine all that happened, begging of him to save him from his brother. 'Well,' says Seaghan an Fhiona, 'I told you how it would be, and I don't see any chance of protecting you, for I'm sure I have no notion of getting into a dispute with my brother on account of a trifle, such as the hanging of a fellow of your kind. Cluas hearing my master at the gate, went up into a turret of the Castle where he is now confined, and waiting the order for his execution.'"

When the attendant had concluded his narrative, O'Connor of Connaught turned to McEneiry, and said with a jesting air :

"And now that you have heard the case, my good fellow, what is your opinion of it ?"

"My opinion is, plaze your lordship," replied Mc Eneiry, "that I declare to my heart I'd give the poor crathur a chance for his life."

"Well said, McEneiry," cried John of the Wine. "He is right, brother, and you ought to give the poor fellow a chance."

"And what chance do you ask for him?" said O'Connor of Connaught a little softened.

John of the Wine was well aware of Cluas's abilities in verse making, and had no objection to let the company witness a specimen of them.

"The condition I propose," said he, "are these. You see that sea-gull swimming abroad upon the sea. Let him, before that sea-gull rises from the wave, compose extempore, six stanzas, which must not contain a lie from beginning to end, and every stanza ending with the word "West."

"That's a chance in airnest," exclaimed Mc Eneiry.

"If he does that," said O'Connor of Connaught, "upon my honour as a gentleman, I'll give him his life and never say a word more of what has passed."

"That's fair," says John of the Wine.

Accordingly, Cluas came forward to the window of the turret in which he was confined, and without rolling his eyes this way or that, or starting, or brushing up his hair, or indulging in any other of the customary tricks of improvisation, recited in a clear and loud tone the following :

VERSES,—*made by Cluas ó Failbhe in order to save himself from hanging.*

I.

Full many a rose in Limerick spreads its bloom.
With root embedded deep in earth's soft breast ;
So many miles from hence to lordly Rome,
And many a white sail seeks the watery West.

II.

Full many a maid in ancient Cashel dwells,
In Carrigfoile feasts many a weary guest;
Full many a tree in Lander's shady dells,
Shook by each breeze that leaves the stormy West

III.

Far east a field of barley meets my gaze
Farther, the sun in Morning splendour drest.
When Lander's daughter views his sinking rays,
Two gentle eyes behold the purple West.

IV.

Rock of the Candle![*] it is well for thee—
Fresh blows the wind around thy lofty breast,
From thy bold height thy chieftain's eye may see,
Each freighted bark that seeks the billowy West.

V.

Rock of the Basin,† it is well for thee!
Bright shines the sun, against thy lordly crest;
While shivering Fear and Darkness wait on me,
Thy gallant brow looks proudly tow'rd the West.

VI.

Bird of the Ocean, it is well for thee!
High swells the wave beneath thy snowy breast,
Fast bound in chains, I view yon foaming sea,
While thou at freedom, seek'st the pathless West.

All present agreed that the poet had fulfilled the conditions agreed upon, after which O'Connor of Connaught gave orders that he should be brought down and set at liberty, and the chains were hardly struck from his limbs when the sea-gull rose from the wave, and flew away amidst the acclamations of the multitude

* Carrigoguniel Castle, which overlooks the Shannon, near Limerick.

† Carrigfoile, so named from the deep pool, which the sea forms close to the base.

CHAPTER IV.

When all were reconciled, John of the Wine took Mc Eneiry apart and asked what he could do for him? Mc Eneiry told him his business, and obtained the letter without difficulty.

"Here," said Seaghan an Fhiona, "although I wrote to him before about you, recommending him to send for you, as I understand there is not a man from here to himself, stands more in need of a cast of your office."

McEneiry thanked him, and set off for Ulster, playing his harp at the houses on the way-side, and staying no more than a night in any one place 'till he arrived within sight of the Castle of the great O'Neil. When he drew near the house he hid his old harp among some furze bushes on the side of a hill, for his success as musician on the journey was not such as to render him willing to make any display of the kind before the great chieftain of the north. On reaching the gate of the Castle, he demanded to see O'Neil, and was admitted by the chieftain's orders. He wondered much as he passed the court-yard, at the prodigious number of galloglach and kernes that crowded all parts of the building, besides poets, harpers, antiquarians, genealogists, petty chieftains, and officers of every rank. When he entered the presence of O'Neil, he could hardly avoid springing back at the sight of his countenance. However, he restrained his astonishment, and laid aside his bonnet and girdle with a respectful air, after which he delivered his letter.

"Are you the man," asked O'Neil, when he had read it, "that was with my friend O'Connor of Carrigfoile?"

"I am, please your lordship."

"Well," said O'Neil, "and when will you begin the operation?"

"In the morning airly, I think would be the best time if your honor was agreeable to it."

O'Neil ordered that he should be hospitably entertained that night. In the morning, about day-break, Mc Eneiry got up and asked whether the great O'Neil was risen yet?

"He is," replied the servant, "and waiting you directions."

"Very good," said Tom, "let one o' ye go now, and put down a big pot of wather to bile, an' when 'tis bilin' come an' let me know it, an' do ye take it into a big spare room, an' let there be a table put in the middle of it, an' a grain o' flour upon it, and a sharp carvin' knife, an' when all is ready, let the great O'Neil come in, an' let us not be disturbed till the operation is over."

All was done according to his directions, and when both were in the room together, and the door made fast on the inside, Mc Eneiry addressed the chieftain as follows:

"Now, you great O'Neil, listen to me. Mind, when once we begin you must not offer to say a word, or make any objection to what I please to do with you, if you have any taste for beauty."

"Certainly not," said O'Neil, "but will you tell me in the first place, what are you going to do with that carving knife?"

"You'll know that by and by," said Mc Eneiry, "lie down an' do as I bid you."

O'Neil lay down. Tom whipped the carving knife across his throat, and after more cutting and mangling than could have been agreeable, he succeeded in severing the head from the body. He then took the head and washed it carefully, after which he shook a little flour

upon the wound, and placed it on the body as it lay lifeless on the table.

"Rise up, Great O'Neil," said he, slapping the chieftain smartly on the shoulder, "and I wish you joy of your fine face and your fine poll of hair."

It was in vain, however, that he exhorted the great O'Neil to arise and admire himself. The body still lay stiff upon the table, and the head rolled upon the floor, as ugly as ever and not half as useful. Tom now began to suspect that he had got himself into a quandary, and did not very clearly see how he was to get out of it. Repeated experiments convinced him that the great O'Neil was come to the end of his career, he was as dead as a herring, and he had little doubt if the family should lay hold of him, that his own was not much farther from its close. After much perplexity and several cold fits of terror during which the gallows danced many a hornpipe before his mind's eye, he luckily bethought him of the window! The height was considerable, but Tom wisely calculated that the chance of a broken leg was preferable to the certainty of a dislocated neck, so he let himself drop on the green. Finding his limbs whole, he ran across the country with all the speed of which he was master, towards a forest on which the window looked. After some hard running, he reached the hill where he had hid his harp, and judging that the hue and cry would be quickly raised after him through the country, he determined to lie concealed till night-fall, and then continue his journey homeward. Accordingly, he crept in amongst the furze bushes, and covered himself so completely, that he thought it was impossible for the sharpest eye to discover him.

In the mean time, the family of the chieftain were perplexed to think what could be the cause of the long delay made by their lord and the professor of beauty in

the room which they had locked themselves in. Hearing no noise, they knocked at the door, but of course received no answer. At length, their suspicions being awakened, they broke in the door, and their sensations may be imagined on beholding the great O'Neil weltering in his blood, the window open, and no account of the stranger. Their astonishment giving place to grief, and their grief to rage, they dispersed in all directions, seizing whatever weapons they could lay hands on, and breathing vengeance against the murderer.

Mc Eneiry heard, from his place of concealment the hue and cry that was raised after him, and was ready to die with fear, when, unexpectedly, he felt his legs grasped hard, just above the ancles, by two powerful hands. He uttered a yell of despair, and kicked and plunged with all his might and main, but to no purpose. He was dragged forth from his hiding place, and thought all was over with him when suddenly a well-known voice addressed him in the following words :

"Well, tell me, what do you deserve from me now, after the manner in which you have acted ?"

At this question Tom ventured to look up, when to his great relief and joy, he beheld his Man standing before him.

"What do you deserve, I ask you ?" said the Man.

"I desarves to be pulled asundher between four wild horses," answered Tom, with a look of humility.

"Very well," said the Man, "since I see you have some sense of your merits, I will protect you this once, although it would be serving you right if I left you to fall into the hands of your pursuers. But rise up now, boldly, and come with me to the Castle."

"To the Castle !" cried Tom in terror, "is it to be torn in pieces you want me ?"

"Do not fear that," replied the Man, "tell them when you meet them, that you could not finish the

operation without my assistance, and leave the rest to me."

Tom allowed himself to be persuaded, and both went boldly forward towards the Castle. When the multitude beheld Mc Eneiry they rushed towards him with horrible outcries, demanding his immediate death.

"Stop! stop! hear me!" cried Tom.

"We won't hear you," they exclaimed with one voice, "you murtherer, what made you kill the great O'Neil? We'll make small bits o' you."

"Don't," said Tom, "if you do, the great O'Neil will never rise again."

"No wondher for him, when you cut the head off him."

"Be quiet," said Tom, "an' I tell ye he'll be as brisk as a kid in half an hour. The operation isn't half done yet, for I couldn't finish it rightly without my man, as he had something belonging to the profession that I couldn't do without."

"'Tis true for my master," said the Man, "let ye fall back, if ye want ever to see the great O'Neil again."

The people were appeased, and Mc Eneiry, with his Man, entered the room in which the body lay. When all was made fast, a strong guard being now set on window and door, the Man took up the head, and shook a little powder on the wound, after which he placed it on the shoulders, and slapping him smartly on the back, said:—

"Rise up, now, Great O'Neil, and I wish you joy of your fine features and your fine poll of hair."

O'Neil jumped upon the floor, and they led him to the looking glass, but on seeing the beautiful countenance which he now possessed, his transports were so great that he had well nigh broken his bones springing and leaping over tables and chairs, and cutting all kinds of capers in his extacy. When the vehemence of his glee

had somewhat abated, he unlocked the door and summoned his lady and all the household to witness the change which had been effected. All congratulated him upon it, and all lavished praises and caresses on Mc Eneiry and his Man as plentifully as they had done abuse and menaces before. A grand banquet was made, to which all the chieftains in the neighbourhood were invited. The feasting lasted several days, during which Mc Eneiry and his Man were treated with all the respect and attention due to noblemen of the highest rank. At length they signified to him their intention of departing, as the duties of their profession would not suffer them to continue longer at his Castle. O'Neil pressed them much to stay longer, but finding them determined, he commanded his herdsman to fetch forty of the fattest bullocks in his paddock, and while he was doing so, he ordered his groom to bring forward two noble horses, ready bridled and saddled, for the journey. When all was ready he went into one of his own secret apartments, and brought out two pair of boots, one pair full of gold, and the other of silver. Ten men were then summoned to drive home the cattle.

"Allow me, Mr. Mc Eneiry, said the great O'Neil, "to present you with this trifling mark of my esteem. Those horses, and this gold and silver and the cattle which you behold, I request you to accept as a very inadequate compensation for the important service you have rendered me."

They took leave of all in the Castle and departed. When they were passing the furze hill in which Mc Eneiry had concealed his harp, he got down off his horse and went to look for it. Finding it safe where he laid it, he brought it out and placed it on the saddle before him, when all resumed their journey. When they had gone two or three miles on the road homeward, the Man called aloud to the cattle drivers and

asked them who they were? They answered that they were labourers belonging to the great O'Neil.

"What time," said he, "did he allow you to go and come?"

"He allowed us a fortnight, or a month if necessary," replied one of the men.

"Ah!" said the Man, "go home, my poor fellows, and till your gardens during that time, and we will drive these cattle home ourselves."

Saying this he put his hand into one of his boots and gave each of them a handful of gold, and another of silver, and sent them away filled with gratitude, and leaving abundance of praise and blessing behind them.

When they were out of sight, Mc Eneiry said, after proceeding for some time in silence:

"How very liberal you made yourself in sharing my gold and silver!"

"Make yourself easy now," said the Man, "I did not, I am sure, altogether, give one bootful out of the four, and we shall have more in the remainder than we can spend for the rest of our lives."

"That won't do," said Mc Eneiry, "you should have borne in mind that I was the master, and that the whole was given to me."

"Remember," said the Man, "that what we have was very easily acquired, and, therefore, we ought to share with the poor; for what we have ourselves does not belong to us altogether, especially when we have obtained it without much trouble. And as to your part, I am sure if I was to leave you where you were hid in the bush the other morning, you would be thinking of something else besides bootfuls of gold and silver before now."

Mc Eneiry said nothing, and they continued their journey in silence, until they reached the foot of Knoc Fierna.

"Now," said the Man, "we are on the spot where we first met, and as I suppose we must part, let me see how you'll behave yourself, and I hope not as you did on a former occasion."

"Very well," replied Tom, "I am here now, at home and among my own neighbours, and those that know me, and will you let me have the sharing of what we got?"

"Let us hear what division you intend to make of it, first," said the Man.

"There are forty bullocks here," said Mc Eneiry, "and if you are willing to take five of them I'll be content with the remainder. There are also four bootfuls of gold and silver, with the exception of what you made away with on the road, and I am satisfied you should take a proportionable share of them as of the cattle."

"And do you imagine," said the Man, "that any one would be satisfied with such a division? I'll leave it to that woman behind you, with the can in her hand, whether I ought to consent to it."

"What woman?" asked Mc Eneiry, looking around. He saw no woman, and turning again, neither cattle, nor man, nor boots, nor horses were visible. At this second disappointment, Mc Eneiry began to roar and bawl at such a rate, that it was a wonder he had not the whole neighbourhood in commotion. His lamentations were interrupted by the approach of a horseman very genteelly dressed, and with rather a simple expression of countenance, who accosted him civilly and inquired the occasion of his grief. Tom evaded the question, not feeling very proud of what had taken place, and the stranger, observing a harp in his hand, requested him to play a little, and that if he liked his music he would give him a piece of money. Tom complied, but did not produce altogether such ravishing strains as when at the Castle of Seaghan an Fhiona.

"Indeed," said the stranger, "I can't flatter you on

your proficiency in music; but, however, as I know something of the art myself, I will give you this horse, briddle and saddle, as he stands, for your harp."

"Never say it again," said Tom, it is a bargain," thinking in his own mind that he could make something of the horse by selling it.

The stranger alighted and Tom got up in his place, but he soon found cause to repent of his bargain. He was no sooner fixed on the saddle, than the horse stretched himself at full length, and shot like an arrow along the hill side, and, taking the direction of the Cove of Cork, flew over hedges and ditches, walls, houses, churches, towns and villages with such rapidity, that Tom felt as if his life had been left half a mile behind him. When he reached the Cove, the horse suddenly turned, and keeping his off shoulder to the sea, gallopped or rather glided, all round Ireland, and never stopped until he returned to Knoc Fierna, where the stranger was still standing with the harp.

"Well, how do you like your purchase?" he asked with a smile, as Mc Eneiry gasping for breath sat clinging to the saddle bow, his features pale, his eyes almost starting from his head and his hair blown backward in such a manner that he looked more like a maniac than a rational being.

"Oh, take me down, an' the heavens bless you," said Tom, with difficulty. "I'm stuck to the saddle, myself, an' I cant't stir. Make haste, or I'm in dhread he'll be for the road again."

The stranger complied, and Tom alighted from the horse.

"You may take your horse, now," said Tom, "and much good may it do you."

"No," said the stranger, "I can't do that, for what I once give I never take back again. But I'll buy him from you, if you are willing to sell him."

"What will you give me for him?" asked Tom.

"I have a razor here," said he, "and it is endowed with a property, so that let a man's clothes be ever so bad, if you give them the least scar with it, he will have a perfectly new suit in an instant."

"I declare then," said Tom, "a little touch of that razor would be very much wanting to myself at this moment, for my own are nothing the better for the wear."

The bargain was struck again, and Tom was so eager to be well dressed that he opened the razor on the instant, and cut a small piece off the tail of his coat. No sooner had he done so, than he found himself attired from head to foot in the pie-bald uniform of a professed fool, perfectly new, but boasting a greater number of colours than he cared for.

"Well," said the stranger, "are you satisfied with your new suit?"

"I'm made a real fool at last," replied Tom, "but tell me what is your reason for playing these tricks on me?"

"You may well ask that," said the stranger. "All that you have suffered is the fruit of your own covetousness. You were extravagant in your days of prosperity, and poverty did not teach you compassion."

"I own it," said Tom, with a sorrowful look, "and I blame myself now very much that I didn't take the fair half I was offered both times, since I see you know all about it—or that I did not content myself with even a part of that same."

"Still," said the stranger, "it is your covetousness makes you express that regret, and not a due sense of your error. And now do you wish to know who I am?"

"I would, indeed, be glad to hear it," said Tom.

"I am Don Firine," replied the stranger, "of whom

I dare say you have often heard, and I reside in this mountain."

At the sound of this famous name, Mc Eneiry started back in astonishment.

"I heard of your distress," continued Don Firine, "and I came to relieve you when you first left home with your harp, but you were so covetous that I could do nothing for you, although I made several trials, thinking that one or two severe lessons might be sufficient to open your eyes and your heart, but you would not be taught. I would have made you rich and prosperous for the remainder of your life; but now, that fool's coat you wear shall be the only one you shall ever be able to purchase."

Saying these words, he disappeared, and Mc Eneiry returned to his home poorer than when he left it. His wife and daughter received him kindly, until he told them how he had fared since they parted, and the cause of his re-appearing amongst them in his present ridiculous dress. When they had heard his story, they all joined in blaming him, and though they shared his disappointment, could not but acknowledge that he had brought it on himself.

"And now, gentlemen," said the Seventh Juror, "comes a difficulty which was hardly contemplated in the regulations of our Institution. You all, I suppose, expect either a song or a shilling from me at this moment. I acknowledge my culpability in not having confessed my infirmity at the time when our rules were made, but I'm not the only person in the world who has allowed himself to be placed in a prominent position without recollecting that he wanted some necessary quality, until the moment came for exercising it. I never turned a tune in the whole course of my life."

At this announcement there was a murmur of dissatisfaction amongst the Jury.

"And I, gentlemen," said another Juror, "am in exactly the same predicament. I think it better to tell you so before it comes to my turn, lest you may accuse me of having any longer deluded you with false expectations. It will be impossible to make me sing, inasmuch as Nature denied me the capability, and it would be unjust to fine me for it, as my will is wholly blameless in the affair."

"I fear, gentleman, observed the Foreman, "if this be allowed we shall have neither songs nor fines. For my own part," he continued, with a look of increasing determination, "I am fully resolved to enforce the conditions agreed upon at the commencement of the night's entertainment, so long as I am supported by my respected brethren who have placed me in the chair."

The fine—the fine—the fine resounded from all parts of the room, at the conclusion of this address, and ceased only when the defaulting Juryman had deposited a shilling in the snuff tray. He protested, however, that, when offering his inability to sing as an excuse, he had no desire to evade the penalty. This unexpected difficulty being arranged, the Juryman next in succession commenced his tale, as follows :—

THE EIGHTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

MR. TIBBOT O'LEARY, THE CURIOUS.

They use commonly to send up and downe to knowe news, and if any meet with another, his second word is—what news? Insomuch, that hereof is told a prattie jest of a Frenchman, who, having been sometimes in Ireland, where he remarked their great inquiries for newes, and meeting afterwards in France an Irishman whom he knew in Ireland, first saluted him, and afterwards said thus merrily, "O Sir, I pray you tell me of curtesie, have you heard any thing of the news, that you so much inquired for in your country?"

SPENSER.

MR. TIBBOT O'LEARY, THE CURIOUS.

CHAPTER I.

In that exceedingly romantic, but lonesome tract of country which extends along the Upper Lake of Killarney, there stood, within my own recollection, one of those antique mansions, which are to be found in different stages of decay in many parts of the country. It was easy to see from the style of building, that the hands by which it was raised, had given up business for more than a century, at least.

In this house, somewhat less than fifty years since, there dwelt a gentleman of very ancient family indeed. He was one of those persons whose faces ought to be turned behind them, in order to correspond with the prevailing bias of their intellects, for he seemed to think of nothing but the past, and was infinitely more familiar with the days of Moses and Zoroaster, than with his own. As to the future, he saw, and desired to see no more of it than a man beholds of those objects which stand in a right line behind him. His tastes, if not so entirely sentimental as those of Sterne, who could find more satisfaction in communing with a dead ass than with a living christian, appeared yet sufficiently fantastic in their way, to that very limited number of per-

sons who had the honour of being scattered in his neighbourhood. A mouldy Irish manuscript, a Danish rath or fort, a craggy ruin of an Abbey or Castle, which had survived the very memory of their possessors, a moss-covered cromleach, or lonely Druid stone, were to him more welcome company any day in the year, than the wittiest or most sociable amongst his living friends. As to the ladies, if Cleopatra herself were to arise from the grave, unless her great antiquity might awaken some interest for her, she would find her charms and talents as entirely wasted on the insipid mind of Mr. Tibbot O'Leary, as they were in her natural life-time on that very ill-bred gentleman whom they call Octavius Cæsar. Although habits of retirement and absence of mind had made him very unobservant of the manners of his own time, and he was apt to make awkward mistakes occasionally, both at his own table, and at those of others, yet he could hardly be taxed with a want of breeding, for he would have known to a nicety how to conduct himself at the tables of Lucullus or Mecœnas, when those who now laughed at him for his ignorance, would have looked like fools or clodpoles by his side.

But the darling object of his affections, was a round tower. What especially charmed him about these singular buildings was, that nobody in the world could tell for what possible use they were intended. Volumes on volumes had been written, all proving the great learning and acuteness of the different writers, yet the subject still remained as much a mystery as ever. What in the world could they be for? That was the question which constantly recurred to his mind, alone or in company, silent or conversing, sleeping or awake. There they were, round, lofty edifices; as cylindrical inside and outside as the barrel of a gun, exact in all their proportions, and admirable in their masonry, yet of no possible use that anybody could divine—no steps—no

way of getting up to the top, either inside or outside, no apartment underneath, nothing but its small doorway, and the tall circular wall, as if the sole object of the founder had been, to show how high it was possible to build a round wall, which could not be of any earthly use to himself or to anybody else. They could scarcely have been watch-towers, seeing that some (as at Glendaloch) were at the bottom of a valley, and surrounded by hills, any one of which would give a better view than the top of the round tower. Nor could they have been Stylite columns, since that was acknowledged to be almost exclusively an Oriental institution. Nor could he see that great resemblance in structure, which others professed to discover between them and the Pyratheia of the Persian Gaurs, which are still to be seen in the East, for those last were at least habitable and accessible. What on earth could they be for? There was no knowing, and that was the very circumstance which fascinated his mind, and kept his intellectual powers for ever on the stretch.

Absorbed by such pursuits, he felt not for a long time the loneliness of his position, living in a dilapidated house, with no other company than that of his man, Tom Nash, and a moving antique in the shape of an old woman who took care of his housekeeping. Tom felt no great interest for ruins either old or new, and had a much keener taste for a corned round of beef, or a cheek of pork and greens, than for all the round towers between Scattery Island and the Persian Gulf. However, he always listened or seemed to listen attentively, while his master spoke; and as the latter, in their rambles from place to place, unfolded to his mind's eye the most recondite learning of past ages, he was careful to mark at the same time his attention, and his astonishment, at every new piece of information, by such intelligent observations as, "See that!" "Murther, mur-

ther !" "Well, well, there's nothing can surpass the art o' man !"

In this complacency he found his account. An attentive or patient pair of ears, was an article which his master valued in proportion to its rarity, and as amongst the few which flourished in his vicinity, still fewer were at his service as often as he could wish, his esteem for those which adorned the head of Tom Nash, made him liberal to their owner. And if ever any piece of neglect or awkwardness occurred to diminish the cordiality with which his master always treated him, Tom had it always in his power to restore himself to favour, by taking the first opportunity to ask, as if from a reverie : "Why then, I wondher, masther, what in the airthly universe could them ould round towers be built for ?"

This was certain to bring back good humour, and in the learned disquisition which followed, all traces of displeasure were sure to be forgotten.

I have already said that Mr. O'Leary lived almost alone, nor, though yet young, did he seem to have any idea of (as the phrase is) "changing his condition." Rumour said, indeed, for rumour will find its way even into a wilderness, that it had not always been so, and that a disappointment of a nature which least of all could be suggested by his present character and pursuits, had much to do both with his present retirement and his studies. It was whispered, moreover, that he owed it all to an unreasonable exercise of the same spirit of restless and fidgetty curiosity, which had been a leading feature in his character from childhood, and many thought his present occupations were no more than a new direction taken by the ruling passion. The manner in which he first met with his man Nash, furnished a proof that he had been afflicted with it long before it took its present turn.

Mr. Tibbot O'Leary was left early in possession of his property; so early that he was compelled to become a man of business almost before he was a man at all Even at this period, however, and indeed long before, he was the same busy, systematic, prying, inquisitive, untiring burthen to himself, and plague to his neighbours that he was all his life, until his river of curiosity happily emptied itself into the boundless ocean of antiquarian research. There was scarce a sentence left his lips, or a thought passed through his mind, which might not have a note of interrogation placed at the end of it.

One of his numerous daily practices was to walk down as far as the gate of his own avenue, which opened on the mail coach road, at half past nine o'clock every morning, and at quarter to four every evening; these being the two diurnal periods at which the coach passed, or ought to pass on its way, to and from the nearest county town. And if he were too early for the coach (he never was too late), he would wait patiently, with his back against the pier of his gate, until the "conveniency" made its appearance, and at the very instant it was passing his own gate, he would draw out his silver hunting watch and mark the time, and then leisurely walk home and compare his watch with the dial, and then compare the dial with the almanac, making allowance to the fourth place of decimals for difference of longitude, and thus discover exactly how many minutes, or fractions of minutes, the coach had been "behind time" in its progress for that day. Nor was he a jot disconcerted by observing, (indeed he did not observe it at all,) that in progress of time the automaton-like regularity of his appearance and of his movements, the punctual apparition of his figure seen afar off leaning against the pier, the motion of the hand to the watch-fob as the coach drew nigh, the production

of the time piece, and the glance at the coach to observe the precise moment when they were in a direct line opposite the gate, all became matter of undisguised amusement to the coachman and his passengers, who might be seen looking back with laughing countenances, as he put up his watch with the air of a philosopher, and walked up the avenue, to complete the troublesome process which he had imposed on himself as a morning and evening recreation.

"Have you any news?" was at this time the second or third, and often the first question which he put to every acquaintance at meeting. Having, unlike busy-bodies in general, brought his own affairs into tolerable order, little remained for him to do besides interesting himself in those of the world outside; and his feeble mind, like a creeping shrub unable to support itself, went throwing its tendrils about in all directions, seeking for events and circumstances to prevent it from falling back an inert mass upon itself. Fortunately, his hunger for novelty was of a kind which was easily appeased. His more observant friends soon remarked that any answer satisfied him, except a direct negative, and this was his aversion. To tell him of a sick cow, a dog strayed or poisoned, a servant turned off, a leg of mutton spoiled in the cooking, anything was preferable to the barren and unwelcome "No." Indeed, to those who knew him, few things could be more painful than its infliction; and, accordingly, where it was understood that nothing more was requisite than merely to keep the sense of hearing in play for a certain portion of time, there was scarcely any one who had not got news of some kind for Tibbot O'Leary. Those who did *not* know him, were not so well aware of the nature of the food for which he craved, and were not so prompt in satisfying his hunger, as was exemplified in his first meeting with his man Tom Nash.

One morning Mr. Tibbot O'Leary arrived as usual a few minutes before half past nine o'clock at his own pier gate. Crossing the stile he was surprised and disconcerted to find his place occupied by a young country lad, who seemed to have made a long and wearisome journey, and was now resting in Tibbot's favourite attitude, and against his favourite pier. The lad touched his hat respectfully, but did not move. Mr. O'Leary began to grow fidgetty, but felt as if it would be inhospitable to desire him to change his quarters; besides that, it would look somewhat ridiculous to turn him away from the pier merely for the purpose of taking the place himself, and the fellow had an arch eye which looked as if nothing ridiculous would be likely to escape it. The exclusive possession of the pier of a gate could hardly be an object of ambition to any being, except a cow to whom the sharp angle at the corner might be a temptation, or a human being inclined to indulge in the same pastime. Mr. O'Leary, however, had no such inclination, so, on that morning, the coachman, the guard, and the passengers were astonished to behold Mr. O'Leary for the first time go through his customary evolutions on the opposite side of the gate to that at which he was wont to stand. After the coach had passed, and the watch was put up, Tibbot glanced at the individual who ornamented the opposite pier, and said:

"Well, my man, who are you?"

"A poor boy, plase your honour."

"Have you any news?"

"Not a word, your honour."

"No news!" What's your name?"

"Tom Nash, sir," (respectfully touching the leaf of his hat with the tip of his forefinger).

"Where do you come from?"

"E'stwards, your honour."

"And where are you going?"

"Westwards, your honour."

"And you have no news?"

"Not a word, plase your honour."

"How far do you mean to go?"

"Why then, just until somebody axes me to stay."

"And who do you expect to 'ax' you, as you call it?"

"Wisha, some gentleman that'll have an open heart an' a house by the road side. Sure, 'tisn't any close-fisted negar I'd expect to ax me."

"Umph! And who do you imagine would give a night's lodging to a person like you, who hasn't got a word of news or anything to say that would make his company entertaining or desirable?"

"Wisha, that's as it falls out. If they doesn't do it for God's sake, I don't expect they'd do it for mine. 'Tisn't any fault o' mine. If I hard any news goin' I wouldn't begridge tellin' it."

"But you didn't hear it?"

"I did not."

"Not a word?"

"Not one."

"Don't you come from town?"

"I does."

"And didn't you hear any news there?"

"I did not."

"That's very strange. They almost always have news in town of some kind or another."

"If they had it, they were very sparin' of it this turn, for they didn't give me any."

"Did you ask for it?"

"Wisha, then, not to tell your honour a lie, I didn't. I had something else to think of."

"What else had you to think of?"

"Oh, then, my poverty and my hunger, an' the distance that was betune me an' home."

"Where is your home?"

"Wisha, no where, until some one makes it out for me. But my native place is behind near Kenmare."

"How long is it since you left it?"

"Six years."

"And you are now going back?"

"I am."

"I suppose you had a great many strange adventures during your absence from home?"

"Och, then, not belyin' your honour, sorrow a 'venther, 'cept that it was a venthersom thing o' me ever to think of lavin' it."

"And did you never hear anything worth relating during all those six years?"

"Sorrow ha'p'orth."

"Did nothing ever happen to any of your friends or acquaintances, that might be worth mentioning?"

"Sorrow ha'p'orth ever happened any of 'em as I know."

"Nor to yourself?"

"Not a ha'p'orth. What should happen me?"

"Did nobody ever tell you a story of any kind that was worth listening to?"

"I never heard one."

If ever there was an individual less likely than another to get into the good graces of Tibbot O'Leary, it was the uninquisitive, incommunicative being who now stood before him. After contemplating his figure in silence for some moments, he turned away, saying:

"Upon my word, my man, if you have no more than that to say to your friends when you get to Kenmare, you'll be no great prize to them when they have you, or to any one you meet on the way either."

By this time the traveller began to form a better estimate of the man with whom he had to deal. Seeing the inquisitive gentleman turn up the avenue with a

discontented air, he thrust his head between the bars of the gate, and called aloud :

"Please your honour !"

"Well ?" said Tibbot, turning and looking over his shoulder.

"I have some news, plase your honour."

The brow of Mr. O'Leary relaxed.

"Well," said he, "what is it ?"

"I was comin' through a part o' the County Tipperary the other day, and passing near the foot o' the Galteigh mountains, what should I see only a power o' people with horses and tacklin' an they dhraggin' after 'em the longest bames o' timber I ever seen upon the road—great firs and pine trees fit for the mast of a man of war, an' bigger, that looked as if they were just cut down for some purpose or another, an' so they wor. I wondhered greatly, an' I axed one o' the people where it is they were goin' with the big threes. 'We're goin' to plant 'im on the top o' the Galteighs,' says he. 'What to do?' says I. 'A big split that comes in the sky,' says he, 'an' 'tis only lately we observed it. So we're gettin' the tallest threes we can find to prop it up, for the split is increasin', an' there's no knowin' the minute it may fall.' When I hard that, I axed him no more, but left him an' come away."

"Well," exclaimed Mr. O'Leary, "and why didn't you tell me that at first?"

"Oh, sure, tisn't every news a *keowt* o' my kind would hear, that would be worth relating to larned quollity like your honour."

"Come along, come along and get your dinner," said Mr. O'Leary. "You should never say you have no news, man."

They went up the avenue together, and so well did the traveller contrive to obliterate the bad impression he had made in the first instance, that before the day

was over, he was formally inaugurated into the post which he ever after continued to hold in Mr. O'Leary's household.

It was very shortly after this auspicious meeting that Mr. O'Leary made the visit to the Metropolis, which was the subject of so much mysterious whispering, and question, and conjecture in his own neighbourhood long after his return. And about the period of this last event, likewise, it was that the vane of Tibbot O'Leary's curiosity (to the great joy and relief of all his living friends,) began to stream backward steadily towards the past, and ceased to interest itself as much as before in the petty affairs of his contemporaries, on which his genius had been hitherto exhausted. It was hinted that it would have been happier for him had his enquiries taken this turn before his return from Dublin. The fair cause of his disappointment and retreat, had, it was said, no other ground of dissatisfaction, on her own admission, than poor Tibbot's ruling foible, which had become more and more intolerable as their intimacy increased. Many a characteristic scene, whether real or imaginary, was retailed among the fire-side circles in the neighbourhood as having led to the lachrymose result which exercised so strong an influence over O'Leary's subsequent fortunes. If poor Tibbot was fidgetty and inquisitive with his acquaintances in general, there was no end to his queries in the company of one in whom he felt a particular interest, and without having a particle of jealousy in his constitution, all his conduct was like that of a jealous person. Now, without having anything the least in the world criminal to conceal, all ladies know, and gentlemen too, that a thousand things happen in the customary routine of life, which it may not suit one's purpose to speak of even to one's most intimate friend. Even the poet who insists most strongly on the merit of confidential frank-

ness, advises you, though in the company of "a bosom crony" to

> —still keep something to yoursel,
> Ye'll scarcely tell to ony.

If Tibbott saw Miss Crosbie talking to a stranger in the street, he should know who he was? who was his father? who was mother? what was his business in town? &c., besides a thousand similar queries, the repeated answering or evading which, was found so burthensome, that it finally outweighed all the good qualities of the querist. Among many appropriate speeches which were kindly ascribed to the hero and heroine of the fire-side romance, by the tattle-mongers in the country side, there was one which was said to have produced a powerful effect in making poor Tibbot look like a fool, at the time it was uttered:

"If notes of interrogation were as current as other notes, Mr. O'Leary," said the lady, "what an immense capital you could set afloat!"

Others averred that there was no such exclusive feeling of disappointment whatever, on the part of the gentleman, and that it was quite as much in accordance with his own desire as with that of the lady, that the affair ended as it did. However this might be, Tibbot did not seem to allow the event to weigh very heavily upon his spirits, and it was with much equanimity that he subsequently even heard of her marriage to another. His beloved studies supplied to him the place of all other domestic happiness, and but for one of those accidents which so much more frequently determine the fortunes of men, than any efforts of prudence or foresight, he might have continued his solitary pursuits until he had become himself as venerable a relic of the past as any of the weather-worn *dallans* or *trilithons*, or musty manuscripts over which he was accustomed to

consume his youthful hours with all the devotion of an enthusiast.

It was late on an autumn evening, and throughout the lonesome apartments of Mr. O'Leary's dwelling, that interval of stillness reigns which preceeds the hour of general nightly rest. Tom Nash was getting out turf for the next morning. The old woman was raking the kitchen fire in the huge ash-pit. The proprietor of the mansion was in a distant corner of the building, with a chamber candle in his hand, looking over the precious antiquarian treasures contained in that apartment which he called his library, but which had much more the appearance of a museum, or the cabinet of a dealer in the black art. Here stood the jaw bones of an enormous grampus which was stranded on the coast of Dingle half a century before, there a huge stalactyte, from some inland cavern, here a penny struck in Galway, when Edward IV. had a mint in that town, there a thigh bone of heaven knows what animal, with a neck and head of a moose deer, here a model of the five-inch hail-stones, which fell in 1748, there a massive silver broche, which had figured on the breast of some Kerry chieftian, of the middle ages ; here a whole array of battered trumpets, rusty swords, wicker targets, skenes, bows and arrows, bells, crosses, and other mementos, to show how our ancestors used to live, and how people used to kill one another in former times ; there a row of fossils, Kerry diamonds, pyrites from Bantry, marcasites from Carberry, and so forth.

Nor was his library less curious. Heaps of Irish manuscript songs, and metrical histories of the ancient bards and senachies of historiographers of the isle ; volumes, the contents of which, like the vane of a vessel sailing against the wind, still pointed backwards towards the year of the creation, huge folios in various languages, and above all, a whole shelf of learned treatises on the

probable use and origin of round towers, were ranged against the walls of his apartment.

On a sudden, the unusual sound of a horse's hoof was heard upon the avenue. Mr. O'Leary, in his room, holding the candle in his hand, and Tom Nash in the kitchen, at the same instant paused to listen. What belated wight could it be, who sought so unfrequented a place of shelter, as Chore Abbey, at this lonesome hour. It was evident the rider was a man and a merry fellow, too, for as he drew near the house, they could hear him singing at the top of his voice, a burlesque Latin version of a popular song :—

Quum tyrocinii tempus in Drogheda
Impiger egi ut ullus in oppido,
Magistri filia Bidelia Doghertidas
Foramen fecit in corde Raffertidis.

Both the voice and words seemed familiar to the ear of Tibbot O'Leary, for his countenance immediately exhibited a mingled expression of pleasure and alarm.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed, "it is he, sure enough. Was ever any thing more unfortunate? How did he find me out here, and what shall I do with him?"

"Why then, who in the airthly universe is that, that's comin' singin' to the doore at such an hour?" ejaculated Tom Nash, below stairs.

"Now for an arrowy shower of ridicule, and shallow derision," said the master above.

"Now for another job o' work afther I thinkin' all my business was done for the night," said the servant below.

Unconscious of this querulous duet, which his arrival occasioned within door, the *sans souci* horseman, instead of taking the trouble to alight at the hall door continued to shout and sing alternately, at the top of his voice :

"What ho! house! Why, house! I say! Is there any one within?"

"Eu! Eu! Patrici Raffertides!
Macte virtute, Patrici Raffertides!
Magistri filia,
Pulchra Bidelia,
Foraman fecit in corde Raffertidis.

What! house!"

In the mean time, Tom Nash had made his way to the presence of his master.

"The key of the hall doore sir, if you pleaze."

"Oh Tom, I'm ruined."

"How so, sir?"

"This is Mr. Geoffrey Gunn, an old college chum of mine, and the last person in the world whom I would have find me in this place."

"Well, sure 'tis aisy for me to give him the nien shesthig, or for us all to hould our tongue, an' purtind we don't hear him, an' lave him bawlin' an' singin' abroad there 'till he's tired. The Gunn's ar'nt only a modhern stock in these parts. The first of 'em come over ondher Queen Lizabit."

"Nay, nay, that would never answer; I am very glad to meet him, though I could wish—there he calls again, run—run and open the door. And stay, have you got anything for supper?"

"Lashins and lavins."

"Very well, have it ready, and bring it when I call!"

If it be true, as some wise men have asserted that the more a man does, the more he is able to do, it is no less a fact, that the less a man does, the less he is inclined to do. The comparatively idle life which Tom Nash led under his studious master, had strengthened to the utmost, a powerful natural taste for doing nothing, and rendered him proportionably unfriendly to any demands upon his labour, especially, when they happened to be unforseen, or out of course.

"Why then, you're welcome, as the farmer said to the tithe procthor," he muttered, going down stairs,

"what a charmin' voice you have this evenin'. I must go, make up your horse now, and give him a feed, and be cleanin' your boots, an' stirrups, in place o' bein' where I ought to be this time o' night, in my warm bed. An' all on account of a roystherin' bawlin' bedlamite that——What's wanting', plaze your honour?" he added in an altered tone, as he opened the door and confronted the belated horseman.

"Is your master at home?"

"He is, plaze your honour."

"Will you tell him that his old friend, Mr. Gunn, is come to see him."

"He knows it already, plaze your honour. He hear your honour singin' on the aveny, an' he knows the voice. Tom Nash, says he, (mainin' myself,) that's Misther Geoffrey Gunn, my old friend, an' I'm very glad to meet him, says he, take care an' have supper ready when I call!"

"It appears to me, Tom," said the stranger, as he dismounted, and gave the bridle to Nash, "that you cannot be much troubled with visitors in this place."

"Only middlin', sir, of an odd turn. The last we had was Aisther two years, a very civil, aisy spoken gentleman indeed. He stopped only the one night, an' ga'e me a half crown in the mornin' when he was goin', although I never seen any one that gave so little throuble. I wanted not to take it, but he wouldn't be said by me."

"Um. And where am I to find your master?"

"If your honour will condescend to take the light in your hand, an' go sthrait up stairs, while I'm takin' round the horse, you'll find him above, in the library. That's the place for you to visit. He has all the ould rattle-thraps, an' curiosities up there, that ever was dug out o' the bowls o' the airth since the creation. That's the man that has the long head. Take care of the hole

upon the first landing. You'll see yoursel' where there's a step wantin'—in the second flight. You can see the kitchen down through it. The gentleman we had here last, was near breakin' his leg in it, comin' down stairs in the mornin'. We forgot to tell him about it."

Taking the candle in his hand, Mr. Gunn proceeded to ascend the venerable staircase, with all the caution which these hints were calculated to excite. It is curious to think of what materials we are made, and how apt we are to consider an object rather as it appears to men, than as it really is in itself. The idea that there could be any thing absurd or ridiculous in his present pursuits, had never once occurred to Mr. O'Leary, yet now that he found himself and them about to be subjected to the eye of one, who, whatever he might think of the present or the future, did not, as he knew, care a button for the past, he felt as much ashamed, as if he were conscious himself that his life was spent in a very silly manner. Whether it was, however, that is not so easy, or so amusing to quiz a man in his own house as elsewhere, or that the world had altered him, Geoffrey Gunn did not manifest the least inclination to turn his old companion or his "curiosities," as Nash called them, into ridicule. On the contrary, he even manifested a degree of interest about them, and after mutual and cordial enquiries had been interchanged between them, he had the civility to ask the names of two or three of the most fantastic looking objects which he beheld around him. Charmed the more with his complacency, as it was so wholly unexpected, Mr. O'Leary explained their uses and history, much admiring the change which time had wrought in his old friend, since the period when himself was wont to form the target of his merriment.

"And that curious looking thing—that long spike with the ring and two heavy balls at one end of it. It seems of silver."

"The purest silver. It is a broche."

"A broche!" exclaimed Gunn, placing it against his shirt frill. "Why it weighs half a pound!"

"The more nearly resembling the menial, but necessary utensil, from which it derives its name," said Mr. O'Leary. "It is the dealg-fallain or ancient Irish cloak bodkin, worn at the cosherings or feasts of the nobility."

"Bless me!" said Gunn, "who would have thought it! I say, O'Leary, what a figure a man would cut goin' to a subscription ball at the Rotunda, with such a thing as that stuck in his button-hole! Well, you have a complete museum here, a second Noah's ark. What a time it must have taken you to get them all together! And you have them all so pat at your finger's end. [Here he yawned slightly.] Well, it is all very curious, I dare say, and very entertaining to those who have a talent for such studies. Besides, it is so much more interesting and instructive to spend one's time amid the relics of the past—the memorials of the mighty dead, as somebody calls them, than amongst the frivolous beings, who usurp the name of men in our own degenerate time. As Tully says, "*Heu quanto minus est cum iis versari quam te meminisse!*"

Mr. O'Leary made no reply, unwilling to interrupt a flow of sentiment, which he could not sufficiently admire.

"Yes," said Geoffrey Gunn, "there is a grandeur about the past, which, the more one thinks of it, makes him shrink with distaste, from the pettiness and littleness of the present. There is a sublimity of feeling associated with the preterite *Was* which its fellow tense *Is* can never produce. The very sound of the words, indicate a superiority in the former. *Was*, full-toned and broad, opens the whole mouth. *Is*, comes forth between the teeth, like the hiss of a goose. How pleasing to turn from the tiresome, matter of fact illu-

mination of our own times, that spread of dry practical knowledge, which takes away from learning half its importance, by removing its singularity, and contemplate the beautiful gloom of those majestic ages, when the very alphabet itself, to the mass of mankind, was invested with all the interests of mystery !"

"My dear Geoffrey," said Mr. O'Leary, "I forgot to ask, have you dined?"

"Psha, a fig for dinner or breakfast either," said Gunn, after another stifled yawn, "I am not so entirely void of taste, as to think about eating, while such a mental treat as this is spread before me. And not to speak of the pleasure, the utility of such pursuits must be apparent to everybody. For instance, but for the fortunate recovery of those silver bodkins, would not the knowledge of the manner in which the old O'Donoghoes and their contemporaries fastened their cloaks, be lost for ever to the world? Besides, it is so much more useful to study how people lived a thousand years ago, than it is to reflect, how we are to live ourselves. Any fool can know his own business, but it is only men of sense and understanding, as well as charity, who take an interest in that of persons who are no longer able to take care of it themselves." [Another heroic effort to suppress a yawn.]

"You must be hungry, however. It is a good step from Killarney here. [He rung the bell.] Besides, we can so much more agreeably talk over old times at a supper table by the fire-side."

Geoffrey Gunn suffered himself to be prevailed upon, and a very tolerable supper was speedily laid before the pair, to which Gunn did such justice, as showed that his antiquarian enthusiasm had not taken away his appetite. On a sudden, while they conversed upon indifferent subjects, Gunn raised his head and said, as if a sudden thought had struck him :

"Apropos of antiquities, Tibbot, are you acquainted with this great female antiquarian, who lives in your neighbourhood?"

"Not I. Whom do you mean?"

"Why, now that's very odd. I have only come down to this part of the country, to snatch a peep at the lake, during the vacation, and I know more of your neighbours, than you who live on the spot; but then, rogue as you are, I would be a fool to you, I warrant, if we came to question about the court of the Ptolomies or Phamesas. But, indeed, it was accidentally I heard of her first. She is a Miss Moriarty, (a genuine west country stock,) and a very witch at the books; knows Hebrew, and can even scrawl a hieroglyphic or two of the Chaldaic and such things. As for Greek and Latin, she makes no more of them, than a squirrel would of cracking a nut."

"Is it possible? How odd I should never have heard of her!"

"Not at all odd, my dear fellow, you were busy about more important things. It is only for us ephemeral beings to have our ears cocked for such every day novelties. But, indeed, you ought to know her. She lives not more than half a mile from here, on the Kenmare road, in an humble farm house, tenanted by the husband of a relative, where she has a couple of rooms filled with all the antediluvian rarities in the world. You should have heard her upon the round towers."

"You don't tell me so?"

"She has a theory of her own about them. I had the full benefit of it, for a few days since, I was compelled to take shelter in the house from a shower of rain, and had the honour and happiness of hearing, during the half hour I remained, more words I couldn't understand than I did the whole time I was in college."

A lady in his neighbourhood who knew Hebrew and had got an original theory upon the origin of round towers! Little more was said upon the subject during supper, unless that a particular description was given of the lady's residence; but Tibbot O'Leary was far from letting it slip out of memory. On the following morning, after Geoffrey Gunn had taken his leave, (not forgetting the gentleman who had given Nash a half crown "last Aisther two years," he remained, as that faithful domestic conceived, unusually pensive and silent, though loquacity, indeed, was never amongst his failings. Let us, however, follow Mr. Gunn. He was one of a class of persons very common in Ireland—and for aught I know as common elsewhere. He was a liberal dealer in what might be called white lies. Dining out, or paying a visit, or breakfasting, or even meeting a friend in the street, he seemed to consider his time thrown away if he did not leave a few such fictions behind him; nor was it necessary that they should be in any degree humorous, or have any particular object in view; it was quite sufficient if they had no foundation in truth. A foreign potentate dead—a coach upset—Mrs. O' What d'ye call brought to bed of twins—Mr. So and so killed in a duel—such were the species of inventions which rolled from his lips like a little torrent whenever he found himself amongst a civil set of hearers, and in which he was encouraged by the laughter of some friends with whom he passed for a genuine wit. The instant he turned from Tibbot O'Leary's avenue, he trotted briskly away, and slackened not his speed until he pulled bridle at the door of a Mr. O'Connor, who was not less a gentlemen for being a farmer, and not less a farmer for being a gentleman. This gentleman farmer appeared to have observed his approach from the windows of the sitting-room, for Geoffrey Gunn had no sooner pulled up his horse, than the hall door

opened, and Mr. O'Connor appeared with outstretched hand and smiling countenance.

"Good morrow, good morrow! you are welcome. Well?"

"I told you I'd do it."

"But have you done it? Have you seen him?"

"Seen him! If *you* see him not here before a month is at an end, I'll give you leave to say this head is good for nothing more than slashing wheat upon."

"You're a non-pareil. And is *she* to know any thing about it?"

"As much as your love of small talk may induce you to communicate; provided always, and be it excepted, that no mention be made of a preconcerted plan. One word of *that* would ruin us for ever.

"I understand—trust me for the discreet thing. But come in, come in, we are just going to luncheon. She'll be delighted to see you."

"To tell you the truth," Gunn continued in a lower tone, as he entered the little hall and took off his great coat, "it is partly a matter of conscience with me, for I had a greater share than sits easy on my memory in that former transaction, so that I have something like a personal interest in seeing—Ah, Miss Moriarty, how d'ye do?" &c. &c., and all sat down to luncheon.

There is generally a degree of decorous silence attending the commencement of any serious meal, (such as luncheon often is in a mountainous country,) which gradually wears off according as the motives diminish which stimulate to action rather than to dialogue. Accordingly, for some time, little was heard except the jingle of knives and forks, interspersed with an occasional sentence or two in the way of courtesy. At length the attention of the company to the business before them appeared to relax, and conversation gradually became general.

"A shocking accident I witnessed this moment on the road, Mrs. O'Connor," said Mr. Gunn, "a child run over by a wheel-barrow—never saw such a spectacle—driven by a blind man. Unfortunately it was loaded with stones—saw the infant—the wheel passed over its neck."

"Had they medical aid in time?" asked Mr. O'Connor.

"Why, no—unfortunately the doctor was out of the way, attending a lady who required his services under very peculiar circumstances. She had taken her passage hither in the canal boat at Shannon Harbour, paying cabin fare for one, of course, when, lo and behold you, before they had got half way she thought proper to fall ill, and add two fiue boys and a lovely girl to the number of her majesty's subjects. However, all was well until she came to settle with the captain at parting, when he insisted on being paid his fare for the whole force. She refused—he insisted—and was for keeping possession of the three young defaulters until he should be paid. However, on second thoughts, reflecting that he would probably be no gainer by such an arrangement, he preferred suing for the amount. The case is to come on next term—'tis a very knotty question—bets are even upon it all over the country—the curiosity is most intense. Apropos of curiosity, Miss Moriarty, I saw a friend of yours lately."

"A friend of mine?"

"One at least who ought to be so—as great an antiquarian as yourself—a terrible fellow for round towers—Mr. Tibbot O'Leary."

"Is it possible? How I should like to see him."

"Like all very clever people, he has some oddities; amongst others, I hear he can't bear the idea of a wig or a false tooth—has some extraordinary prejudice about them." Here the speaker and Mr. O'Connor exchanged significant looks, which seemed to indicate that their last

remark had a meaning or a purpose beyond what it might bear upon the surface.

While this was passing, Mr. O'Leary continued silent and reflective as he had been ever since Geoffrey Gunn's departure. Days passed away, and the same moodiness of mind continued. Tom Nash knew not what to think of it. It was in vain that he strove to draw him into a communicative humour, in vain did he even call the talismanic round towers to his aid. From the moment in which Mr. O'Leary first heard of this female Pundit, he was smitten with a desire to hold some conversation with her, and learn her opinion of past ages and matters before the flood. It was not easy, however, to accomplish it, for there was nothing in the world, which he abhored at any time, more than a visit of ceremony, and even if it were otherwise, what formal motive could be assigned for such a visit as this? Geoffrey Gunn, however, had thrown out a hint which recurred to the memory of the Irish antiquarian. For many days, Nash observed him consulting the weather glass, with a frequency which betokened a secret solicitude of mind. It continued during the space of about a month, hovering between the degrees Fair and Set Fair, with a constancy which did not seem to afford his master any considerable degree of satisfaction. At length, about the end of the month, the mercury began to fall, and his master's spirits to rise in an inverse ratio, which was exceedingly puzzling to Nash.

"Tom," said his master, with a look of sprightliness and glee, such as he had not manifested before, since the visit of Mr. Gunn. "Tom, I'm in hopes we'll have rain to-morrow."

"In hopes, masther? 'm sure 'twould be our ruination. Sure, 'tis to-morrow we have men hired to have the piaties dug in the next field."

"Hang the potatoes!" exclaimed Mr. O'Leary.

"Hang the piaties! Millia murdher! I never heard so foolish a speech as that from him before. Hang the piaties! The whole stock we have again' the winter! Lord send them ould books an' round towers ar'nt makin' a whirligig of his brains," Nash muttered, as he left the room. "Wisha, we never hard more than that, any way. Hang the piaties!"

Early on the following morning, Nash went into his master's room as usual, to take his clothes to brush. While he emptied the pockets and laid the contents on the table, Mr. O'Leary, awoke by the jingling of keys and half-pence, turned his head and asked:

"Well, Nash, are we likely to have rain?"

"I never seen such a mornin', sir. The sky is all one cloud from e'st to west, an' so low that I could a'most tetch it with my hand. I don't know from Adam, what we'll do about the piaties; the men won't be able to give half a day with the weather, a clane loss of half a guinea at the laste."

"That's delightful."

"Delightful!" Nash repeated involuntarily, looking over his shoulder with surprise. "He's pursewarin' in it, I see."

"Nash," said Mr. O'Leary, pulling back his nightcap and sitting up, "have both horses saddled and fed. I intend riding out immediately after breakfast."

"Is it in the rain, masther?"

"It is. Make haste and do as I desire you."

"Pursewarin' all through!" ejaculated Nash, as he went out and shut the door behind him. "A whole month of the fairest weather that ever come out o' the shky, he laves the horses in the stable without stirrin', an' now the first day he hears 'tis rainin' he ordhers 'em out for a ride. 'That's delightful!' he says, when I tell him we'll lose a guinea by the men. 'Hang the piaties!' If he bean't gettin' light I do'n know

what to make of it. I suppose we must only do his biddin'."

Some drops were just beginning to fall, as Mr. O'Leary and his faithful squire set off upon their journey.

"Will you bring the umbrella, sir?" enquired Nash, as they were about leaving the hall door

"No, that would never do."

"'Tis goin' to rain, sir."

"So much the better."

Nash opened his mouth as if to let his astonishment come forth.

"Wouldn't you take a cloak or a coat itself, masther, seeh a day as this?"

"No, no, 'twould never answer."

"The lord betune uz an' harm! A' why so, masther?"

"Wonder, Tom, is the child of ignorance, and experience the fruit of time. Be patient, therefore, and content yourself with doing as you are directed."

They rode on for something more than half a mile, at the termination of which space the rain began to fall in torrents. Mr. O'Leary now quickened his pace, and Nash followed his example, but their speed did not save them from a thorough drenching.

"Dear knows, masther," exclaimed Nash, who really feared that the antiquarian was becoming demented, we'll be dhrowned this way. Wouldn't it be betther turn into some house 'till it gets lighter, any way?"

"I hinted to you, Tom, that patience is the sister of content," replied his master, continuing his gallop.

"Oh, bother to herself an' her sisther," muttered Nash, gathering the collar of his coat up under the leaf of his hat, so as to prevent the water running down his neck, and fortifying, as well as he could that part of his person on which the wind beat. "I never had such a ride in my life. I wondher is he cracked in airnest

Dear knows, if it wasn't that I'm dhread which might happen to him, I'd be apt to let him folly his coorse alone. This day flogs all I ever hear."

After riding about a quarter of a mile further, Mr. O'Leary suddenly pulled up his horse and said :

"Tom, isn't that the avenue leading to Mr. O'Connor's ?"

"'Tis, sir."

"I think we might as well turn in and ask for shelter there, until this shower passes, at all events."

"The Lord be praised, he's comin' to again," Nash added to himself, as he alighted and opened the gate. They followed the windings of the path for nearly a quarter of an hour, amid the wildest and barest scenery, at the end of which time they reached a cottage somewhat superior in appearance to the general description of farm houses in the country, with at least a sufficient degree of decoration about the doors and windows to intimate that the inmates were not compelled to be at all times toiling at the spade or the ploughhandle. As the door, which was on that side of the house on which the wind did not then blow, stood open at the moment, our travellers alighted and entered the porch without ceremony. Here they stood but a few moments, when one of the side doors opened, and a hale looking man, of respectable appearance, presented himself before the visitors. Mr. O'Leary apologized for their intrusion, talked of the rain, and mentioned his name, at the same time looking out and expressing a hope (which Nash could not help thinking either strangely inconsistent, or very insincere,) that it would shortly clear.

"Mr. O'Leary !" exclaimed the host with an expression of great satisfaction, "the very man of all others who should be most welcome to this house. I can assure you, you are no stranger here. Many a time your name is spoken of amongst us. Come in, come in In the

first place, you'll stop and dine with us—that's settled —not a word now. Hallo! Pat, take round those horses and see them well taken care of. But you are dripping wet!"

"Oh, 'tis nothing."

"Nothing? Why you couldn't do a worse thing than to sit in wet clothes—that and reading a wet newspaper. My poor father ought to know both, for he lost his eyes by one, and his life by the other. The time of the election he used to be in such a hurry to learn the state of the poll, and to read the editor's remarks, that he never would wait to dry the paper after taking it out of the cover. I used often to say to him, 'now, father, mightn't you as well just hold it to the fire for a minute. You'll certainly lose your eyesight. True for me, so he did. Come up stairs and change your clothes. Not a word now. I tell you 'tis madness not to do it. Peg, tell Miss Moriarty that Mr. O'Leary is come to spend the day with us. Step into the kitchen, my good friend, (addressing Nash) and warm yourself."

There was no resisting, so that Mr. O'Leary abandoned himself into the hands of his host, and after the necessary change of attire, was by him conducted to the sitting room, where he found the antiquarian lady ready to receive him. To his surprise, there was nothing at all extraordinary either in her manner or appearance, except that she wore a profusion of very fine hair, which made some amends for a decidedly ordinary set of features. He had not, however, much time to speculate on either, when the blunt and hospitable master of the mansion, arose and said in his customary tone:

"Well, now, as I have a little business to do before dinner, and would be only a blockhead in your company, I will leave you both to talk of all that took place before the flood and after, while I settle an account with one or two of my tenants in another room. Let me see, now, which of ye will puzzle the other."

One of the parties was already in this predicament. Mr. Tibbot O'Leary, at this instant, found himself in the condition of those unhappy individuals who rashly place themselves in situations for which they are wholly unfitted by nature, and only discover their want of capacity when it is too late to make a graceful retreat. Not a word had yet passed between them, he had merely bowed to the lady seven yards off, on being introduced, when they left, as it were, caged together, with the pleasant consciousness that he was expected to entertain her. Had it been with a lioness, Tibbot O'Leary could not have felt a greater confusion of mind. Being totally unused to anything like strange society, he never, until this moment, became aware of his failing. Miss Moriarty, with a polite movement of the hand invited him to be seated. He placed himself in a chair with the utmost celerity, then, after a few minutes, perceiving that the lady was yet standing, he sprung from his seat with the greatest embarrassment, and bowed repeatedly, by way of apology, without the power of uttering a syllable. After a time, both obtained chairs, but without seeming to have approached the nearer to anything like a sociable interchange of sentiments. The longer the silence continued, the more difficult Mr. O'Leary found in breaking it, and yet the more embarrassing it became. It was not that he had got nothing to say. The evil was, that a thousand things occurred to him, but all were rejected as unsatisfatory. The lady, whether that she shared his awkwardness, or resolved to enjoy it, was equally silent. At length, when the chimney ornaments were beginning to dance before his eyes, and the room to move slowly round, he ventured to stammer forth :

"P—p—p—pray, ma—ma'am, what is your opi—pi—pinion of the r—r—round towers?"

"I can hardly say," replied Miss Moriarty, with a

degree of ease which somewhat diminished the confusion of her visitor, "that I am satisfied with any of the theories which have been broached upon that most interesting subject. Cambrensis calls them "ecclesiastical towers," with some probability. Lynch attributes them to the Danes, as does also Peter Walsh, who are followed by Ladwich and Molyneux, but then, as Harris very properly asks, if so, why are no remains to be found in Denmark? As to Dean Richardson's conjecture that they were used by anchorites, I can hardly admit it, when I know that history furnishes but one instance of a Stylite monk in the Western Christendom, in the celebrated woods of Ardennes. Neither can I say that the ingenious but fanciful author of *Collectanea de rebus Hibernicis* has thoroughly convinced me, though I admit his conjecture to be plausible as his evidences are ingenious.

During the delivery of this speech, Mr. O'Leary gazed from side to side, opened wide his eyelids in astonishment, and, from time to time, gradually moved his chair an inch or two nearer to the speaker.

"What a woman!" he exclaimed in his own mind, and then added aloud: "I cannot help thinking, ma'am, that one who is so familiar with the theories of others, cannot but have formed some conjecture of her own, upon a subject which has deservedly occupied so much of her attention."

"Why, I cannot but say I have been thinking of it," said Miss Moriarty, "though I have not yet ventured to mention it to any one, there is such danger of a person's being anticipated. However, for all I have heard of Mr. O'Leary, I am sure he would be incapable of taking so unhandsome an advantage."

Mr. O'Leary acknowledged the exemption in his favour by a low bow, accompanied by a look of horror at the very idea of such baseness.

"My idea, then, is, that they were built for none of the ends I have mentioned," said Miss Moriarty. "You are aware that mankind have, in all ages, been remarkable for a love of the arduous, and that no pursuits have been carried on with greater zeal, expense, and perseverance, than those which held our least hope of ever yielding any profitable result; and the most important practical discoveries in science have often been attained in the pursuit of some visionary and unattainable end. The search after the philosopher's stone led to the discovery of Glauber's salts—the study of judicial astrology produced those elaborate calculations in old times which are of such importance to the astronomer; and the desire to effect a North West passage conducted the voyagers of England to the magnetic pole. Now, my theory is, that some philanthropic patron of letters in old time, observing this disposition in his species, had those round towers built with no other view than that they should exercise the research and ingenuity of the learned in succeeding ages, and, by furnishing an inscrutable subject of inquiry, perpetuate the study of Irish antiquities through all succeeding time."

The astonishment and admiration of Mr. O'Leary had been reaching a climax, during the delivery of this ingenious speech, at the conclusion of which he again sprang from his seat, and seemed about to fling himself on his knees in an ecstacy of delight, but, recollecting himself in time, he drew back with a respectful bow, and remained in his chair. At the same instant, the master of the mansion returned in time to prevent any repetition of such ecstacies, and the conversation became more general and less abstruse. In some time after, dinner was announced, and served up with a degree of comfort which made the recollection of his own solitary meals at Chore Abbey, less tolerable, in the comparison to Mr. O'Leary's inward eye, than they had hitherto

been. The worthy farmer's family was numerous, and did cordial justice to the cheer which was set before them. After the cloth was removed, and grace said, Mr. O'Connor turned to his guest, and made the following speech :

"I don't know, Mr. O'Leary, whether you are a patron of those modern fashions which they have begun to introduce, such as not drinking healths after dinner, bowing as if you had not a joint below the shoulder, and such like ; but for our parts, we still keep up the good old custom here, and I hope you will have no objection to join us ?"

"I can assure you, sir," said Mr. O'Leary, with equal cordiality, "that I am no friend to modern innovations or creations, which very often savour more of self-sufficiency than of politeness. As the poet say :

> We think our father's fools, so wise we grow,
> Our younger sons, no doubt, will think us so."

"Ah !" said Mr. O'Connor, shaking his head, "many a palmer those two lines cost me, when I used to write them in my copy-book at school."

The glasses were now changed, and the next ten minutes were occupied with a confused babble of "Mrs. O'Connor, your health," "Miss Moriarty," "Miss O'Connor," "Mr. O'Connor," "Mr. O'Leary," "Mr. O'Leary," "Mr. O'Leary, your health," and a perpetual ducking of about a dozen heads around the table, which would have had a somewhat comical appearance to any person not immediately interested.

During their ride home, and for months after, Tom Nash observed an extraordinary change in the deportment of his master. He became more talkative than usual, began to show more solicitude about his dress, shaved every day, found fault with every thing, staid little in his museum, talked much of repairs and altera-

tions about the house, and acted, on the whole, as if some strange influence was at work within his mind. At length the secret came out, one morning, when Nash was in the act of carrying a bag of seed sets into the back parlour.

"Tom," said Mr. O'Leary, "you must not put oats or potatoes into that parlour any more."

"Why so, masther? what hurt is it doin' there?"

"No matter. She might'nt like it."

"Is it ould Nelly, sir?"

"No, your mistress."

"*My* missiz!" Nash exclaimed, dropping the bag of oats.

"Yes—did'nt I tell you I am going to be married!"

For nearly a quarter of an hour, the master and man remained gazing in each other's countenances, without uttering a syllable. At length, the latter found words to say in a tone of the profoundest sympathy:—

"The lord preserve us, masther!"

"Amen, Tom!" sighed Mr. O'Leary, and not another sentence was exchanged between them upon the subject, until Mrs. O'Leary, ci-devant Miss Moriarty, was introduced, amid rejoicings that resounded far and near, to the venerable mansion which, it was the owner's will and pleasure, should thenceforth call her mistress.

For a considerable time after his marriage, Nash observed nothing in the demeanour or conversation of his master, which could lead him to suspect that he regretted the step which he had taken. Mrs. O'Leary was all that could be wished in every respect, either by master or servant, and, indeed, it surprised Nash a great deal more than he cared to let Mr. O'Leary understand, how she came to be so easily satisfied. Matters continued in this even course, until they received a second visit from Mr. Geoffrey Gunn, now "Counsellor," Gunn, who, on hearing the humourous antiqua-

rian, repeat his happiness for the hundredth time, exclaimed :

"I can tell you then, that if ladies are curious, they sometimes know how to keep a secret. Did you hear about Captain * * * * * and his wife ?"

"No—what of them ?"

"A most extraordinary story they tell, indeed. They had been living together in perfect harmony, it seems, for more than twenty years, when she died, and it was for the first time discovered, that she had exactly got two faces—one behind, and one before."

"Nonsense !" exclaimed Mr. O'Leary.

"It may be so," replied his friend. "I do not answer for the reality of the story."

> "I know not how the truth may be,
> I say the tale, as 'twas said to me."

"If it be true," said Tibbot, "I think the worst part of the affair, was the keeping it concealed from her husband."

As he said this, he could not help observing that his wife looked uneasy and confused, and a strange doubt rushed into his mind, which re-awakened his original foible in more than all its former force. The conversation ended ; but for a long time after, Tibbot did not retain the untroubled peace of mind which had till now accompanied his steps. The extreme amiability of his helpmate, had won all his confidence, but it made him uneasy to perceive that Mrs. O'Leary did not behave towards him with an equal absence of reserve. There was evidently something preying on her mind, and the more pains he took to remove every thing that could in the least degree interfere with her peace and comfort, the more she seemed to feel it.

"I don't know what to do about it, Tom," he said one day, addressing Nash, who was the only person in

whom he could repose a confidence. "She scarcely eats a morsel, and instead of going off as I thought it would, it is only growing worse and worse every day."

"Ah, murther," said Nash, "don't be vexin' yourself about it. You don't know the women. They'd keep on dyen' that way, from the age of fifteen to a hundherd. The only way in the world is to let 'em alone an' lave 'em to themselves. The more notice that's tuk of 'em, the worse they gets. They don't know their selves what is it ails 'em half their time. Take it from me, 'tis never any good to be frettin," more especially if you lets 'em obsarve it."

Mr. O'Leary adopted Tom's advice, and found his account in doing so. For a considerable time after, he observed that the less he appeared to notice the anxiety which preyed on Mrs. O'Leary's mind, the more visibly it diminished.

Years rolled away, and after a life spent in the most exemplary discharge of all her duties as a wife and mother, Mrs. O'Leary felt her death to be at hand. In disposing her mind with all the tranquillity which an untroubled conscience afforded, to enter on its final passage to a better world, her faithful spouse took notice that something of her long forgotten and mysterious melancholy, would occasionally cast a gloom upon her manner. At length, finding her end approach, she called him to her bedside, and after saying much to him in the way of consolation and advice, as to the care of the house and children, she added with an appearance of anxiety:

"I have now but one request to add. It is that my head dress, such as it is, be not removed after my death; that you will not yourself uncover my head, nor suffer any one else to do so. I have a particular objection to it. Great and good minds, my dear Tibbot, are always superior to the mean vice of curiosity. I am sure I

need say no more to you, except to add that the injury will be your own, if you neglect to comply with this, my last injunction."

In the first access of sorrow, for the loss of so faithful, and so amiable a partner, Mr. O'Leary found nothing very arduous in the accomplishment of her dying wishes. After the first day, however, when nature had exhausted herself in fits of mourning, and intervals of quiet reflection would succeed the tumult of the widowers grief, he could not prevent the question repeatedly presenting itself to his mind—what in the world could be her motive for desiring that her head-dress might not be removed?

In palliation of any negligence, which the worthy antiquarian might have committed in resisting such suggestions, it should be remembered that a great portion of his life had been spent in researches, having chiefly for their end the gratification of that foible, on which his excellent wife in dying, had imposed so grievous a burthen. By continually recurring, and meeting at each fresh assault a fainter resistance, it obtained at length, a complete mastery over his mind. It was in vain he thought of Blue Beard, and a thousand other awful warnings of the kind. In the throes of his curiosity, desiring rather to gain an accomplice than a counsellor, he confided his agonies to Nash, and desired his opinion.

"Be dis an' be dat," said Nash, who, in a matter which appeared to him indifferent on the score of morality, considered rather what would be agreeable to his master, than what was most in accordance with the laws of chivalric honour—"dat I may never die in sin, but I'd have a dawny peep."

"But then her last words, Tom—her dying wishes."

"Ayeh, sure she never'll know it."

"Well," said Mr. O'Leary, much shocked, "I am

sure you do not consider the meaning of what you say. I wish indeed she had never given such an injunction, for it is probable I never should have thought for a moment about her head dress. Could I trust you, Tom, with what I suspect to be the true cause of her injunction ?"

"Could *you* thrust *me* masther !"

"I believe I can. Well then, Tom, I think the true reason is——" he looked around, and then whispered in horrified accents in his ear—"that my wife had two faces."

"Erra, howl !"

"I often remarked some mystery about her on that point. However, I, who have all my life been so free from this ridiculous foible, must not yield myself up to it now."

"Wisha, the dear knows," said Nash, whose curiosity was now wound up to as high a pitch as that of his master," I wouldn't have the laste scruple in life about it. If it was anything that would bring her any harm, or keep any good from her, the case would be defferent."

"That is true, Tom," said his master, "She told me that it would be to my own injury. Now, were any other interests at stake, I wouldn't for the world—— but as it can injure no one but myself——Come along, you must assist me in this awful enquiry."

They entered the room in which lay the remains of the poor lady, Mr. O'Leary's mind filled with the story of Geoffrey Gunn, which had occupied his thoughts since he first heard it, a great deal oftener than he would have wished Mrs. O'Leary to suspect. Having excluded, on different pretexts, every other individual, they proceeded to the task of removing the head-dress. A cold perspiration already stood on Nash's brow, as he lent his aid in the investigation, holding the candle in his hand, while his master, with a countenance express-

ing the most horrible anticipations, removed the mysterious head-dress. Imagine his amazement, when he disclosed to view——

At this instant, some gravel was thrown from without, against the window of the Jury Room. Almost all started, as if they held the chain of a galvanic battery, so highly were their nerves excited by the situation into which the Eighth Juryman had brought his principal characters.

"Who can that be?" cried a Juror.

The Foreman arose, and lifted up the window.

"Who's there?" he asked, after a pause.

"'Tis no body, only myself, your honour," replied a well-known voice from below. "I'm come to know if your honours are done with the bottles and things."

Nothing could more clearly demonstrate the fleeting nature of all human gratitude, than the effect which this announcement produced in the Jury-room. All the good offices and merits of the poor oysterman seemed forgotten in the general burst of indignation which arose at his interrupting the story in so critical a juncture.

"Tell the fellow to be hanged," cried one.

"'Twould be a good deed," cried another, "to break one of his bottles upon his own head."

"Give the scoundrel his glasses, and send him about his business," exclaimed a third.

The Foreman, who, as chairman, preserved the greatest degree of moderation, here interposed, and caused the line of handkerchiefs to be once more lowered for the basket, observing that, in a world where so much intentional evil passed, without any reprehension whatever, it was rather hard to make much account of what was purely accidental. The oysterman being satisfied, the Eighth Juryman resumed his tale.

Gentlemen, said he, I fear after all this indignation, that you will be much disappointed at the conclusion of my story. All that Mr. O'Leary discovered on removing the awful head-dress, was, that the fine hair of which he had so often expressed an enthusiastic admiration, was only his wife's by purchase. The good lady had no more than the average quantity of features, and less than the average quantity of hair, and, sharing the weakness of the lady, who, on a like occasion, charged her handmaid to

——give her cheek a little red!

she feared that it should be known, even after her death, that she was indebted for almost her only personal attraction to———a wig.

The Eighth Juror having concluded his story, there was a general call for his song; which, in order to avoid the forfeit, he gave, after a little hesitation, as follows:

I.

'Tis, it is the Shannon's stream
Brightly glancing, brightly glancing,
See, oh see the ruddy beam
Upon its waters dancing!
Thus returned from travel vain,
Years of exile, years of pain,
To see old Shannon's face again,
Oh the bliss entrancing!
Hail, our own majestic stream,
Flowing ever, flowing ever,
Silent in the morning beam,
Our own beloved river!

II.

Fling thy rocky portals wide,
Western ocean, western ocean;
Bend ye hills, on either side,
In solemn, deep devotion;

While before the rising gales
On his heaving surface sails,
Half the wealth of Erin's vales,
With undulating motion.
Hail, our own beloved stream,
Flowing ever, flowing ever,
Silent in the morning beam,
Our own majestic river!

III.

On thy bosom deep and wide,
Noble river, lordly river,
Royal navies safe might ride,
Green Erin's lovely river!
Proud upon thy banks to dwell,
Let me ring Ambition's knell,
Lured by Hope's illusive spell
Again to wander, never.
Hail, our own romantic stream,
Flowing ever, flowing ever,
Silent in the morning beam,
Our own majestic river!

IV.

Let me, from thy placid course,
Gentle river, mighty river,
Draw such truth of silent force,
As sophist uttered never.
Thus, like thee, unchanging still,
With tranquil breast, and ordered will,
My heaven appointed course fulfil,
Undeviating ever!
Hail our own majestic stream,
Flowing ever, flowing ever.
Silent in the morning beam,
Our own delightful rive

It was acknowledged by all that the Eighth Juror had acquitted himself of the conditions laid down in the beginning of the evening; on which the next in order was called upon to try whether it might be in his power to lay claim to the same good fortune.

THE NINTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

THE LAME TAILOR OF MACEL.

"Or man, or spirit
I answer thee! Behold me here——behold me!"
* * * * *
"I was musing
On things that are not of this world: aye dallying
With dreams that others shrink from; communing
With disembodied Nature in her den
Of lonely desolation, silent and dark."
JULIAN *the Apostate.*

THE LAME TAILOR OF MACEL.

Gentlemen, said the Ninth Juror, I should have at once to pay my forfeit with a good grace (for I never charged my memory with anything like a story,) but for an accident which I will relate to you, as an appropriate preface to my tale.

In the course of last autumn, it happened that business called me, for the first time in my life, to visit the city of Paris. If any one of the company has had either the good or bad fortune, as the case may have been, to see that celebrated capital, he must have observed, to his great perplexity, perhaps, and grief, that the houses in some of the streets are numbered in so irregular a manner, that it is often a matter of no little difficulty to ascertain an address, however minute a note one may have taken of it, on leaving home. It was in such a state of mind, that I was picking my steps to and fro, on a dirty November morning, in the Rue de la Harpe, one of the dirtiest thoroughfares of the arrondisement to which it belongs, being led by my classical curiosity, to search for that famous relic of the Roman times in France, which is known to modern tourists, under the name of the *Palais des Thermes*. I had turned aside into an entry, with the view of once more consulting my map and guide book, without the risk of being rolled into the channel, by some liberty-

loving *voiturier*, when a good woman, who stood at an adjoining shop door, and conjectured by my proceedings, on what enterprise I was bound, said something of which the words "*Palais des Thermes*," were the only ones that conveyed any meaning to my ear. On my nodding assent, for I understood her countenance better than her words, she gave utterance to a good-natured volley of instructions, out of which the words "*tout contre—porte cochere—a droite—*" and "*en face*," were all I could comprehend, but they were enough; so, with a civil "Merci," I hurried on toward the *porte cochere*, of which she spoke, and gazed with surprise, and I confess, some little disappointment on the mouldering walls of alternate brick and stone, which had been for so long a time the seat of Roman splendour and authority. Dean Swift, by a fine stroke of satire, makes Gulliver express his disappointment at finding the cathedral of Brobdignag only three thousand feet high, and with perhaps as little reason, I felt a certain damp on my spirits, on finding a palace in which the Roman emperors had feasted fifteen centuries before, no better than a mass of ruins.

As I do not choose to bring any body into trouble, more especially, when they have been civil and obliging to one, I shall not tell you where it was, that I picked up a certain Greek manuscript, containing the facts of the story I am about to tell you; I can only say in general terms that the *concierge* who shows those "interesting remains," as they are called in the guide books, is a very civil person. If you should desire to know any more, I can only answer you by a sentence known to tourists, in search of *chambres alouer* in the streets of Paris—*Parlez au portier*.

With your good leave then, continued the Ninth Juror, drawing the candle nearer to him, and taking from one pocket a manuscript, and from another a pair

of spectacles, the one of which he laid upon his knee, while he fixed the other on his nose, with your permission, I will read for you the story of Chenides, the Lame Tailor of Macel, as the writer styles himself, though evidently a person of very superior mind and understanding.

"What!" exclaimed a Juror, "are you going to read all that Greek for us?"

"No—no," he replied, lifting his spectacles from his nose, and gazing under them at the speaker, this is not Greek. I had it *done into English*, as our forefathers expressed it, by a very clever fellow, a relation of mine, who lives in the County Cork; and as I have no head of my own for spinning a story, I will give you this by way of substitute, if you desire it.

No person expressing any objection, the Ninth Juror adjusted his spectacles, and read as follows:

THE LAME TAILOR OF MACEL

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Chenides—Some account of his father—The early love of learning, and dislike of his needle—Makes acquaintance with a Sophist—Desires to behold a supernatural being—Consequences thereupon.

In this lonely desert I prepare, my dear Chrysanthus, to give thee an account of the singular adventures which have induced me to fly the haunts of men, and to consume in silence and solitude, amid burning sands, and in the practice of religious austerities, a life once chequered by a variety of worldly adventure.

I was born in Macel, a place of little note, in Cappadocia, toward the middle of the fourth century, according to the christian mode of computing time. My father, who exercised the trade of a tailor, was obliged to take up his residence in this remote district, owing to a circumstance which may be worth relating.

He had been long settled in a comfortable way of business, in the city of Alexandria, which was at that time, pretty evenly divided between the Pagans and the Christians, although it was easy to see that the scale

was already turning in favour of the latter, and almost all those persons who filled the public offices were of that persuasion. Still, the former were formidable from their multitude, and, though sacrifices were more rare amongst them than heretofore, yet they did not forbear to have their festal days and ceremonies, which they observed in a manner, that was often as little to the comfort, as it was to the edification of their neighbours.

My father was one of a very numerous class, who, as yet, belonged neither to the one side, nor the other. His parents had been pagans, but already somewhat cooled in devotion to their gods, by observing the progress which the new faith had made amongst their friends and acquaintances, so that they were not very strenuous in instilling into their children's minds, that abhorrence of the Christians, which had been no small part of the religion of their forefathers. The result of this indifference, was that my father shot up in what might be called, a sort of neutral ground, between the two persuasions, so that when he had arrived to man's estate, little more could be said of him, than that he was a very excellent tailor. Few people in Alexandria had any great opinion of his religion, but all were unanimous in praise of his work, and with that he appeared to be content. I cannot help thinking, that he was encouraged in this middle course, by observing that it procured him advantages, in the way of his business, which he would probably have missed, had he openly declared himself on the one side or the other. As it was, he numbered amongst his customers persons of every description, and contented himself with avoiding to give offence to any by his sentiments, while he strained every nerve to please them all in the fashion of his garments.

Persons of this character are, however, always in danger of some turn of events which may render their neu-

trality more troublesome than the most decided partizanship. It happened one day, when my father was at work amongst his men, that a neighbour, who was a christian, dropped in to look after a cloak which he had left to be repaired, and asked my father what course he intended to observe on the approaching festival of Serapis?

"For my part," said he, "I will hang no lamp over my door, though they were to drag the house about my ears. I hear some say there is every expectation of a tumult."

My father, to whom this intelligence caused no slight uneasiness, applauded the resolution of his customer, at the same time that he evaded giving any direct answer to his inquiry respecting the line of conduct himself intended to pursue. Indeed, he could scarce have done so, for he knew not himself distinctly, as yet, what it was to be. If he refused to hang lamps and flowers over his door, as was the custom with the pagan citizens, he ran the risk of severe injury, both to property and person, on the part of the incensed votaries of Serapis, and Isis; and if he complied with the custom, he lost at one sweep the countenance of all his christian patrons, who were, by a great deal, both the most numerous and the wealthiest portions of his customers. In cases of this kind, where the temporal gains and losses on both sides were exactly of one weight, I must do my poor father the justice to say, that he was always careful to give the casting vote to conscience, and as he had privately a leaning to the christian side, he indulged his predilection in this instance. Poor man! the consequence to him, was as disastrous as if he had incurred it from the purest motives, and he had all the sufferings of a confessor with, I fear, but a very small portion of the merit belonging to such a character. His customer, already spoken of, was right in supposing that there would be a

tumult on the night of the feast of Serapis. It began as the noisy revellers passed some doors which had no lamps and garlands hung out in honour of the occasion. Before the Prefect could make his appearance, in order to quell the sedition, the rioters had already plundered and almost demolished several houses, amongst which was that of my poor father, whose worst anticipations had merely pointed to a probable diminution of custom.

Thus totally ruined, and obliged to leave the city, he took refuge, after many vicissitudes not worth detailing, in the remote corner of Cappadocia, already named, in which I was born, within a year of the foregoing occurrence. I was bred up to my father's business, more, I confess to his liking, than to my own taste; for I was naturally gifted with a reflective turn of mind that could never be content to waste all its force upon the insignificant details of so humble a profession. Accordingly, from the time when I first learned to finger a needle, until I was fifteen years of age, a day scarcely passed over my head on which I did not receive a severe chastisement, either verbal or manual, from my father, for some piece of neglect, occasioned by absence of mind, and too great a proneness to indulge in abstract reflections, when I should be attending to the work upon my knee. My thoughts, indeed, it is true, were not occupied about idle and frivolous subjects, such as games, plays, shows in the amphitheatre, and such toys, but they were as completely hurried away from my mechanical tasks, and my clipping and stitching was as much neglected as if they had been busy about the silliest fancies in the world, and that seemed to my father the very nucleus of the calamity.

"Tell me one thing, Chenides," he would say, when my good genius put it into his head to reason with me, rather than vent his wrath upon my body, "if thou wert hungry, (as thou art like often to be at this tailor-

ing,) to whom would'st thou apply in thy neccessity, to a sophist, or a baker ?"

To such a question, there could be only one answer given. "To a baker, father," I replied.

"Most truly then," said my father, "art thou named Chenides, which signifies, the son of a goose, when thou deemest that those who are in want of well wrought attire, cannot reason as correctly. When a customer comes into our shop, it is not a new Pythagoras he expects or wishes to find behind the door, but a good working tailor, and if thou hast all the philosophy on earth, I would not give a dry pea for thy wisdom, while thou continuest a dunce at the needle and the shears."

"It may be as thou sayest," I replied; "but if thou interpret my name, 'Son of a Goose,' in respect of my descent, by what name, then, shall men call thee, O father ?"

Offended by what he conceived the impertinence of this inquiry, my father, without making any answer in words, fell to beating me over the shoulders, the usual accompaniment of his instructions.

I could not, however, deny the justice of his reproaches, and strove to amend; but my predilections though repressed, were not extinguished. In truth, my father was not altogether reasonable, for it is hardly possible that a person of a rational mind, could remain satisfied with the merely animal kind of training with which he would have me be content. As for him, he seemed to care for nothing but his trade. The place was not so poor but there were one or two sophists to give lectures in it, with one of whom I managed to scrape an acquaintance by affording him the aid of my needle in repairing any fissures made by time in his threadbare garment, a task which his poverty, and the thinness of his auditory, obliged him often to impose upon me. In return for such good offices, he gave me a general knowledge of

the doctrines of various philosophers, such as sufficed to stimulate the desire of information which I already entertained, without satisfying it. I well remember the feeling with which I returned from the first lecture I ever heard him deliver, having stolen away from the house, when my father thought I was in bed. I can well remember the absorbed and absent state of feeling, the dilation of mind which I experienced, as I returned homeward by moonlight through the narrow streets, my imagination full of the speculations of various schools, and revolving with a sort of wondering delight, the doctrines of the stoics, the Epicureans, the Peripatetics, Pythagoreans and others, which I had heard detailed in the course of the evening. The fat Cappadocian slave, (the only one whom we possessed,) whom I had bribed with a measure of Greek wine to open the door softly for me on my return, was faithful to our contract, and I retired to rest unperceived by my father, to dream of atoms and transmigrations, matter, and spirit, and I know not what beside, which had constituted the subject of my good sophist's lecture.

But what most of all awakened my interest, were those discussions which treated of a separate state of existence in a manner somewhat superior to the vulgar and superstitious notions of those with whom we commonly associated. Everything relating to this favourite theme, had for me, whose mind had never received any training of the kind, a fascination, which might have been destructive to a person of less simplicity of character, but I was naturally blessed by Providence with a quiet, contented disposition, and a good humoured turn, which I would not have exchanged for the heads of all the sophists in Greece. Day and night, however, I devoted every instant that I could spare, to my beloved studies. All the money I could save out of the little gains allowed me by my father, went in the purchase of

such books as I could procure in the place. An accident, which all my friends considered a very serious misfortune, but for which I found abundant consolation in the leisure it procured me, enabled me to reach a greater proficiency in learning, than it is possible I might otherwise have for a long time attained.

One night, after reading over, as was my wont, the Golden Verses of Pythagoras, in which I took an especial delight, I was so hurried beyond myself, by reflections connected with these subjects, that the morning began to dawn before I could get a wink of sleep, and when I did so, it was but to dream of spectres, shades, starry influences, and all things connected with that mysterious world, of which I had heard and read so much, and respecting which, our sophists gave such conflicting accounts. With nerves exhausted from long continued study and intense reflection, and now still further weakened by want of sufficient sleep and by uneasy dreams, I arose before sunrise and walked out in the fresh morning air, hoping by its influence to dispel the weariness I felt, before the hour should arrive for opening my father's shop.

At no great distance from our dwelling, stood the magnificent castle in which the two young princes, nephews of the Emperor Constantine, were kept secluded, in order to be educated in a manner suited to their birth. The building was furnished after the Roman style, with extensive gardens, baths, and fountains, and often in walking at evening by the little river which flowed by its walls, did I admire the happy condition of those youths, thus furnished from their very childhood with all that could enrich the mind, and form the understanding. Mathematics, dialectics, all that related to the science of reasoning, those sciences, of which I could receive but stimulating glimpses, as I did of the outer walls of that royal abode in which they dwelt, were at

their daily use, with the assistance of the most celebrated masters, in fathoming their depth. What a difference between their lot, and that of a poor tailor's son! Even the half starved sophist, who sometimes flung me a piece of instruction by way of reward for keeping his rags together, as one throws a bone to a hungry beggar, and whom I looked upon as a living mine of information, was I understood, a mere dunce, compared to the least proficient of those who were entrusted with the tuition of the young princes.

The dusky twilight of morning, and the gloom of the trees, by which the castle was surrounded, invested it on this occasion, with a solemnity more than usually impressive. As I rambled along by the river side, which was considerably lower than the site on which the castle stood, I perceived a spot immediately adjoining the garden walls above, which seemed to command an extensive prospect of the heights of Mount Argeus and the surrounding country. The ascent to this spot from the place on which I stood, was rather precipitous, but I was not yet the "Lame Tailor of Macel," as the people called me after my mishap, and I reached it without much difficulty. While I remained gazing on the landscape, yet dimly lighted, and revolving in my mind the difficulties which my humble condition opposed to the gratification of my ruling passion, the acquisition of knowledge, one reflection led to another, until, as persons are wont sometimes foolishly to use when alone, I began to utter some sentences aloud.

Where were now the times, I asked, when immortal beings were accustomed to hold communion with the sons of men? I had heard from my relatives, when a child, an infinite number of stories relating to the discovery of hidden treasure, through some preter-natural agency. Why will not some being from that shadowy world, step in to my assistance, at this moment, since

none of my own species are willing to assist me? Appear, if ye exist, ye who are so much talked of, and so little seen. I fear you not; I court, I call upon you. This is the scene, and the time for your manifestation, and here is a being, who, of all others, requires and implores your aid. If you have any existence, other than in the speech of babblers, appear!"

Turning as I uttered these foolish words, which I shall regret the longest day I live, I beheld standing immediately between me and the garden wall, a figure which fixed my attention in a more forcible manner than any on which I ever yet had set my eyes. It was that of a young man, about the middle size, his neck thick and short, his shoulders huge and incessantly in motion, and his feet in an irresolute attitude, as if deliberating whether they should stand or go. His eyes had a kind of disagreeable light, that seemed as if their owner wished to read my very soul, yet they shifted and twinkled when their gaze met mine, as if not willing to undergo a similar scrutiny in return. His nose and mouth had a disdainful expression, while his lower lip hung downward in a manner that gave a peculiar hideous air to the whole countenance, and a beard pointed and grisly, completed the uncouth appearance of the whole figure. How he had come there I could not divine, for I possessed the only pathway leading up the steep ascent. If human, he must have used some hidden passage through the massive garden wall, and if more or less, he must have descended from the air above, or arisen through the solid earth. That he was not an immaterial being, however, I soon discovered, both by the effects of his motion, and the sound of his voice, which was, at the same time violent and hesitating, as if the speaker were never fully decided in his thoughts, and strove to cover his embarrassment of mind, by a needless vehemence of expression.

"Whom do you call?" he said with a glance, in which derision was blended with curiosity."

"Thee—if thou canst assist me," was my reply.

"What is your difficulty?"

"The ignorance in which I was born, and in which I unwillingly remain," I answered, with a readiness which afterwards surprised me.

"And what kind of knowledge do you seek?"

"That which brings happiness."

The lip of the stranger curled more than usual, and he said, with a voice that had more of contempt than of compassion.

"Of what calling art thou?"

"A tailor."

"And thou dwellest in Macel?"

"Yes."

"And what is thy wish at present?"

"To travel, if possible, to Athens, and become a disciple of one of the numerous sophists who give instructions in that city."

"But that will require money."

"Aye! that is my difficulty. Alas! the needle and the shears will never bring me these."

"Art thou a Christian?"

"No."

"A pagan, then?" he asked, with vivacity.

"Nor a pagan neither. I have been brought up in ignorance of all but tailoring."

"Thy father was wise."

"If so," I replied, "he was a shrewd miser of his wisdom, for he never shewed nor shared it. If he be wise, for teaching me nothing more, then the eagle is wise, and wiser than he, for to say nought of the difference between flying and stitching, he teaches his young to soar rather than to sit. And, if all men be no wiser, why, then, our race has been ill used; for the

eagle, and the lion, and the dolphin, have their garments ready made, while nature has left our outward furnishing to the tailor. I doubt there is something at the bottom of this wonderful design, which has placed us so far beneath, and, at the same time, so immeasurably above all other animals."

"Thy father should have made thee a barber, and not a tailor," said the stranger. "Knowest thou not that silence and gravity are as commendable in the latter calling, as the lack of both in the former?"

"I crave pardon if I have offended," I replied, "but there are moments when, as I meditate upon the subjects, I find an ardour arise within me which it is impossible for me to restrain. They talk of the wisdom of contentment, but is it contentment?—is it not rather slavish indolence of spirit, to eat, drink, sleep, stitch, and clip on, from day to day, without knowing whence I come or whither I go, driven on at random like a pilotless bark in the Ægean, on a cloudy night? I know that I come from my mother's womb, and go to the grave of worms, but if that be all, the beginning and end, the alpha and omega of my journey, why do I fancy more? why *can* I fancy it? To be born—to marry—and to die! If that be all, would I had never been!—or would, at least, I had never been cursed with longings that make the mind miserable, without making it wise. The bee, the ant, the bird, the beast, seem all contented with their several destinies. The fish, as he cleaves the shining waters around him, ask not of his origin or end; the rainbow-tinted butterfly, as he sports in the noonday sun, inquires not what shall be his doom when the snow cloud shall gather once more upon the summit of Mount Argeus. Their hour of enjoyment is not embittered by those impatient questionings which make the present to me a dreary

blank, and fix my thoughts for ever, either on the past or on the future."

"If thou be as expert at the needle, as thou art with thy tongue," said the stranger, "I blame not thy father for confining thee to the use of it. But tell me, dost thou reckon personal courage amongst those qualities with which Nature has endowed thee?"

"I am not, I think, more fearful than tailors in general."

"It is a prudent answer. Here, then, let me bind this cloth over thine eyes, and follow me in silence."

I consented without speaking, and he bound the cloth upon my eyes. Then, desiring me take hold of his garment, he moved around several times, as if with the view of rendering me unable to tell in what direction we were about proceeding. After walking five or six paces, we descended suddenly about half that number, when the stranger bade me stoop low, and follow him, still retaining my hold upon his garment. I did so, and after treading for some time what seemed to be a low and vaulted passage, with many windings and several abrupt descents, I could perceive, by the sound of our footsteps, that we had entered a capacious chamber Here, with a sudden twitch, the stranger wrested his garment from my grasp, and after listening to his hastily retiring steps as they grew fainter from distance, a sullen sound like that of a massive door, sent home with violence into its place, resounded through the place, and all was silent after. I called, but there was no answer. I took the bandage from my eyes, but could see nothing. All was dark around me, and the idea that either a silly or a mischievous trick had been played upon me, filled my mind with shame and indignation.

After an hour had elapsed in the most distressing reflections, I began to grope about the gloomy vault in

which I was left, to seek for some mode of egress, but in vain. Nought met my hands all around, but the massive circular wall, nor could I, in the ponderous door, find either chink or hole, to satisfy me that I still retained the faculty of vision. Calling out might subject me, even supposing I should be heard, to still more unpleasant treatment; so I resolved to reserve that measure, as a last resource, and allow a reasonable time for the capricious stranger to return, if he entertained any idea of so doing.

CHAPTER II.

Another question arose to my mind, namely, whether the person I had been conversing with was in reality a supernatural being, who had come at my summons, or a mere creature of flesh and bone like myself. A few reflections conducted me to the latter conclusion, yet not so surely but there still remained a great degree of perplexity upon my mind. I had likewise cause for anxiety of a more vulgar kind. What would my father think of my absence, and in what way would he receive me on my return? On this point, however, there was no use in dwelling, and it was never my wont to torment myself by brooding over the anticipation of evil which of necessity must be. Accordingly, I rather yielded to musings of a more congenial nature, and began in my own mind to compare the present state of darkness and confinement in which I was placed, with the ignorance that enveloped my mind, and which I was so anxious to have dispelled.

While my thoughts were thus engaged, I gradually felt the effects of the want of rest and mental labour of

the previous night, and although I judged the day must be now considerably advanced, I soon fell into a profound and dreamless sleep, from which I was at length awakened with sensations of pleasure so exquisite that I never can forget their influence. As my senses slowly returned, delicious strains of music came floating from a distance, that seemed to lend them a celestial softness. At the same moment (a sound not less delightful to my ears,) I heard the massive door thrown open, and a figure entered, which, by the light of a lamp it bore in one hand, I soon recognised to be that of my morning acquaintance.

I was about to burst forth into reproaches, but he laid one finger on his lips with a warning frown, and beckoned me once more to follow him in silence. Having no alternative, I complied, and emerging from the dungeon, (for such it seemed to be,) I entered a handsome arbour, seated on a slope thickly clothed with foliage, from which I had a view of an extensive garden furnished with fountains, baths, and aqueducts, of a princely grandeur. Some musicians seated under a date tree, produced in concert, the sounds which had broken so agreeably upon my slumber. While I gazed with wonder on a scene so new to my eyes, my guide accosted me in the hesitating tone which was customary with him.

"I have at length found an opportunity," he said, "of resuming our conversation. I left thee abruptly, but it would have been dangerous to us both, had I tarried an instant longer. This is a tolerable nest, is it not, the Cæsars have built for themselves in Cappadocia?"

"It is, indeed, magnificent."

"And yet the Romans never busied themselves very deeply with the discussion of such subtle matters as thou sufferest to come between thee and thy rest. But

thou art fasting long. Here is food, and while thou eatest, we can converse a little longer, at our ease, on topics which appear to be of equal interest to both."

"I pray thee hold me excused," I replied. "Thou hast already used me very ill, and earned for me, at my father's hand, that which I believe thou wouldst not be very willing to suffer in my stead."

"Nay, go not yet," he said, "eat first, and let it not appear that we part in anger."

So saying, he unfolded a napkin and placed it on the grass, on which we both reclined while he spoke, and I ate at leisure.

"I said," he resumed, "that those world-conquering Romans never troubled themselves very deeply about points of abstract knowledge. How to whet the sword, and draw up the legion, were to them matters of more general interest than any attempt to point out the exact line which separates matter from spirit. Yet what are a host of bearded sophists, in the presence of a single centurion in his coat of mail, and half a maniple of Roman soldiers at his back. The eagle of Jove is a nobler bird than the owl of Minerva."

"I have never felt so," I replied, "nor ever can. If excellence consists in force and strength, then Cæsar himself must yield to the animal from which he takes his name.* I had rather be the poor sophist in fetters, than his gaoler with his key and his ignorance."

"Art thou so satisfied, then," said the stranger, "that happiness cannot consist with ignorance."

"I know not in, or with what it consists," I replied, "and with such ignorance as that, how can it consist?"

Here I entered into a long detail of all I learned and thought upon subjects so interesting to me.

"From all thou hast said," resumed the stranger,

* The name *Cæsar* is said by some to be adopted from a Phenecian word, signifying an elephant.

after a long and thoughtful pause, "I am disposed to befriend thee. Thou seemest in earnest, which is being more than half way to success, in any pursuit whatever."

"And what art thou," I asked, "who takest so strange an interest in my fortune?"

The stranger paused an instant, and then said:

"Hast thou never heard of him, who, at five and twenty years of age, had conquered the most powerful empire in the world, and who died at two and thirty, leaving after him a name which will fill all history to the end of time."

"Thou meanest Alexander of Macedon!"

"I am he!" said the stranger.

At this, I burst into a fit of laughter. "Thou!" I exclaimed, "why he has been dead for many ages."

"I am he, nevertheless," persisted the stranger, "the same diamond in a new casket—the same soul in a new garment of flesh."

My first supposition had been, that the stranger either jested, or was a lunatic; but I now suspected that I had to deal with a disciple of Pythagoras, who held in common with all of his sect, the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

"And by what name," I asked, evading any disputation as to his identity with Alexander the Great, "by what name is it thy fortune to be known at present?"

"Restrain thy curiosity," he answered. "Enough for thee, that I desire to serve thee, and have much in my power. I promise thee, if thy mind hold, as I have no doubt it will, thou shalt have the means of seeing Athens. Only meet me to-morrow morning, at the same spot where we met to-day, and at the same hour, and I will tell thee more. This is a festal night in the palace, being the birth day of Gallus, the eldest of the young princes."

We parted, but not to meet so soon as we had ar-

ranged, for it was on that very evening, within a few paces of my father's door, that I fell and broke the bone of my left leg, thus earning for myself, the name which I ever after bore, of The Lame Tailor of Macel. During my illness, my unknown acquaintance sent me by the hands of a slave, a sum of money sufficient for the purpose which I had so much at heart. Before I recovered, many events had occurred to alter my immediate prospects. In the first place, my father died. Alas, poor man! he had been long urged by several of his christian neighbours to receive baptism, but though he fully admitted its necessity, the fear of offending some Pagan and Jewish customers, whom he retained by his neutrality, kept him wavering from day to day, until death came to close his earthly accounts for ever. He then sent for a clergyman, but he came too late. Some zealous christians in the neighbourhood had themselves baptized for him after his death; but I merely mention this as a curious fact, as I could never learn since, that such a ceremony was looked upon by the general church as of any efficacy.

On my recovery, if it could be called a recovery which left me still maimed and halt for life, I began to entertain serious thoughts of seeking out some eligible mode of passing the remainder of my days in a manner worthy of a rational being. An old Jew, with whom I spoke one day upon the subject, recommended to me to join the Essenians, who he said led just the kind of life which would be likely to suit my inclinations. They were Jews, but much more superstitious and exact in the observance of outward legal ceremonies, than the rest of their nation. Like the christian monks, they lived in strict seclusion, flying cities, and taking up their residence in villages, where their communities subsisted by the exercise of such trades as were useful and innocent in their nature. In these socie-

ties they allowed no traffic, no commerce in slaves, no navigation with a view to profit, no use of money, nor extensive possessions in land. They served each other, and had all their property in common. Each house was open to every member of the sect, their business was labour, and the care of the sick. Beholding the evils which so frequently attend on marriage, they, for the most part, renounced that state of life, but lest their doing so should expose them to the reproach of leading a life useless to the commonwealth, they made the education of youth, a part of their employment, bringing up the children of others, and forming them to their own manners, from the tenderest years. Each community had its steward, and in all these was enforced a great respect for age, and a horror of anger, lying, or swearing, with the exception of the oath they took, on entering the sect, to obey the superior, to distinguish themselves in nothing, if they were afterwards raised to that dignity, to teach nothing but as they learned it, to conceal nothing from those of their own sect, and to reveal nothing of its mysteries to others, even for the preservation of life. Their only study was the morality of the law of Moses, a portion of which was read on Sabbath days in their synagogues by one individual, while another expounded its meaning. Rising early, they occupied themselves with prayer until sunrise, no profane discourse being allowed before that period. They then worked until within an hour of noon, when they bathed, denying themselves the use of oil, no slender mortification in such a climate. They then ate together in a hall where strict silence was observed, their food consisting of bread, and one kind of meat, after which, they again worked till evening. They were sober in their habits, and so long lived, that a century was the usual limit of their years. In their judgments they were severe—a great transgression

was followed by the penalty of expulsion from the community, which was a punishment scarcely less than death itself, from the destitution to which it exposed the sufferer. But the Bible was their great study. In that they looked for every thing. Some even pretended to divine the future from it, by using certain previous preparations. Others sought in it for medicine, and the properties of roots and minerals—for every thing, their text book was the bible.

Besides all this, they were most exact in sending their offerings to the Temple, although they never themselves approached the city, and encouraged themselves in entertaining a contempt for torments and death itself.

"Since you are a tailor," said the old Jew, as he concluded, "you are qualified by trade for admission amongst them, and, since you love seclusion, they will supply you with abundance of it in return for any little service you can do them, in the way of your calling."

I was very much taken with this description given me by the old Jew, and after arranging all affairs, left in confusion by my father's death, I lost no time in visiting the house of the sect, which was in our neighbourhood. I found all things in the community pretty nearly as he had described them, with the exception of some points of doctrine, and certain feelings of which he had not spoken. I found that, while they professed a strict obedience to their own superior, they acknowledged none such outside the precincts of their community, acknowledging only God for their master, and ready to suffer everything rather than obey man; unlike the christian monks, who, independent of their religious obedience, made it a rule to be models of submission to any government under which they may be placed. But what most of all disgusted me, in addition to such empty pride, and their never ending purifications, was the absurdity of their belief in destiny, imagining that

all things were done, even to their own acts, by necessity, and that there was no such thing as freedom of the will. Accordingly, after a trial of some months, not finding myself much farther advanced on the road to wisdom and happiness, I left the Essenians, their white robes and their ablutions, and turned my attention seriously to my long projected journey to Athens.

"In that city of sages," I said, "I shall at least learn something to the purpose. The garden of philosophy, the school of the whole world, must have some fruits as yet unculled, some wisdom still remembered. There I shall learn something satisfactory of man, and of his nature."

Thus I went on, figuring to my own mind, a city of silence and of gravity, filled with bearded philosophers whose eyes for ever betokened abstraction of mind, and whose lips were ever silent, except when they opened to convey instruction. Alas! how quickly on my approach to the city were those sublime visions put to flight.

I was pacing leisurely along one of the public roads, within a few miles of the city, when I was accosted by a young man, who asked without ceremony, on what business I came to Athens? On hearing my reply, he said:

"Then you are fortunate in having met with me, for I am a pupil of the sophist Himerius, by far the most eminent in Athens; he teaches grammar, history, poetry, mathematics to perfection, and there is not such another astronomer beneath the moon."

He ran on pouring forth such a torrent of eulogy as he walked by my side, that I could not but admire my good fortune in falling in with a disciple of the renowned Himerius. As he continued to speak, a new voice suddenly struck upon my ear.

"Hearken not to him, unwary stranger, but follow me, and I will conduct thee to the feet of the sophist

Proheresius, to whom this Himerius is no better than a clown."

Other voices now broke in, and we were instantly surrounded by a crowd of young men in the habit of students, all vociferating the names of the several sophists under whom they studied, and pulling me one from another, until I thought I should have been torn in pieces between these partizans of the rival teachers of wisdom, and in the midst of a still increasing tumult, I was dragged rather than conducted to the town, where, after a dreadful contest, in which my own inclinations were no longer consulted, I was borne away in triumph by the strongest party, and conveyed to a house, wher I thought my troubles were at an end: but this was only the commencement of such a day of persecution as I had never before experienced. It were tedious to detail the whole. First I was exposed in public to a crowd of disputants, who set upon me like so many hounds about to worry an unfortunate hare, one asking what I thought of the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls? another, to what sect I belonged? a fourth, my trade? a fifth, my country? another, if I placed happiness in the things without or those within my power? to all which inquiries, my grave and serious answers seemed to afford them infinite diversion. When tired of this scene, they conducted me with great ceremony, marching two and two to the public bath, on reaching which, they began shouting and leaping like so many Bacchanals or madmen, enjoying the terror I could not avoid manifesting, and knocking at the door as if they would have torn it from the hinges. Fortunately, I was not so dismayed but I made my way in as soon as the door was opened, on which I was given to understand that my persecutions were at an end, and that I was now initiated, and entitled to all the honours of an Athenian student.

Such were the manners of the young Athenian votaries of wisdom! Such was the city of Minerva, to which I had travelled so far, and with so sanguine a heart in search of happiness and wisdom. I received some consolation for these annoyances in the progress which I soon began to make in philosophic learning. The sophist with whom I studied was one of the most celebrated masters of eloquence in Greece: So highly were his lectures esteemed, that they were always attended by many notaries, who, by means of symbolical figures, representing words, were enabled to transfer his words to paper as rapidly as they were uttered. These symbols were again transcribed in full by notaries of a second class, so that all was preserved in the exact form in which it had been written. We had students of all sects and nations at this time in Athens, but the greater number were christians, and many intended for the ecclesiastical state.

One day a student told me of a sophist in the city, who, in addition to his mathematical demonstrations, in which they all excelled, was privately addicted to the art of magic. For a time, I despised the story, as, since I came to Athens, my application to the demonstrative sciences had greatly diminished the curiosity I once entertained respecting those superstitious arts, which I began to regard as altogether visionary. The mention of such appearances brought back to my mind the occurrences of the day on which I had received my lameness, and the unknown individual by whose capricious bounty, I was now enabled to pursue a course so much more in accordance with my own inclinations than that from which I had withdrawn.

"You may think what you please," urged the student, "of the reality of the strange appearances which he conjured up, but that such doth appear in obedience to his summons, is a fact to which I can myself bear

evidence. If you are still in doubt you may to-night have the testimony of your own eyes and ears."

After hearing more from him upon the subject, I agreed to be his companion on the ensuing night. My curiosity (if it were mere curiosity) upon the subject of supernatural appearances, and immaterial agency, was once more aroused by what I had been told, and the longer I reflected upon it the more impatiently I longed for the arrival of the appointed time. Such a night! such a scene as it was soon my lot to witness!

CHAPTER III.

A DIM moonlight conducted us to the temple of Hecate. On entering, my companion laid one finger on his lips to intimate that we must observe the strictest silence. There was no light in the temple save that of the moon, which entered in many places, revealing the gigantic idol, looking doubly awful in the stilly gloom by which it was surrounded. My companion and I took our places in a recess, where, concealed behind an idol of lesser size than that of the goddess to whom the temple was dedicated, we prepared to observe all that was about to take place, without the danger of being seen by others.

In a short time we could discern the figure of the hierophant, who entered the building accompanied by a stranger, whose features I could not discern, but his garb seemed that of a student like myself. When he spoke, the first sound of his voice startled me, as if I had heard it before, under some strangely interesting circumstances.

"What care I," said he, "for squares and circles, for

angles and curves, for sines and tangents ; what care I to hear that unity is thrice contained in three, or what proportion the radius bears to the circle it divides? I am weary of the dry and obvious conclusions of the mathematicians—of magnitudes and their measures,—I wish to hear from you something more worthy of interesting an immaterial spirit."

"You shall be gratified," replied the hierophant.

"Yet I know not how it is," continued the stranger, "but now that I am about to witness what I have so long desired to see, the thought of it freezes me with terror. The silence of this place, the awful hour of night, and the image of Hecate seen thus dimly in the gloom, are not in themselves sufficient to account for what I feel. The very air I breathe, since we have entered, seems to communicate a degree of terror such as I have never felt before."

"It is the influence of what you are about to behold that already seizes on your spirits," said the hierophant. "Be bold and brief in what thou sayest, and expect but one answer to one question. Be cautious, and above all things, beware of using any sign or phrase familiar to thy christian education, else thou wilt ruin all."

This stranger, then, was a christian! This discovery astonished me, for I already knew there was nothing which they held in greater abhorrence than any participation in the magic rites of these hierophants. In the meantime, while the magician made his preparations, I could not avoid sharing in all the feelings expressed by the stranger. The place seemed to grow hot and suffocating, and I could not withdraw my eyes from the statue, before which the hierophant burned what seemed a small grain of incense, which he had first purified with many ceremonies. While he did so, muttering some verses in a low voice, I could plainly discern

a smile arising on the stony features, and the torch which the Goddess held in her hand, broke gradually out into a flame.

The scene which it revealed still fills my mind with horror in recalling it. Before the idol, the light shone full upon the figure of the stranger, who seemed to recoil with an attitude of horror, his features pale and distorted with excess of fear. I had no difficulty in recognizing my Pythagorean friend, the new revival of Alexander the Great, to whose bounty I stood so much indebted! He seemed now oppressed with terror, his limbs shook, and his mouth half open, seemed gasping for air and utterance. There was enough to justify his terror, and to make it impossible for me to avoid sharing it to an extent fully equal to his own. Between him and the idol stood or rather floated a shadowy figure of such terrible and hideous aspect, as I cannot even now recall without a shudder. There was visible through the mists that ever floated and wreathed around it, a lurid semblance of eyes and ghastly features, but with an expression from which the beholder recoiled, with a feeling of indescribable fear and melancholy.

"I am here!" exclaimed the phantom, "what wouldst thou?"

"I would hear something," said the stranger, "of the world to which thou belongest. Is it happier or more wretched than our own?"

"It is happier and more wretched."

"When shall I enter it?"

"When thou wilt."

"But apart from my own act or will?"

"Beware of Phrygia."

"What shall I be called, when that day arrives?"

"Augustus."

"Shall I succeed in the design which I am meditating at this moment?"

"Thou shalt do much, but much shall remain undone."

"From whom, then, shall the new system receive its heaviest blow?"

"From its professors."

"Thou sayest, the world from which thou comest is more happy and more wretched than our own. Which is it to thee?"

"Happiness has many names."

"Which of the two is it more advisable to use in the design I meditate?—force or art?"

"Art—and force."

"I would ask thee more. Why are laws so strong in the physical world, and so feeble in the moral? Why is there order in the heavenly bodies, and little or none on earth?"

"The stars have no will."

"What reward do you propose, in case I serve you in the way I meditate?"

"A share in our kingdom."

"And happiness?"

"In our kingdom."

"Hast thou companions?"

"Beyond the numbering. Dismiss me!" the phantom continued, addressing the hierophant, who stood at a distance, a silent spectator of the scene.

"A moment!" cried the stranger, hastily. "I would see thy companions," he added, in a lower tone.

"Scarcely had he uttered the words, when the horrors of the scene, already on the verge of mortal endurance, became multiplied tenfold. Volumes of curling mist ascended in the strong torch-light, to the very roof of the temple, through which innumerable shapes were seen, thick as sparks above a furnace, of an appearance so shifting and variable, that it baffles every effort at description, and amid a dull roar of mingled sounds like

that of a distant multitude, or the noise of a storm-tossed ocean. Some looked like specks in the remotest distance, others appeared to be almost in startling contact with the very person of the beholder. Most bore a hideously distorted resemblance to the form of man or of other animals, but with a capricious alteration of size, either in particular features, or in the whole, or half the figure, which had an effect as whimsical as it was horrible. It is impossible to convey any idea of the scene, for what, singular to say, was the most appalling in its influence on the beholder's mind, would in cold narration be more likely to provoke laughter or contempt. The whole soon came to a termination as abrupt as it was unexpected. Terrified by the phantoms he had himself evoked, the stranger, trembling in every limb, and pale as death, forgetting the warning of the magician, signed himself with the cross in the manner of the christians, and to my relief and astonishment, the awful sights and sounds were no longer to be heard or seen, and the temple remained silent and lonely as before; the torch extinguished in the hand of the idol, and the dim moonlight shining on the marble features as before.

"Why did'st thou disregard my warning?" said the hierophant. "Thou hast ruined all."

"I knew not what I did," replied the stranger. "But how was it that the sign I made had power to terrify those beings, themselves so terrible?"

"It was not fear," said the hierophant. "They did it, but to show a horror of your weakness. What, thou! with such designs in head, thou show thyself a slave, to the very folly thou condemnest in so many others. Thou must sheath thy heart in a panoply of steel if thou wouldst carry into effect the mighty work of which thou dreamest by night, and arguest in thy waking hours."

"It may be as thou sayest," replied the stranger,

still pale and trembling in every limb,—"and if so, I grieve to have offended those tremendous beings. O shadows of the immaterial world, how terrible ye are! How, even in recollection, ye still freeze with supernatural awe, the very current of my blood. And have I indeed beheld them? Have I truly looked upon those, whom I have so long thirsted to see, and to serve? This strange excitement, so unlike all fear awakened by the sense of natural danger, this chilly creeping of the flesh, and stirring of the hair, and all but dissolution of the strong knit frame itself, assures me that it is so. But, alas! what am I? what has a being such as I the power of accomplishing? without place, without command, without dominion?"

"Thou canst watch occasions," said the hierophant; "thou canst hold the weapon poised, and be ready with the blow, when the opportunity shall be afforded thee. No mortal of his own mere force hath any power. The successful are only stronger, because they are more vigilant than others. When conquest makes them careless, they fall in their turn, by affording the occasions which they watched before."

"Thou heardest," said the stranger, "the phantom evade my inquiry as to the issue of my design."

"And is it by doubting of the issue that thou canst ever hope to be successful?"

"O, Evemarus," exclaimed the stranger, "is it not like the madness of one, who with outspread hands would attempt to arrest the rushing of the broad north wind? This all-powerful illusion, which I have half hated all my life, and wholly so within the last few years, spreads irresistible as a pestilence throughout the world. All yield, all fall before it—thrones, kingdoms, land and sea, island and continent, the city and the desert, wherever it breathes, with stilly and penetrating influence, it subdues and changes all. To thee, Evema-

rus, I disclose my thoughts in confidence. There are times, when I think of abandoning all for peace."

"You let it trouble your mind too much," said the hierophant. "All must be done with quietude and perseverance. Be not solicitous, nor devour your own mind with useless anxieties."

"Are they devils or gods, whom I have spoken with?" exclaimed the stranger, with a sudden burst of impatience.

"If thou waver thus," said the hierophant in a sedate tone, "twere better all should come to an end at once. I am sorry that I brought thee hither. I ever doubted of thy resolution, and now thou givest me cause. Why didst thou press me? Did I not tell thee, few were capable of preserving the reason cool in mysteries, such as these? But thou wert so assured, so confident—nothing could move thee—the Acropolis itself was not more firm. Thou wouldst be gratified, thou wouldst behold and speak with them. But yesterday, who was so eloquent and bold? Who mourned in more musical terms over the deserted temple—the neglected sacrifice? And yet now, the first occasion has revealed thy weakness. I tell thee once again—proceed no further. Have nought to do with that which thou wouldst take in hand. If I urged thee differently, but now it was but to put thee fully to the test. Thou wilt either miserably fail, or thy reason will become a wreck in the protracted and soul-wearying effort. It is the work of a giant to which thou puttest thy hand. Thou art not fit for it—be content and return to the lectures of Ecabolus, and think of it no more. The veil that hangs at the door of his grammar school, hides no mysteries that can place thy wits in danger."

"Thou hast a taunting tongue, African," said the stranger, "but I suffer thy reproaches."

"Hast thou strength of mind," continued the hiero-

phant, "to stake all upon a hazardous cast, and then bear the suspense of years, or perhaps half a life before the issue can be known? Hast thou vigour of body to endure the watchings, the labours, the ceaseless tensions of the mind, and frame, that such an enterprize demands? If, as thou sayest, it be indeed the spirit of the son of Amnon that animates thine, I tell thee that the work of which thou speakest with so free a lip, is one to which the conquest of ten Dariuses were sport for virgins."

"Sharply, but surely," said the stranger, "thou hast recalled me to myself. For the present, let all be covered with the deepest silence. Thou only, Evemarus, knowest as yet my secret. For some time longer, I must continue to play the hypocrite, and seem to honour that which in my soul I hate. Hence then ye idle fears, remorses of childhood, offspring of custom, and of prejudice, I renounce your empire! And thou, dread Hecate! he continued stretching his arms toward the idol, "and yet more awful jove, forgive me if I seem still to doubt, in order that I may serve you the more surely."

During the entire of this scene, it would be vain to attempt giving any idea of the feelings which it excited in my mind, or of the thousand heart piercing circumstances that gave it an interest while it passed, which far from being transferred into a cold narration of the past, cannot even be recalled in memory with anything approaching the same distinctness. I have not made an effort to convey a notion of the tones, the gestures which accompanied the words of the several speakers, now penetrating the mind of the hearer with a certain wild and preter-natural melancholy, which it is impossible for those who have not felt it to conceive; and now disturbing, and as it were, shaking it to its very foundation with a strange and unaccountable terror, making

the spectator feel as if he stood in the presence and in the power of capricious beings, of a tremendous strength, whose force it was impossible for him to avoid, and whose nature he knew not how to propitiate. I shared the first terror, but not the subsequent admiration of the stranger, nor would I for millions of worlds have been willing again to look upon such sights, or hear such sounds. The shifts of the hierophant were not to me so satisfactory, as they seemed to the philosophic stranger. I was not altogether without experience of the arts of such impostors. I had been present more than once at the scenes of merriment, which took place among the populace when the adyti, or sacred recesses of some half ruined temple were disclosed, and all their oracular machinery brought to light, but this was never sufficient to satisfy me that all was the mere result of human craft, or that a delusion so universal could be so long sustained, if there really was nothing in it, beyond what the resources of cunning man could furnish. Candour seemed to demand a more open and honest course of dealing, and from all I had heard and read of events in my time—and more especially in the past, I could not deny that the oracles had given answers in many instances which must have proceeded from a more than human understanding.

Whether the scene I have detailed to the Chrysanthus, were an imposition or a reality, judge for thyself, the state of my own feelings were to me, I confess, a no less powerful evidence of its truth than that of my senses.

But what most of all excited my curiosity was, the part which the unknown stranger had taken in the dialogue. Who could he be? A christian, it appeared, and one on the verge of forsaking his religion in order to return to that which all the world were abandoning. But, who was he? and what stupendous design was

this of which he spoke in terms so mystical? Conjecture could tell me nothing, and my companion to whom I referred could afford me no information. All he knew was that the hierophant was an African named Evemarus, (as I had heard the stranger term him,) notorious for his skill in magic. All my endeavours to obtain a sight of the stranger after we had left the temple were in vain, and both my curiosity and my gratitude were compelled to remain unsatisfied.

I returned to my studies. It was often to me a source of amusement to observe the various minds and dispositions of the students who at this time crowded the schools, where they afforded me the opportunity. Some of them were fellows wholly devoted to demonstrative reasoning, with minds as dry as chips of wood or marble, incapable of being interested in anything less susceptible of demonstration than a mathematical problem, and would discourse of morals and religion in precisely the same spirit as they would of angles and parallels, or not at all, and listen to nothing which was not capable of being proved to a metaphysical certainty. Others with imaginations like flax, ready to catch fire at every spark, believed any thing upon trust that happened for an instant to dazzle their minds with ever so faint a resemblance of truth. Others again would hear nothing which one did not lay before them in some regular dialectic form; while they would, without hesitation, admit any extravagance you pleased, provided it were dressed out with a suitable major, minor and conclusion, or were to be found lagging at the fag end of a respectable sorites.

According, however, as I advanced in such acquirements as the sophists taught, I began to discover how very improbable it was that the sanguine hopes I had formed on entering Athens could ever be fulfilled. I felt like one ascending a hill in order to ascertain how

much of his journey remains yet unfinished, and is disheartened to find that the higher he ascends the longer the way appears which he has yet to travel. These reflections brought on a mood of indolence which contributed nothing to restore my cheerfulness. The following lines written, at this time, on one of the walls of my sleeping chamber, may furnish some idea of the state of mind under which I laboured :

I.

O Indolence ! curst worm
That cankerest in mid bloom fair virtues form,
That when with heaviest pain
We breathe released from Passions hateful reign,
Creep'st with thy noisome blight
Into the heart, and, killest its promise quite,
Were it not better even again to be
The world's unthinking slave, than pine in gloom with thee ?

II.

To thy unheeded brain
Fame sounds her spirit-rousing trump in vain !
To thy dull sluggish ear
Vain hope's sweet whisper or the shriek of fear,
Nor loud ambition's call
Can wake the palsied soul thou holdest in thrall,
Nor craving Avarice, nor Hate, nor Love,
Nor aught on earth beneath, nor aught in Heav'n above

III.

Yet triumps too thou hast—
Witness full many a dawning hope o'ercast—
Witness from day to day
Full many a ruin'd friendship's slow decay,
Full many a joy effaced,
And lovely flower of genius run to waste,
And golden hour of happiness unprized,
And scheme of good forgot, and heaveuly aid despised.

IV.

As gangrene taints the blood,
Nor rests till the whole frame be quite subdued,
So gradual is thy growth.
In noble souls thou unseen rust of sloth!
Writhing with unfelt shame,
We loathe thy yoke, yet loathing live the same.
O subtle paced, and velvet footed evil
Let one among thy slaves have leave to call thee—devil!

CHAPTER IV.

In this mood of thought I was walking one evening in the outskirts of the town, when I saw a figure at a distance, which I soon recognized as that of my benefactor. Enraptured at the idea of speaking with him, I hurried towards him, but it did not appear that I was welcome. His air was gloomy and reserved, and he sought to escape me by a sudden turn as I approached. Perceiving this, however, to be impossible, he stopped short and awaited my coming, with a cold and chilly look. My ardour, as I drew nigh, gave place to timidity, and I stood before him, out of breath and agitated.

"Chenides," said he, "why do you follow me? Did you not perceive by my action that I wished to be alone?"

"I wished to thank thee," I replied, "generous stranger, for the succour thou hast afforded me, and for the advantage I have derived from it."

"Thou hast done so then, and leave me," he said abruptly.

I knew not what reply to make. His coldness checked and surprised me, yet I felt, if I should obey him, as if I were leaving one in whom I felt the strongest interest, in a situation of danger and perplexity. I turned,

therefore, after some hesitation, and said to him, with the tears standing in my eyes.

"I beseech thee, pardon me, if I offend without designing to do so; but I am poor and friendless, and thou art almost the only being who has shown me kindness from my childhood. I cannot assume at once the indifference which thou desirest. Be kinder than before, and permit me to be grateful."

The stranger remained awkwardly shifting his person as I spoke, and eyeing me with that disagreeable and questioning glance, which was peculiar to him. I cannot describe the mixture of feelings which his demeanour excited within me, but gratitude was ever paramount.

"I entreat of thee," I said with ardour, "do not deny me the satisfaction of sharing in some way, the sense I have of what thou hast done for me. Let me know who my benefactor is—let me love—let me serve him."

He looked on me for some time with a smile, if smile it could be called, which conveyed unmixed contempt:

"I see, Chenides," he said, "thou canst be curious as well as grateful.

"And is it evil?" I exclaimed. "Is it for harm or for mere satisfaction of an idle thought, that I do seek to know thee? The weakest may often have the power of rendering good service, even to the strong. Thou hast aided me in seeking happiness—shall I see thee in want of the blessing, and not feel desirous to sympathize with, and befriend thee!"

"How knowest thou," he asked, with a sudden gesture of rebuke and haughtiness, "that I am not happy?"

"Thy speech—thy action reveals it."

"Tush, fool!" he exclaimed, "thou art of the brainless herd, who think that happiness consists in a perpetual sunning of the teeth, and giggle of the voice.

Silence and gravity, and even tears, have more to do with happiness, than thou, and such as thou conceivest."

"Aye," I replied, "but peace of mind has yet even more."

The stranger started, and frowned scowlingly upon me.

"How darest thou twit me with the want of peace!" he said sternly, "what dost thou mean?"

"Answer me first," I exclaimed, "what is that dread design which occupies thy reason even at the instant that we speak? Does Peace consist with that?"

"He recoiled and looked upon me, like one betrayed and ruined.

"I seek not to deceive thee," I exclaimed, "be not alarmed. I knew not what it is, but I have learned enough to know that it is likely to make a lasting wreck of thee and of thy peace. Let thy astonishment cease. All that I know of thy designs, I learned from thy own lips on a certain night which thou canst not have forgot so soon, in the temple of Hecate."

"Mean spy that thou art," the stranger exclaimed with an anger which seemed increased by the previous terror he had undergone. "Is it then thy wont by such means to pry into the purposes of those whose folly leads them to befriend thee? Is this what thou hast learned at Athens?"

"Do not think so hardly of me," I exclaimed, "I went there with a different intent, and all I heard was purely accidental. Let me not suffer in thy thought, by dealing openly with thee as I have done. If it were ever my intent to reveal what I saw and heard to thine injury, I would not have mentioned it to thee."

The stranger paused for a time, during which, his eyes, that either from doubt of others, or of himself, never rested on one object for more than an instant, were frequently directed to my countenance. I felt his glance upon me, while the fear of offending yet further,

kept mine still fixed at his feet. At length he said in a more tranquil tone, but still with the contemptuous manner which was usual with him.

"And what reason hast thou, inquisitive tailor, to judge that the project which I have in hand, is such as cannot consist with peace or happiness?"

"I fear," I replied, "if I tell thee all my motive, thou wilt make little account of my philosophy."

"Say it, however," returned the stranger.

"A few nights after I had seen thee at the temple," I said, yielding to his wish, "it happened that I sat alone in my room, thinking of thee, and lamenting that I had not found some means of seeing and conversing with thee, ever since I received thy generous gift in Macel. The night stole on, while I continued still occupied with these reflections, and it was near midnight before I retired to rest. They returned in my sleep, and a singular dream which I had, added nothing to my tranquility. But you will think me foolish—"

"No—no—let me hear thy dream," the stranger said, with an appearance of sharper interest than he had hitherto manifested.

"But then thou wilt be offended," I said, "at that part of my vision which relates to thee."

"Fear not, Chenides," he said, "I know thou art not the master of thy sleeping thoughts; few have that sovereignty even in waking."

"I thought, then," I continued, "that I was walking in a fertile plain, where I beheld a beautiful child running sportively from place to place, and wherever he came, scattering around him seeds, which presently struck root, and changed the whole scene into a garden of the loveliest fruits and flowers. While I enjoyed its perfume and its beauty, I beheld with horror, a swarthy looking figure creeping behind some rose trees at my side with bended bow and arrow ready drawn, and eyes

full of the deadliest enmity, intently fixed upon the naked infant. I looked upon the intensely wrought countenance of the stranger—forgive me !—it was thine own !—"

"Proceed," said the unknown ; still manifesting an interest that surprized me—"what followed ?"

"I was about to cry out and catch thine arm," I resumed, "but it was already too late, the arrow had sped hissing from the bow which gave a shrill and mournful vibration as if grieving to be made the instrument of so cruel a murder. I glanced to the child—he looked back at me with a piercing smile, as if half amused at my idle fears for his sake, and went on with his occupations as before, unhurt, and unterrified. A moan of the intensest anguish made me turn again to thee—but shall I tell the rest? Thou seemest disturbed——"

"Disturbed? at what?" cried the stranger, recovering himself with a sudden effort at laughter. "At a dream ! Proceed ——"

"Thou wert lying on the ground, on thy left side," I continued, "the arrow buried halfway in thy right, just here above the liver, the blood bubbling around the shaft, and death already visible on thy features. At the same instant I heard a sound as if of millions of distant voices chaunting a hymn of victory, while another voice more near, and resembling that which we both heard in the temple of Hecate, exclaimed with a burst of mocking laughter: 'Did I not tell thee to beware of Phrygia?'"

The stranger remained for a considerable time after I had concluded, absorbed in the profoundest thought, with his eyes fixed immoveably on the earth.

"Judge now for thyself," I said at length, "whether it were a merely idle curiosity that moved me in desiring to know thy name."

"Chenides," the stranger asked at length, "didst thou truly dream this, or dost thou know more of me and of my affairs than thou pretendest, in order to impose upon, and lead me into an explicit confidence?"

"Canst thou think," I replied, "that I would compass my end so falsely. Thou hast my assurance, and my word at present is no better than my word that is past."

"Well," he said, at length, "I do believe thee—and more—I thank thee for the interest thou showest in my fortunes. But once again, observe, if thou wouldst have me continue to be thy friend, never, while thou livest, on any pretence, whether of benevolence or gratitude, or whatsoever cause, seek to know more of my affairs than I have given thee leave. For the present, be content with what thou hast learned already. And now to speak of thine own interests. Thy dress, and countenance, (for wisdom soon begins to show itself in the features when it inhabits the head) tell me that thou hast been long a resident among the schools of Athens. Art thou yet weary of the long beards and gowns of the philosophers?"

"Not of their beards," I said, "but more or less so I confess, of their brains. I have been even thinking seriously for some time past of returning to Macel, and resuming the practice of the needle and the shears. There is some positive utility in covering the bodies of men, though it be not so noble an employ as the attiring of their minds; but I have yet made so little progress in qualifying myself for the loftier profession that I am almost fain, already, to recur to that which I learned from my father. A whole coat for the body is at any time preferable to a pied and ragged patchwork for the mind, such as the greater number of our sophists furnish it with. And as to profit, an expert tailor can at any time earn more than an ordinary sophist."

"Thou hast got, I see, some satire in thee," said the stranger. "If thou be really bent on leaving Athens, and hast not yet fixed upon thy future place of destination, I have thought of a way by which thou mayest do both myself and thee a service."

"And what is that?" I asked, anxiously.

"Pursue thy inclination," he replied, "give up the sophists—return to thy tailoring—and neither speak of what thou hast already seen and heard respecting me, nor ever seek to learn more."

With these words, he turned abruptly and hastily away. I looked wistfully after him, but dared not follow, and presently lost sight of him, as I thought, for ever.

I begin to be sensible, Chrysanthus, that I have not been sufficiently brief in what I have hitherto related. I will, therefore, hasten to the conclusion of my narrative, with as much speed as consistent with clearness, entreating thy patience, if I still seem tedious. I will not, therefore, run through the whole course of my researches at the schools of various philosophers, without being contented with any. Neither will I detain you with an account of my journey to Alexandria, my visit to the deserts of Seatis and Arsinöe, and the conversation I there held with those extraordinary recluses, who have taken up their abode amongst the dens, and caverns, and extensive marshes of those regions. Nor will I detail to you the sojourn I made, for a few delightful days, in that wonderful city of the same land which is all inhabited by monks, who meet the traveller outside the city gates, and receive him with a hospitality that makes him long to live and die amongst them. Their simple manners, however, wounded my intellectual pride, for I had not yet done with the sophists. At length, being utterly offended with a Pythagorian teacher, who advised me to learn music,

(as if at my time of life it were necessary, in addition to the use of my needle, to learn to scrape the fiddle in order to arrive at wisdom,) I followed the advice of my unknown benefactor, and gave up my studies altogether, for the practise of a poor, but honest and useful trade.

CHAPTER V.

For some time after I returned to my own country, where I set up a little shop, in the far-famed city of Maraca, a man paid no small penalty for the possessing a pair of ears. You must know that the Arians had begun to get footing in the place, and thence forward there was scarce a tongue in the city but went from morn to night like the mouths of so many village dogs at sight of a stranger. And it were well if all the discourse about religion had tended at all to improve the manners of the inhabitants; but the case was wofully the reverse, it had merely the effect of disturbing the general peace. These Arians had made their appearance, within my own time, on the occasion of a dispute respecting the election of a bishop in Alexandria, and, for the time they were in existence, had made astonishing progress. They had already gained over the Emperor Constantius and Gallus, his cousin, whom he had made Cæsar, and carried it with a high hand over the Catholics, through many of the chief towns and cities of the empire, under the wing of the secular power.

Both parties were, however, soon led to forget their immediate dissensions, in the dread of a more appalling foe. An event which occurred about this time, and which I learned in the following manner, occasioned a

change in the position of public affairs, the importance of which was soon felt throughout the empire.

I had been fatigued almost to death by an Arian goldsmith, who came into my shop, ostensibly to have a rent in his cloak repaired, but in reality to worry me with theology. When he had departed, I walked some distance outside the city, where, in a little grove near the river, a christian church had been erected. It was a festival day with them, and numbers were crowding towards the walled enclosure that surrounded the consecrated building. Never having entered one of those churches in my life, I felt desirous to see the interior, and mingled with the throng. On entering the court, or open space before the front of the building, I was much struck by the neatness, and, (even with my remembrance of Athens) elegance of the structure. A handsome peristyle ran along the walls of the enclosure, supporting galleries, access to which was afforded through a wooden trellice, which connected the columns of the peristyle. In those galleries were numbers of catachumens, as they were called, or persons who received the first instructions. In the centre, opposite the entrance of the church, were fountains, in which many washed before they entered. The front of the building itself, facing the east, rose to a majestic height, and gave admission to the people, through three doors, that in the middle, much loftier and wider than the others, all adorned with minute and elaborate sculpture. Within, a double row of columns, much loftier than those without, separated the centre of the church from the two narrow passages, or galleries, on either side, were numerous windows of open trellice work admitted abundant light, without excluding air. At the further end was a semicircular ballustrade which separated the altar and the seats of the clergy, from those of the rest of the people. Before the porch, seve-

ral public penitents lay prostrate, beseeching the prayers of those who entered, or came out.

I remained standing near one of the columns of the peristyle without. While thus placed, the conversation of some persons, who sat within the adjoining recess, was heard distinctly where I stood. Perceiving that it related to public affairs, I made no difficulty of listening.

"Hast thou heard the news that arrived in Maraca this morning?" said one. "They say that Gallus Cæsar has been put to death."

"I heard so," replied a second. "The Arians have had something to do with that."

"Not an iota. It was a matter of treason. They said the Emperor suspected him of some design upon the government. The Arians have no cause to rejoice at it. It is well known he was their friend, though not so open as Constantius himself."

"Few will grieve for him at Antioch," said a third. "He was beginning to lean heavy enough upon the towns around him, when Constantius sent for him."

"And who is it thought will be Cæsar, in his stead?"

"Most like, his brother Julian, if Constantius be still disposed to place any trust in his own blood."

"Why, they say he's a Hellenist."*

"Nay, that was but talk, because he wore a beard, and loved to converse in the manner of the philosophers. Betwixt ourselves, there may be more reasons than one, for his disrelishing the rumour. It would be a somewhat dangerous part for him to play before Constantius, although he be an Arian; aye, or Gallus, either, while he was alive, and wielded the power of the Cæsars."

The opening of the church doors put an end to their conversation. I took little notice, but ere long the course of public events began to recall it to my mind. Julian, the brother of Gallus, was created Cæsar in his

* A Pagan.

room, and sent to Gaul. From day to day, and year to year, my open shop door gave me opportunities of hearing how matters were carried on.

There were strange rumours respecting the new Cæsar. He had married Helena, the sister of the Emperor, and many said he entertained designs similar to those for which Gallus lost his life. But the sequel is known to the world. Julian rebelled in Gaul, the army declared him Augustus, in opposition to Constantius—the latter died, leaving him in peaceable possession of the title which he had already usurped by violence.

It was some years after, that a forced levy was held throughout the provinces, in order to assist the war which Julian had declared against the Persians. As not even the aid of a tailor was to be despised in such a crisis, I was one of the new conscripts. It was an unpopular war. The long concealed sentiments of Julian had burst out soon after his elevation to the throne, and by the pen, and by the sword, by all the means that a crafty genius and powerful self-command could furnish him with, he exerted himself to overturn the rising edifice of Christianity, and to re-establish Paganism, or Hellenism, (as it was the fashion then to call it) upon its ruins. The christians, however, were not entirely disheartened by his attempts. When he prohibited them from reading the old classic authors, through which alone a knowledge of grammar was acquired, the Apollonarises wrote dramas to supply the want, and to his more direct persecution they opposed the shield of an invincible endurance. The expedition to Persia had, for a time, compelled him to put a period to his designs, but he did not engage in it without menaces, which made his return an anticipation full of terror to the larger portion of his subjects.

It was on the twenty-sixth of June, that our forces were attacked in the rear by a large body of the ene-

my. That part of the legion to which I belonged, was amongst the first who felt the shock, and I grieve to say, for a space, yielded to it. Our troop was dispersed, many of them disabled, or killed, and the rest compelled to fly. I make no apology, for saying that I was amongst the latter. Before the sounds of pursuit had ceased, I reached a small grove on the banks of a running stream. Here I sat on the ground, exhausted in mind and body, and began to meditate on my wasted years—on a life merely occupied in consuming day after day, without having any settled or definitive object in view, without labouring for any certain end. But then came the old query, what that aim should be? Money I cared not for; fame—what should a lame tailor do, looking for it—or do with it, when he had got it?—and what else——

While I mused, the sounds of battle again drew nigh —I started up and beheld at a distance, a horseman, apparently wounded, galloping at full speed in the direction of the little grove, where I stood. As he approached, the effects of his hurt began to be more apparent, for he bent forward over the neck of his steed. Fearing he was an enemy, I lay concealed, but soon recognized the armour of the Roman soldiery. As he passed the grove, the horse staggered and fell, and the rider was thrown forward to some distance on the plain. Instinctively, I ran to his assistance. His attitude and appearance, as I drew near, struck me with a kind of bewildered recollection, as if it suddenly floated on my mind that I had somewhere, on some deeply interesting occasion, witnessed the whole scene before. He was lying on his left side, apparently motionless, except that with one hand he strove to pluck forth a Persian arrow, which was buried in his right, half way up the shaft, and immediately over the situation of the liver. My glance next fell upon the coun-

tenance. It was one, though disfigured with gore, pale from loss of blood, and distorted with the workings of a hundred dreadful passions, which could not be mistaken. It was my old acquaintance of Macel and of Athens, my unknown friend and benefactor.

I raised him from the earth, and supported his head for some time upon my knee. By degrees, recollection returned, and he gazed wildly and fixedly for some moments on my features.

"What has happened?" he said: "what place is this?"

"Be at ease," I answered; "thou art in the hands of a friend. Thou art safe —"

"From what?" he asked suddenly, clasping my hand, and looking eagerly into my eyes. "Who art thou? What! Chenides? Methought—O, what a dream! or was it a dream?"—— he continued, waving one hand before his eyes, as if to dispel a mist which gathered upon them, while with the other, he still clutched mine with the iron grasp of death. "But now, I thought I was a conqueror—hosts fled before me—I tell thee it was no dream—I saw it—I saw the Persian banner fall before me—I heard the shrieks of their wounded—the tramp of their flying cavalry—I saw the host in rout and tumult—and our eagle soar triumphant amid the storm of the battle. I exulted—I cast myself loose upon the tide of conquest—'twas mine—'spite of the false Armenian treachery, and the prayers of the Galileans—all was mine—O misery and death!—even in the very whirl of triumph—I felt a something graze my arm—and a pain upon my side—and my horse turned short—and—he! there it is again—here—here—behold!"—— and feeling the shaft with one hand, while he gazed with a horrid smile upon the dabbled and bloody feather. "I knew it was no dream—thou art there yet—messenger of ruin—fast—fast fixed—ah! ha—ha!"

And with a burst of frantic laughter, he endeavoured to tear it from the wound ; but his arm lacked strength, and he sank back exhausted, after wounding his fingers to the bone, in the effort to draw forth the steel.

"Chenides !" he continued, more calmly, after a pause, "I remember thee now—thou wert with me in Gaul—among the Parisii ——"

"In Athens," I replied ; "and earlier, in Cappadocia ——"

"Cappadocia ?—ah !—I remember—there it was first—this wound—what says the Tuscan—the presages still unfavourable ? then, hark you—Mars is no god—I call Jove to witness, that I will never sacrifice to him again—nine victims die without a blow—and the tenth unfavourable. No ; Mars is false and powerless. I will break his images, when the war is ended. Is it Eusebius that should twit me with rebellion ?" he continued, with the same hurried and tumultuous utterance. "Eusebius the Arian ?—ha ! Thou proud bishop ! go wash thy hands at the fountain of Nice, and when thou seest no taint of the Arian impudence upon them, then come and taunt me with forgetting what I learned at Macel. Away with thee, paricide ! What, thou shalt lift thy heel against Rome, and yet bid me not sacrifice ? What care I for thy taunts ?" Here he was hurried forward into a paroxysm of fury, which rendered it impossible to follow him with any distinctness. "They dream of triumph now," he said, after another pause, "but I will baulk them yet. Tell me," he added, with a look of hardness, mingled with anxiety, "how do they name this place ? I was once advised to beware of Phrygia : we are far from Phrygia."

"Not so far," said the voice of a peasant, whom the sight of the wounded man so far from the scene of contest, had attracted to the spot. "This place is so named of long standing."

The sufferer, aghast with terror, turned to look upon the speaker, but the latter, perceiving the Roman cavalry approach at a distance, disappeared amongst the trees. In a few minutes a number of horsemen galloped to the spot, amongst whom I beheld some eunuchs of the Emperor's palace, as I afterwards learned (for, being a new conscript, I had as yet seen little of the camp,) and Ammianus Marcellianeus, his historian. Their demeanour, as they drew nigh enough to recognize the wounded soldier, was sufficient to confirm the suspicions which the appearance and language of the unknown had now excited within my mind. He who had so long perplexed me as a friend and benefactor, was indeed, the all-dreaded Julian, at whose very name the christians of the province and of the state had learned to shudder—the Apostate Augustus—he who had torn down the labarum of Constantine, to restore the blood stained eagle of the Cæsars in its stead !

With looks and exclamations of astonishment, the attendants raised him from the ground, and proceeded to convey him slowly to the camp. I saw him no more, but the memory of his dying looks and his last tones of agony and passion, for a long time haunted my mind with an influence, which I vainly strove to banish.

Thou knowest my subsequent history, and the peace and joy which were soon diffused throughout the empire, under the happy reign of Jovian, a successor in every way so entirely the opposite of the much feared and little lamented Julian. Under his banner, the again triumphant labarum, thou art now about to seek that western city, where Julian first raised the standard of rebellion, and commenced a career so brief, and so disastrous, to others and himself. At thy desire, I send this narrative as a parting gift. Even a centurion may sometimes derive instruction from the adventurers of so insignificant a being as the Lame Tailor of Macel.

"Well, gentlemen," exclaimed one of the company, as the Ninth Juror took off his spectacles and returned the manuscript to his coat pocket, "I think we have had quite enough of Greek. 'Tis a very learned story, and with many hard words, and we ought to be thankful that 'tis over."

"Oh, certainly," said another, "I protest I don't know when I felt more pleasure at the conclusion of any story; and if that be not a sign of a well wrought catastrophe, I don't know what is."

"But what I'm most uneasy about," said a third, with a sly wink at his neighbour, "is the condition of the poor *concierge* at the Palais des Thermes, if the minister of the Interior should ever come to hear that so valuable a document was purloined by a tourist!"

"I shouldn't wonder," cried a fourth, "if it were the ground of something very unpleasant taking place between the French and English governments."

"Oh, I trust not," replied a fifth; "I'm sure our friend would readily restore the manuscript, rather than that it should endanger the national peace."

"It is all a proof," added a sixth, "of the great advantages of travelling. How long might one of us poor fellows, be rambling from bog to bog in this unfortunate country, without lighting on so valuable and entertaining a relic of departed times!"

"Aye," exclaimed a seventh, "but what good would all that be, without a classical education?"

"Gentlemen," said the Ninth Juror, after listening to these jests for some time, in good-humoured silence, "you are pleased to be merry upon my tale, and you are heartily welcome; but a man can only do his best. All I have to say, is, that I hope you may hear no worse."

The Ninth Juryman then proclaimed his incapacity to sing, and was preparing to acquit himself by the pay-

ment of the fine, when the attention of the whole party was suddenly arrested by a disturbance in the street, which at so early an hour naturally awakened their curiosity. The noise which had attracted the attention of the Jurors proceeded from a house, which, though at a considerable distance, was just partly within view of the window. Crowding around the latter, the Jurors were enabled by the faint light of morning, (which seemed to indicate that the sun was thinking of rousing himself and beginning his day's work) to descry a section of a hall door, before which stood a section of a chaise, drawn up, as if awaiting orders from within. Lights gleamed occasionally in the windows, passing rapidly to and fro, as if preparations were on foot for a journey of unusual length. The interest of the Jurors was heightened to the utmost, when one of them announced that the house in which they saw the lights was the residence of the fair plaintiff. In a short time the hall door opened, the figure of a gentleman, attired in a fur-collared frock and travelling cap, appeared, followed by a slighter figure, closely muffled, which, imperfectly as it was seen by our incarcerated Story-tellers, there was no mistaking for that of a lady. Could it be the Plaintiff herself? And if so, where was she going at that hour in the morning, leaving her suit still *sub judice*—a suit, too, which involved so many more important interests than the mere private happiness of the parties immediately concerned. These were questions of that very extensive class, which are much more easily asked than answered; so that after a few conjectures, which, like most conjectures, left the matter in the same condition in which it stood before they were made, the Jurors philosophically dismissed the subject from their minds, and sitting once more around the fire, proceeded to pay attention to the tale of the Tenth Juror. This he delivered in the following words :—

THE TENTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

ANTRIM JACK, AND HIS GENERAL.

"I say the tale, as 'twas said to me"

Scott

ANTRIM JACK, AND HIS GENERAL.

In the "year of the troubles," a term by which the memorable year '98 of Irish history is distinguished in the traditions of the peasantry, there was among the ranks of the insurgents, a man named O'Dwyer, who made himself formidable to the king's troops by the most extraordinary and skilful application of those arts of warfare, for the most part, irregular in their nature, which were peculiar to the united Irishmen. This man was the son of a country farmer. He was first placed at the head of a small party, among the rebels, and, though perfectly illiterate, in a very short time, partly by the force of his character, but a good deal by the success which attended every scheme he devised to entrap and annoy the military, was distinguished by the title of General among them. In this new capacity, his ingenuity and military talent became more conspicuous, and every day parties of the regular troops were either defeated in open contest, or cut off by some subtle stratagem. Nothing could equal his daring on those occasions, when he chose to exhibit himself openly, and they were entirely unprepared for the craft with which he eluded their pursuit, when driven to the expedient of concealment. In every circumstance, except regularity

of discipline, he seemed completely superior to them; and after a long and weary contest, they felt the contempt with which they had at first regarded him give way in the end, to the dearly bought, but wiser conviction, that he was so. He and his followers seemed never to tire. After having given him chase for the greater part of a day, and having hunted him to his fastnesses in the county of Wicklow, the military on returning to their encampment were often set upon in the act of cooking their victuals—fired at from behind the hedges—many of them wounded—some killed, and all thrown into such disorder, as to destroy all unity of purpose among them. On some occasions they were even obliged to give up their encampment, food and all, to their merciless and ever restless foes.

These circumstances, the harassing nature of the duty they had to perform, the losses they had already sustained, and the constant and unrelenting spirit of their enemy, made it no less a matter of feeling than of interest with the military to have him arrested. This feeling animated every man of them, and made them much more zealous in their aim, than a mere sense of duty or the hope of profit by his capture would have ever done. Various were the expedients resorted to, to effect this most desirable end; but every one of them was completely defeated by his vigilance; and so great was his tact and skill, that while they every day had to grieve over the loss of some of the most valuable of their own men, they could scarcely ever boast of having taken even a single one of his followers. As the troops became inured to this kind of warfare, they gradually acquired a portion of the tact and skill for which their enemy was so much distinguished, and this circumstance brought him latterly into much greater difficulties than usual; nevertheless, narrow as all his escapes were, he always did escape, and this often occurred when the sol-

diers imagined they had him quite within their grasp, and there seemed no possibility of his deliverance. These straits, into which he was now and then put, usually alternated with attempts on his part to put them into the same difficulties, which were similar to the others in every respect, except that they were generally successful. This game, in which one side were all the losers, was played for some months, and at the end of this time, when every expedient seemed exhausted, and the military engaged in this service were fairly foot-fallen, and worn down with constant hardship, it was judged right by the commanding officers to persuade him to submit on terms, which, the nature of them being communicated to him by an emmissary dispatched for that purpose, he at once agreed to accept. He dismissed his followers, —laid down his arms, and was conveyed to Kilmainham gaol, under a promise of security to his life and person.

The Governor of Kilmainham prison, from whom we have indirectly obtained this account, describes him as a man of extraordinary muscular strength. His figure approached the gigantic, with shoulders enormously broad, great brawny arms, and large, though sinewy legs. His countenance, on which fear had never traced a line, was not remarkable for austerity in its quiet mood, but it was usually full of a changing expression, which flew from severe to gay with a rapidity and force that indicated a quick sensibility, and a current of strong, and rapid thought. He could, in an instant, light it up with the most engaging signs of good will, and in the next hang on it a menace of dreadful meaning. He seemed sensible of this quality in himself, and often, during his stay in the prison, used to amuse himself in trying its effect on the more timid of those visitors who were prompted by the fame of his desperate character to see him. The accounts which were brought him by the Governor, of the different impressions of him,

evident in the conversation of the visitors, as they departed, seemed infinitely to excite his mirth. These impressions being extremely agreeable, or terrific, according to the mode in which he chose to exhibit himself.

He was at all times a fellow of infinite humour, enjoyed conversation very much, and often carried forgetfulness to the hearts of the less fortunate inmates of the prison, with the relation of his adventures, by which many an evening hour was got rid of, which would otherwise have passed wearily. The qualities to which his deliverance seemed owing in many difficulties were, a spirit that never sunk in any emergency, and that instinctive and instant perception of the best course in such cases, commonly called presence of mind, which so far outsteps all reasoning, and which he seemed to possess in the highest degree possible. These qualities, combined with the greatest fertility in stratagitical devices, showed a genius that would have been dazzling under a better education, and in a better cause.

On one occasion, in the latter part of the contest we have described, after a hot pursuit, in which all his followers were dispersed, his flight was directed as the evening fell, across a narrow and deep ravine, filled with a light copse, and short stunted bushes of hazel, in the bottom of which ran a wild and rapid torrent, crossed by one of those one-arched little bridges, which seem so much too large for their purpose in summer, and yet so much in danger of being carried away by the impetuosity of the mountain floods in winter. His pursuers, reinforced by fresh men that fell in by the way, were rapidly gaining ground on him, and had kept up the chase with so much spirit, that, for the last half hour, notwithstanding the closeness of the country, they scarcely for a moment lost sight of him. His fate seemed now certain. The soldiers, but a few yards behind, sure of their prey, came down the hill towards the

bridge, with eager shouts, and delivering themselves to the impulse of the steep descent, rushed onwards with all the impetuosity and force which that circumstance, aided by the utmost muscular exertion could give, evidently with the purpose of taking him at the moment, when his speed must slacken with the opposite ascent, and theirs would be at its highest; at this instant, instead of crossing the bridge, he slightly changed his course, and slipped under the arch. They almost immediately perceived their error, but the mistake was fatal. In the next moment, nearly, he had disappeared from them. A few shots from overheated and breathless men, as they caught the last glimpse of him at some distance, were not much to be feared, and the exploit ended in mutual upbraidings and disputes among the soldiery, as they returned, each laying the blame of the failure on some one, or all of the rest.

This was an instance in which his escape was due singly to his own ingenuity and exertion, but of the many he had, the greater number were mainly owing to the good faith and attachment of his followers. There were many circumstances in his relation of these transactions, which showed that this attachment was of the strongest kind, and to this was probably to be attributed the fact of his having been so often brought out of peril, in which another would have perished. His deliverance from one of these dangers in particular, was attended with a degree of self-devotion, so extraordinary on the part of one of them, that very few instances on record will bear to stand by its side.

The name of this person we cannot at present call to mind. He was originally from the County of Antrim, and after having enlisted and served some years in the army, deserted and joined the insurgents. He was a wiry and sinewy fellow, of great activity, and considerable muscular strength for his appearance. His frame

was thin, but well knit, and somewhat above the middle size. In his action and manner he was somewhat flighty, wild, and sudden, which made the men consider him not quite right in his mind, yet he never showed any signs of irrationality, and, indeed, whatever he was intrusted with, was executed with a ready and prompt tact, which was seldom exhibited by those who were supposed to possess much more ability. At such times, too, his whole mind seemed absorbed in the business he was engaged in, and that to such a degree, as to make him apparently quite disregard any danger attending it, except, in so far as his safety was essential to the success of what was given to his charge. This, together with the extreme, yet seemingly thoughtless tact, with which every thing was executed—a circumstance which was considered not inconsistent with the conduct of one whose mind was not entire, tended rather to confirm the suspicion we have alluded to, which was also in some degree strengthened by his abrupt and rapid utterance, when speaking, his indisposition to conversation when unoccupied, and the sudden and unbridled flights of a quick, small grey eye, which darted from place to place, and from person to person, without any rest. By his obligingness, and a disposition far away from all selfish feeling, he had endeared himself to the men, to whom he seemed much attached, and who usually distinguished him by the title of "Antrim Jack," from the county of his birth. The strongest feeling, however, of which he seemed capable, was exercised towards O'Dwyer, to whom he seemed to attach himself with an unbounded, and even wonderful affection, that showed itself in the most minute and circumstantial attention to his comforts and wishes, and even to his slightest feelings. These attentions were almost incessant in their occurrence, and were often so feminine in their nature as to awaken a troublesome degree of raillery in the rest

of the men, notwithstanding their good feeling towards him, and even sometimes to make it difficult for O'Dwyer himself, to repress a smile. The effect of this oft repeated raillery, was, that eventually Antrim Jack, without any diminution of his affection, began to be ashamed of it as of something discreditable, and was driven to the uncomfortable expedient of performing most of his little offices of affection in secret, and, indeed, at length, could only indulge himself in them, as it were by stealth, and unknown to his troublesome censors, who, when they found what a degree of soreness their quizzing produced in his mind, exchanged it out of good nature, for nods and winks, and a kind of slanting jest, which, though less direct, was scarcely less irritating. There was one among them, indeed, who seemed beyond the influence of this spirit of gentleness—a man named Farrel, who, under a feeling of envy at the partiality, real or imagined, which O'Dwyer seemed to extend to Jack, directed his shafts with a most unsparing hand against this supposed effeminacy, and child-like fondness. Though the other men showed an indisposition to torment him with these failings, (as he was led to think them,) yet when the fire was once opened by Farrel, they could seldom refrain from flinging in a random bolt. All this Jack bore with a good deal of forbearance, and in general, with a silence only broken by a few short threats muttered abruptly, which, however, were not usually carried into execution, though there were times when, to judge from the light that flashed in his unsteady and fitful eyes, the disposition to break out into sudden vengeance, seemed almost ungovernable.

On the very morning after the above mentioned affair at the little bridge. O'Dwyer appeared early in the field with a band of adherents that looked fresh and hale, and more numerous than ever. The military, too, had

turned out that morning with a number of picked men, swift of foot, and lightly equipped, a precaution their experience in pursuit in this kind of warfare had long shown them the necessity of. The disappointment of the night before only increased their eagerness for the coming contest, and the sight of their audacious and successful foe gave them a keen longing to be at odds with him, arm to arm again. After a sharp conflict, in which the rebels fought with that wild and impetuous daring, which sometimes distinguished them, they were completely routed, and obliged to fly in detached parties through the rocky passes of the country. The experience of the military had taught them not to look upon this as a victory, and accordingly they entered on the pursuit with all the energy that willing minds and hardy limbs, enabled them to muster. After very severe and prolonged exertion, however, they were obliged to give in without obtaining much additional advantage. The rebel general, with a few of his adherents, among whom either in success or failure, Antrim Jack might be always numbered, having far outstripped them, reached a half ruined cabin at the skirts of a wood where he determined to pass the night which was already falling.

In the course of this pursuit, O'Dwyer, while the soldiers were close behind, looked back, and thought he perceived distinct signs of a communication between Farrel and one of them. As he had observed a little jealously on the part of Farrel towards Antrim Jack, he did not wish to give him the additional mortification of being reproved in his presence, and therefore sent the latter out, on some pretext, before he called him up to make inquiry about it. He thought this step the more necessary, as he had observed that Farrel's disposition was proud and passionate, and exhibited a good deal of low cunning and craft, together with a large share, also, of that shallowness of mind that so com-

monly attends it, qualities of mind that would make such a mortification more galling.

"Farrel," said he, "what signs were those I saw pass between you and the soldier to day?"

"What soldier?" said Farrel.

"The fellow that was next behind you."

"When?" said Farrel.

"In the beginning of the chase, when they were close to us, as we came through the Scalp."

"Oh, nothing, sir," said Farrel.

"Come, come," said O'Dwyer, "that fellow said something to you, tell me what was it."

"A pinch o' snuff he wanted," said Farrel.

"A pinch of snuff!" said O'Dwyer, with surprise.

"Yes," said Farrel.

"Do you tell me that the fellow asked you for a pinch of snuff?"

"Yes," said Farrel.

"Nonsense!" said O'Dwyer.

"Faiks, its thrue for me," said Farrel, "sure you don't think 'tis a lie I'm telling!"

"I'm quite sure of it," said O'Dwyer.

"Egad then, you needn't," said Farrel.

"Well," said O'Dwyer, "you're a pleasant fellow. The king's troops chase you for half the length of a day, and seek your life with might and main. You do your utmost to preserve it by flight, and in the very height of this pursuit, and when you are the hardest pressed, the fellow who is nearest to you is unreasonable enough to expect you will oblige him with a pinch of snuff! Do you want me to believe you, man!" he said, as the picture stared him in all its absurdity.

"I do," said Farrel, "that's what he wanted."

O'Dwyer paused, and then after some moments said:

"And when he asked you for the pinch of snuff, what did you say to him?"

"I told him I wouldn't, said Farrel, nor as much as would make a bee sneeze."

"Well," said O'Dwyer, smiling, "you were true to your colours at any rate."

"What?" said Farrel.

"I say," said O'Dwyer, with more distinctness, "you did not desert your colours, you refused him the pinch of snuff."

Farrel coloured slightly as his commander said this, and there was a pause for some moments.

"Tell me, Farrel," said O'Dwyer, after looking into his face for some time, with a glance that few, even of the guilty could withstand, "did he offer you any thing in return for the pinch of snuff?"

Farrel coloured again slightly, and said he did not.

"Well, this was still more unreasonable, when a man asks a pinch of snuff of a person he has no right to expect it from, one would think he'd feel himself bound to give something in return. And did he promise you nothing?" said O'Dwyer, continuing his searching glance.

Farrel was silent.

O'Dwyer paused for some time. "Well, Farrel," he said at length in an altered tone; "all I wish to say to you at present is, be cautious how you hold any communication with these soldiers. Be on your guard I warn you. I have some reason to know what the pinch of snuff was that fellow asked you for; it is a kind of snuff that has made these soldiers sneeze more than once, and may perhaps make them do so again; you may go."

Farrel was about to offer something in explanation, but was stopt by O'Dwyer, who saw there was no probability of obtaining any further acknowledgement from him. The circumstance was suspicious to say the least of it, but O'Dwyer, who always depended much

upon his own personal exertion, thought it unnecessary to take any further step than to watch him closely, and keep him as much as possible about his own person.

Farrel was evidently dissatisfied at the manner in which he came out of this examination. The bantering form in which O'Dwyer put his questions, and the altered and serious tone with which he concluded, perplexed him not a little. He remained long moody, sullen, and silent, and it was only some time after O'Dwyer went out in the moonlight, to take his customary glance from some elevated spot, before retiring to his hardy couch on the earthen floor, that he could bring himself to take part in a conversation that occurred among the men, on their present condition and prospects, which the harassing nature of the day's duty made a natural topic.

"I never was more in humour for a sleep in all my life, than I am after to-day's run," said one them as he lay down and stretched himself across the place the fire had lately occupied. "Egad, this place is desperately hot after the fire. I suppose some of us will be taught to dance a new step in the air, to military music—others will meet with as good luck as Ned Sheehy of Dromin."

"What happened him?"

"Why, he was known for a notorious night-walker, and, like our General here, they were looking for him night and day, for months, and could never catch him. At last they put a few lines in the paper, to say, that if the nearest relation of the late Jerry Sheehy, (a cousin of his that was at say, and wasn't dead at all, at all,) would come to some office in Dublin, he'd hear of something to his advantage. Poor Ned was always very covetous for money, so he went there, and they pinned him. When he axed 'em what he had to learn to his advantage, they told him he ought to have been

hanged long ago, but they'd only thransport him for life—"

"Well, I don't think they kept terms with him," said the inquirer.

"Why so?"

"Because I'd rather be hanged, than be thransported for life. I don't think he heard anything to his advantage."

So Ned thought too; first he wanted them to hang him—at least he wanted to have a toss up with them—head or harp whether it should be double or quit, hanging or nothing; but they would not agree to it, and so Ned abused them, and called them cowards, and they parted. He went to Botany Bay, poor fellow, and they went about more tricks of the same kind.

"And which would you prefer, Will?" said Farrel to the last speaker, "hanging or thransportation."

"Egad, I don't know," replied the other, "I never gave my mind much to the matter—I wouldn't like either of them. Why do you ask?"

"Because," said Farrel, "I have no fancy myself for either one or the other, whatever Antrim Jack may do. I'll be off to-morrow."

"I never doubted you," said Jack: "I never saw you but throwing cold water on everything we have in hand."

"Why, what do you expect?" said Farrel. "Do you ever expect to have the comfort of dying in your bed?"

Whether from any previous contemplation, or from whatever cause, it would seem as if this question had lighted on Jack's mind with a more serious feeling, than any such inquiry could be expected to produce on a character such as his He paused for some time, and then, with a countenance and tone that betrayed a deeply altered state of thought and feeling, he said:

"I wouldn't care much, whether I did or not, if it wasn't for those I'd leave after me."

"Who would you leave after you?" said Farrel, in his customary tone of raillery.

"I know what you mean by your question," said Jack, in a melancholy tone; "you mean the general, and all I have to tell you is, and I don't care who knows it, that whatever end the general comes to, Jack will come to the same, and at the same time. If he's shot or taken, you'll find me somewhere near him. If it wasn't for him, I'd think but little of death. I know," he continued, with an expression of feeling his voice seldom assumed, "I know it is a comfort, a great comfort, to die in one's bed. I was near it once, and I often thought since, when I had a narrow escape of being shot, or spear'd, or hang'd, and it came into my mind afterwards, to think of death in different ways, which it seldom does. I often thought that a man can have no comfort so great as to die in his bed with his friend sitting near him. For all this, I tell you I would not value it much, but for what I mentioned, and as you asked me the question, Terr," he said, with earnestness, "I'll tell you that I hope and trust, with God's blessing—I hope and trust, and I have every hope of dying in my bed. I hope we'll all live long and happy, and that we'll all die in our beds."

Jack had seldom, indeed, scarcely ever made so long a speech before, and it was with some surprise that the men heard him avow himself under the influence of a feeling, which certainly his conduct would never have indicated the existence of. The hope with which he concluded—so deeply felt—so earnestly expressed—was doomed to be grievously disappointed.

The candid avowal of his strong attachment to O'Dwyer, was not sufficient to protect him from Farrel's ridicule, and it was probably this circumstance that

made the raillery of this evening fall more sharply upon his nerves than anything of the kind had ever done before. He became extremely irritated. His eyes flashed, and flew with incessant activity from one object to another—first he endeavoured to beat Farrel at his own weapons, but the complete coolness of the latter entirely disconcerted him. At length he lost all control, and seizing a rugged faggot that lay near, dashed it at him with such a sudden and dexterous aim, that notwithstanding an equally sudden motion of avoidance, it came upon his side with so much violence as at once to take away his breath, and destroy utterly the equanimity with which he had hitherto proceeded. Farrel was now roused in his turn, and snatching up the knotted weapon with which he had been assailed, proceeded to inflict summary chastisement. A scuffle ensued, attended with so much noise, that it reached O'Dwyer's ears, who entered the cabin with a face of much anxiety. He separated the combatants before Farrel had effected his purpose, and with some severity of manner, inquired into the cause of the dispute.

After much questioning, however, he could not obtain a satisfactory account.

"Who began this?" he asked at length, angrily. "Farrel, I saw you attacking Jack; what was that about?"

"When he hit me a blow o' that root," said Farrel, "that would kill a horse."

"Jack, what did you hit him for?" said O'Dwyer.

"When he wouldn't let me alone," said Jack; "he's for ever gibin' at me."

"What right had you to hit me?" said Farrel. "Wasn't that a purty insthrument to hit a man with?" said he, furiously, holding up the root towards O'Dwyer.

"Dear knows twouldn't hurt a chicken what I done to him," said Jack.

"For heaven's sake, what was all this about?" said O'Dwyer, with impatience. "Neville, you were looking on and can tell. How did it begin?"

"Indeed," said Neville, "twasn't worth a pean what was between them; 'twas a foolish falling out between friends—Terr there, was taken' fun out o' Jack—Jack didn't like it, and gave him a touch o' that instrument, as Farrel called it, in the side—Terr took offence at that then, and thought to have his revenge, and so they tangled in one another as you found 'em when you come in, and —"

"He's for ever at me," said Jack, "and I often tould him to let me alone."

O'Dwyer was greatly irritated,—"Farrel," said he, "what do you mean by all this?—you're the most worthless fellow I ever met. This morning I wanted you to catch that fellow they sent into town with letters, and you came back without him. Then you tell me a lying story about a soldier asking you for a pinch of snuff, when I well know what he wanted; and now when our dangers are run to the very highest, you raise a quarrel and make a noise that may bring the military upon us, who I find are not three hundred yards off. I wish to heaven," said he, vehemently, "I never had anything to do with you."

"What more can a man do than his best?" said Farrel.

"You could have told the truth," said O'Dwyer, "you didn't do that."

"I did," said Farrel, sullenly.

"You did not," said O'Dwyer; "and you know you did not. I do not believe one word of what you told me about that soldier."

"Well," said Farrel, sulkily, "if you don't like me, can't you get others to do your business."

"If I had got others to do it," said O'Dwyer, much

irritated, "when I gave it to you, they would not have failed. I'm heartily sorry 'twasn't Jack I sent."

"Oh, aye," said Farrel, insolently; "Jack is the great man with you, there's no one like Jack in your mind. Jack here—and Jack there. That I might'nt then, but I'll be even with Jack."

"How dare you," said O'Dwyer enraged, "have the insolence to say such a thing in my presence. How do you dare to let me hear such words from you?—look! Farrel," he continued, more calmly; "I warn you now in time, if I find you injure a hair of Jack's head I tell you, you'll repent it."

Here Jack pulled O'Dwyer by the coat, and whispered him something apparently with the view of moderating his anger.

"I don't care a pin," said O'Dwyer; "what right had he to go on with his nonsense and raise this row in the difficulties we are hourly brought into by these soldiers? Farrel," he continued, "I have no hesitation in telling you, I'm not satisfied with you, and that we must part."

"I'm satisfied," said Farrell, rising in a rage, "and the sooner the better. I'll leave you this instant."

"No," said O'Dwyer, "not to night, you'll stay here to-night; when the morning comes, you may be off as early as you please."

"I'll be off this moment," said Farrel, in a paroxysm of anger. "I'll not stop here for any man living."

"Take care my good fellow," said O'Dwyer, in a firm and determined manner, "how you dispute my orders! you know my trials are short, and my justice sudden; sit down, I advise you, and take care how you dispute my orders."

Farrel knew O'Dwyer's manner, when he was determined to be obeyed, and he had seen more than once the consequences of disobeying him. He sat down in a

moody passion, and passed the evening in sullen silence. O'Dwyer went out once again, to make his last dispositions for the night. He sent the men each to a different lurking place, set Neville on guard outside the cabin, and lay down on the floor, a great coat flung over him, with Farrel at his feet, and Antrim Jack as usual by his side.

The slumbers of that night were, probably, deeper than usual, for it was only after having been repeated two or three times, that the low whispers of Jack caught O'Dwyer's attention, when he asked him if he heard any noise.

"No," said he, "I did not; "Farrel get up, and see if it is day. Do you hear me, Farrel?"

There was no answer from Farrel, after repeated calls.

"Terr," said Jack in a low voice, "don't you hear the General calling you—Terr again—Terr—how sleepy you are, man—Terr, I say!"

But there was still no answer; and, after groping about in the dark for some time, they became satisfied that he was not in the cabin.

"How could he have got out?" said O'Dwyer; "surely I fastened the door, so that it could not open."

"It did not, either," said Jack.

"Then how could he have got out?"

After some further search they discovered an opening in the wall, into which a large stone had been dragged, that was recently displaced. Through the opening, they became convinced that Farrel had passed.

"The treacherous villain," said O'Dwyer. "I knew by his black look last night, that he had something in his mind."

"But how could he get out unknown to us?" said Jack, "and through so small a hole, too? I never thought Farrel was so handy."

"Oh, the rogue—some of my training—but if I catch

him, I'll be even with him. We must be off out of this presently—run out and call Neville. I wonder how that scamp could escape unknown to him."

Jack was about to open the door, when looking through a slit in it, he suddenly ran back to O'Dwyer, and said with a hurried utterance, but in a low voice—

"Oh, General—the soldiers! we're pinned!"

"Where?" said O'Dwyer.

"Outside—round about the house!"

"Ha!—so 'tis late already—but what's become of Neville?—let's see."

The day had just broke, and O'Dwyer on looking out beheld his poor sentinel a captive, and in forgetfulness of his condition, looking towards the door with a countenance of wretched sympathy. He directed Jack's attention towards him, who gazed at him for some time, and appeared to be touched by the expression of concern he saw in his face. "Poor fellow!" said he. "It is like him."

Neville's look of generous distress was not without cause. He had heard the party, which consisted of about thirty men, under the command of a non-commissioned officer, discussing the manner in which O'Dwyer was to be drawn out of his present position, as they all knew an attempt to do so by open force would be dangerous and bloody, if not entirely unsuccessful; some of the hardiest among them were for adopting this course, and breaking in the door boldly on him, but the more timid encouraged the cowardly and savage proposition of setting fire to the building and compelling him to leave it or die there. This proposal was urged and discussed in the midst of much brutal levity, on the part of the soldiery, who could not conceal their satisfaction at having their enemy at length in their power, and it was with extreme anguish that Neville saw it at length universally agreed upon.

It was determined, however, first to try if he would surrender peaceably, and one of the party approached the door with orders from the sergeant to call upon him "to lay down his arms and submit."

The sharp voice and rapid utterance of Antrim Jack was heard presently in reply.

"It's what the General bid me tell ye, said he, "if ye wanted the arms, to come in he says and take 'em."

"Well said, master spokesman," said one of the soldiers, "perhaps we'd find a means of bringing down your high note, though, and coaxing ye out o' that,—you and your General, as you call him. Do you know how to catch rabbits?"

"Eh?" said Jack.

"Do you know how to catch rabbits, I say?"

"I believe it's funnin' me you are—what would I know about them?"

"Oh—you don't know, then?"

"No, I don't," said Jack—"I have something else to do."

"Oh, well, I'll teach you. You smoke them out of the holes, when you can't get them to come out otherwise. Do you see?"

"Oh yes," said Jack, drily, "when your ferrets get cowardly, and are afraid to follow them."

"Very good, my boy—very good, we'll find ferrets that will match you, though, I promise you—indeed we will."

O'Dwyer soon became aware of their savage purpose. Thick wreaths of smoke began to enter the dwelling, and rise to the top from the four corners at once. After an examination, which showed him that the house was completely invested, he made as good a preparation as he could, with Jack's assistance, for resisting any attempt upon the door. More than once, indeed, he began to consider, whether it would not be better to

stake all upon a determined sally, and a vigorous attempt to cut through his foes; but the chance of success in this seemed so slight, that he determined not to put it in practice just then. He therefore warned Jack of his designs, and waited by the door until some accident of fortune should make this course appear more feasible, or until they should be otherwise driven to adopt it.

"'Tis easy to see," said he, "there isn't an *officer*, among them. You never see these things done in the presence of a gentleman. Ho! look at Farrel! look at the wretch!"

Jack looked through the broken door and beheld his late, but faithless associate. He was standing among the soldiery, who having no further occasion for his services, jostled him about heedlessly, while they indulged in the rude jests their present triumph inspired. His fit of passion had done its worst and was entirely gone, and as he sometimes looked towards the door, O'Dwyer was able to perceive the ghastly and wretched attempts at levity, with which he joined in their jokes, and endeavoured to crush the feeling that followed, for even he, false as he played him, was not without a certain attachment for his master. This remorseful feeling was rendered more keen by the contemptuous neglect of those around him, and by the dreadful destiny to which he saw his brave and affectionate commander now consigned.

"Jack," said O'Dwyer, in a low voice, "mind the door, and watch close. If the least opening occurs at any point, be ready in an instant to cut through them."

Jack's attention seemed absorbed by Farrel, and his answer was not to the purpose. "General," he asked after a pause, "isn't it a horrid thing to see him trying to laugh that way?"

The flames soon raged with extreme fierceness, and

rose from the building in a lofty pyramid of intense light, which in the grey of the morning twilight cast a strange glare over the green of the trees around, while all looked on with the dead silence of feverish and anxious expectation. Every thing now tended to the consummation of their wishes. This was evidently the concluding scene, and they were determined not to be tricked again—their enemy was at last within their grasp, and they looked forward to the closing act of this dreadful drama, with the deep set and dire appetite of hungering vengeance, about to be fully sated. Hopeless—utterly hopeless beyond all previous times, as his situation now appeared to be, no expedient that the united thought of many could suggest, as likely to be adopted by him in this, his last extremity, was left unprovided for ; and even the wild idea, that he might ascend through the column of flame and dense white smoke that arose from the crackling rafters of the ruined building, was not deemed too extravagant for his matchless daring. A number of men were placed at short distances round the house, who stood in an attitude with their pieces ready cocked and half presented ; but by far the greater portion of them arranged themselves in a semicircle round the door, where a sortie was expected, the nature of which they could well imagine, and which they prepared to meet with the decision befitting such an attempt.

Meanwhile the sufferings of O'Dwyer and his companion were almost beyond endurance. They had a plain view of the enemy, whose designs they could easily understand, and who was posted outside at a deadly advantage. The conflagration had now reached its full strength, and besides what they suffered from the tormenting fire which raged a few feet above, and poured down its rays with intolerable fury upon them, they could only find as much breath as would support

existence, by lying along the floor, where the smoke and suffocating vapours were less dense—but even this, they were unable to continue long, for the black and sooty substance, that lined the inside of the roof, fell like burning pitch upon their persons and setting their clothes on fire, added dreadfully to their torture. They in some degree sheltered themselves from this fiery shower, by placing a small deal table that lay in the house, in the middle of the floor, and creeping under it —but this, like the rest of the building, was soon wrapped in flames, O'Dwyer had watched in vain for some moment, when the vigilance of the soldiers might give them an opportunity of bettering their condition, by a determined sally ; but after some time he gave up all hope of any such occasion presenting itself. It became evident indeed, that the moment that was to decide their fate, was fast approaching—for the last few moments they lay with their faces to the earth, in silent suffering, but they now began to meditate on the necessity of bringing matters at once to a conclusion.

When at length O'Dwyer laid his hand on Jack's shoulder to warn him of the necessity of this, and give him his latest instructions, he found him to his surprise in tears.

"Jack !" said he—for shame !—what ails you ?"

"General," said Jack, looking at him affectionately, his eyes swimming in tears : "'Tis all up with us."

"Well," said O'Dwyer, and suppose so—let us meet it like men—why, Jack ! I'm surprised at you !"

"Oh," said Jack, "wiping the tears from his eyes with his thin and skinny fingers—"sure you dont think 'tis for myself I'm this way. No—but it goes to my heart to think that you—that you should fall into the hands of these fellows."

"My poor fellow !" said O'Dwyer, very much moved, —"I'm very much obliged to you, but you know we

must make up our minds to these things when they come; others have borne them in their time, and so will we."

"Oh aye," said Jack, "if it was myself only, I'd be satisfied."

He laid his face to the earth again, and O'Dwyer perceiving the extravagance of his grief, tried to console him."

"Jack," he said,—"this is ridiculous, I never expected with any confidence to die a natural death, therefore you must not think I make much of this; you have often heard me say that any bully may brave the appearance of death, but it is a man of true spirit only that will face its reality. I would be quite unworthy of your kind feeling for me if such speeches were false and hollow, and made but for some occasion. No!—whatever pains I may have taken to preserve my life, I was always ready to meet death if it came—say a prayer like a good fellow, and think no more about me."

"Jack replied only by a low moan, and O'Dwyer continued—

"We must start from this place presently," he said, "and remember, if we are to be taken we must be taken dead, and dearly—give me your hand."

Jack did not seem to attend to this speech, but it was scarcely ended, when he suddenly caught O'Dwyer's hand between both of his, and looking him in the face, said, earnestly and rapidly:

"Oh! I have it, I know how we'll manage it."

"How so?" said O'Dwyer.

"We'll take them by surprise this way. I'll run to the door first—they have all their pieces ready. I'll make a run out suddenly, and they'll all fire at me—you'll make a run then—they'll have nothing left for you in their guns, and you'll get off."

"And leave you dead," said O'Dwyer—no—no."

"And why not?" said Jack,—"we'll both die, you know, otherwise."

"Oh!" said O'Dwyer, "'tis very good of you to think of this, but t'will never do."

"Why not?" said Jack.

"Oh! no matter."

"Oh," said Jack, "you don't know how little I'd think of it."

"I do, Jack, know very well how little you'd think of it, and that's one of the reasons why I can't listen to it. No, no, we have done as good a turn for them more than once, though not so brutally, their turn is come now, and they're heartily welcome to it. Besides, you have as good a right to your life as I have to mine, if you go to that of it."

"E'ye," said Jack, "what is my life to yours."

"Why 'tis as good to you as mine is to me."

"No, nor half," said Jack, "I never had much pleasure out of it. Do, General, be said by me! if I'm taken, as I surely will be, I'll be shot as a deserter."

"And if I'm taken, I'll be shot as a rebel—what's the difference?"

"But if you're not taken," said Jack.

This contest was carried on as may be supposed with extreme rapidity. Antrim Jack was urgent—protested over and over again his determination to die there, whether O'Dwyer consented to his proposition or not, and once or twice threatened to run out and meet his fate on the instant. It is impossible to tell what motive influenced O'Dwyer eventually to yield to his entreaties; if he did give a satisfactory account of them in his narrative, the explanation has not reached us. That he did, however, at last allow himself to be prevailed upon is certain. When his consent was at last won, he listened to Jack's instructions, which were given with many an earnest prayer, that he would follow them accurately.

As the moment came round in which they were to be put into execution, Jack grasped O'Dwyer's hand in a final and affectionate farewell, and prepared himself.

As they were about to start from their position, however, a suspicion seemed to cross his mind. He turned back—caught O'Dwyer's hand firmly—looked in his face, and said, with a touching earnestness:

"You're not going to deceive me, now, General?—are you?"

"How so?" said O'Dwyer.

"I'm afraid," said Jack, "you'll have it in your mind to run to the door along with me, and spoil all."

"My poor fellow," said O'Dwyer, "I thank you more than ever, but I had no such intention."

"God bless you," said Jack, "and don't think of such a thing,—'Tis the only favour you can ever grant to Jack, to do as he asks you now. If you refuse it to him, you never will have it in your power to oblige or disoblige him again. General, don't think of it."

"My poor fellow," said O'Dwyer, who was touched by the earnestness with which he sought this extraordinary boon, "I have promised you I would not."

"God bless you," said Jack, "I am satisfied and happy."

The final moment came speedily. Jack started up quickly and placed himself behind the door, which was already in flames, while O'Dwyer took his place beside him. He knew the withdrawing of the bolt would be the signal to the soldiers for their last preparation, and he took care to do this with sufficient distinctness to make it clearly heard. A cheer of horrid triumph from without, assured him that he had attained this object, and immediately every piece was levelled with fearful steadiness and better directed aim to the door way; but he waited a little until a few, who heard the cheering, and seemed to understand it, ran round and took

their places, and gave their pieces the same direction. At this instant the door was flung wide, and the appalling figure of Antrim Jack, black, burning, and hideous, appeared amid a volume of smoke and cinders, for a moment before them. There was an air of excitement about him ; a strange, wild kind of light was in his eyes, and an expression of pleasure on his half destroyed features, which those who looked on him in that passing moment could not understand the meaning of. He sprung forward, and they fired—the entire charge of every gun—powder, flame, ball, passed through his body, which fell motionless among them. O'Dwyer took notice that he seemed to fling himself on his side as he went down, as if with the wish to see the event, but the body never moved again. At this moment, and while they were yet unprepared, O'Dwyer rushed forth. A blow or two from his powerful arm sent to the earth with dreadful violence a few who were daring enough to fling themselves in his way. In the confusion that followed, and while the smoke still lingered around them, some struck wildly with the butt ends of their muskets, which meeting those of their fellow soldiers, made a dreadful crash : others made fierce and unmeasured thrusts of the bayonet at him as he passed, but stumbling over the dead body, only hurt their companions. There were some wild shouts of anger and disappointment, a short pursuit, and in the brief space of a few seconds, the magnanimous purpose of his faithful and fallen companion was accomplished.

At the conclusion of the tale, and while all were admiring the devoted fidelity and heroism of the unfortunate Jack, the narrator, bethinking himself of his song, cast his eyes on the ceiling in quest it would seem of some dimly remembered melody, and after a rather long and perplexed pause, hesitatingly observed :

"As I believe, gentlemen, our rules do not restrict us to our national music, I shall give you a song, written by a friend of mine, for a very popular Scotch air, Roy's Wife of Aldavalloch."

A general clapping of hands announced the gratification of the company at the proposal, upon which, as soon as the noise subsided, the Tenth Juror sung as follows:

I.

Know ye not that lovely river?
Know ye not that smiling river?
Whose gentle flood,
By cliff and wood,
With wildering sound goes winding ever.
Oh! often yet with feelings strong
On that dear stream my memory ponders,
And still I prize its murmuring song,
For by my childhood home it wanders.
Know ye not that lovely river?
Know ye not that smiling river?
Whose gentle flood,
By cliff and wood,
With wildering sound goes winding ever.

II.

There's music in each wind that flows
Within our native woodland breathing,
There's beauty in each flower that blows
Around our native woodland wreathing.
The memory of the brightest joys,
In childhood's happy morn that found us,
Is dearer than the richest toys
The present vainly sheds around us.
Know ye not that lovely river?
Know ye not that smiling river?
Whose gentle flood,
By cliff and wood,
With wildering sound goes winding ever.

At the conclusion of the song, which was received with the usual plaudits, the gentleman whose turn came next, on being called upon, related the following story.

THE ELEVENTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

THE PROPHECY.

GAOLER.—"Come Sir, are you ready for death?
POSTHUMUS.—Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.
GAOLER.—Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready."
CYMBELINE, ACT V., SCENE III

THE PROPHECY.

"In a ramble," said the Eleventh Juror, "which I once made to visit the many beautiful lakes, that, far away from the ordinary route of the traveller, lie hidden in the depth of wild and lonely mountains in the County of Clare, I was entertained one night, at the house of a country gentleman, Captain O'Kelly of Kilgobbin, upon whose hospitality accident had thrown me. He had overtaken me in the midst of a thunder shower, while endeavonring to make my way through a mountain pass leading from one of the lakes, and observing that I was, like himself, on foot, and drenched with rain, he kindly brought me to his residence, which offered the only shelter within many miles. During the very pleasant evening I passed there, which I shall ever recollect with feelings of enjoyment, my attention was particularly caught by the appearance of a wild, grey-faced, awkward looking little serving man, who waited upon us at table. He moved backward and forward, performing his part with the utmost assiduity and interest; but the expression of his countenance never lost its sedateness, nor indicated the slightest diversion of his mind from the duty he was engaged in. All the amusing stories of my good-natured host, as well as

some happy essays, if I may so call them, of mine own to pass the winter's night, failed to elicit even the subdued smile in which the merriment of the table, becoming fainter and fainter as it reaches the confines of the apartment, so often expires upon the constrained countenance of the footman. Even when conducting me to my room at bed-time, and assisting me to undress, he preserved the same mild, taciturn manner, speaking only when obliged to reply to any interrogatory of mine, and then in as few words as the occasion would admit of. My curiosity was very much excited by a demeanour so unusual, but seeing no fit means of satisfying it, and being greatly fatigued after the exertions of the day, I turned into bed, and was soon buried in a deep and dreamless sleep. I cannot tell exactly what time might have passed, when I was startled by a loud jingling noise, like the falling of fire-irons upon a flagstone. It was succeeded by a momentary silence, and afterwards by sounds as if some one was endeavouring to compose a giddy poker and tongs in their place by the hearth. Another short pause followed, and then came the murmur of a voice as if engaged in a long recital. The hour was so extraordinary for any colloquy, and the murmur continued so long, that I grew somewhat uneasy, and resolved to ascertain from whence it proceeded. Descending the stairs in the dark, and creeping cautiously along a cold passage, I found myself at the door of the kitchen, which stood half open, and disclosed to my view the figure of the grave serving man on his knees near the fire, holding a string of beads in his left hand, and beating his breast unmercifully with his right. He was looking towards the ceiling and praying in an unsuppressed tone of voice, but he ran over the words so rapidly, that I could only catch the conclusion of each supplication, which, as if to avoid the monotony, was

slightly varied in the repetition. The heartfelt and imploring tone in which these words were uttered, and the fervent manner in which he struck his chest at the termination of each sentence, seemed to imply some deep apprehension of impending evil, which the unfortunate man could hardly hope to escape. Impressed with a feeling of strong sympathy for his unhappiness, I was about to retire, when his prayers, taking a new direction, again arrested my attention. He begged that every possible blessing might attend on his master and mistress, that their guardian angels might always protect them from harm, and in conclusion, but in a fainter and more affecting voice, he implored the assistance of the grace of Heaven that before he died himself, he might bring his heart to forgive his bitter enemy and destroyer, Will Wiley. Wondering what surpassing injury the latter could have done him to occasion such deep feelings of resentment, or what circumstance could have led to his apprehensive and desponding state of mind, I at length returned to bed, and midnight having resumed its quiet, endeavoured to win back the unconscious sleep which had been so unceremoniously driven off by the sound of the falling fire-irons."

Several hours had passed, when I was startled anew by loud voices apparently in violent altercation beneath my window. Springing from the bed, and hastily withdrawing the old-fashioned heavy moreen window curtains, I perceived at a little distance upon the lawn, in the broad morning sunlight, the sad faced little man, to whose devotion I had been a witness in the night time. His character and appearance were, however, entirely changed, his countenance was inflamed, his eyes sparkling, and he stood in a threatening attitude, armed with a large stone, opposite an ugly deformed, little person, who appeared rather amused than alarmed at the ferocious looks directed towards him.

"Get out o' my sight, you hump-backed villain," exclaimed the enraged domestic.

"Eyeh, what's the matter, Morris?" returned the deformed, quietly, elevating his arm a little, as he spoke, lest the stone might unexpectedly reach him.

"Get out o' my sight again, you informing Dane."

"Begannies, tisn't easy, Morris; you keep sitch a sharp eye on one."

"I tell you I'm dangerous."

"Faix, you look like it any way! I never see you in sitch a passion since the day at Clondegad."

It seemed as if the name of the locality just adverted to had some peculiarly irritating association connected with it, as it brought the indignation of the party addressed to a sudden climax, and the stone, which had been long poised uncertainly in the air, was at once projected through the intervening space, and passing close to the Humpback's ear, left it a matter of doubt for some moments whether it had not clipt off a portion of that organ.

Having satisfied himself that no considerable damage was done, the Humpback looked up with apparent astonishment at his assailant.

"Why, then, I wondher at you entirely, Mr. Moran! Is it to murther me you want?"

Morris's countenance abated nothing of its fury, his face grew more red, his mouth foamed, and his eye wandered from point to point in search of another missile. But not seeing one within reach, he glanced furiously again at the deformed, and shaking his clenched fist at him, exclaimed:

"I tell you once more, you vagabond of the earth, beware o' me! go along about your business! put the side of the country betune us, or I'll be the death o' you."

"See that, now," returned the imperturbable hump-

back ; "there's nothing will taich some people—'tis by sitch coorses one is led to the gallis. You ought to know that, Morris !"

"You ought to know it better yourself, you unhanged sinner—'tis often you earned it, late and early, spying, and murthering, and bethraying innocent craythurs that arn't cute enough for you. Sayzur, when, sayzur, holloo—halloo—halloo, good dog, good dog—halloo, halloo, halloo !"

These last few words were addressed to a huge, shaggy newfoundland dog, who, hearing an altercation going on, sprung from behind an adjoining wall to inquire into the merits of the affair. Discovering that one of the house of Kilgobbin had been subjected to some unparalleled ill-usage, which he inferred from Morris's indignant looks and gestures, he instantly started in pursuit of the offender. The latter, whose tantalizing equanimity of manner, under all the opprobious epithets heaped upon him, might have aggravated the ire of a saint, lost all disposition to continue his bantering, when he beheld the wide-mouthed animal bounding towards him, and seized with evident terror at so unlooked-for an attack, fled across the lawn, with a speed perfectly astonishing, in a person whose ill-made limbs seemed so little adapted for fleetness. Cæsar, however, was no way lazy in the pursuit, while the triumphant Morris pressed after him, panting and hallooing, sometimes pausing to take breath, sometimes to clap hands and encourage him, by gentle suggestions of the manner in which he was to treat the offender as soon as he overtook him. "That's right, Sayzur—tear him, boy—tear him—good dog—halloo—halloo—halloo."

Alarmed lest any serious injury might be inflicted on the unfortunate fugitive, by so ferocious-looking an animal, I threw on my clothes, and, hurrying down stairs, I found Captain O'Kelly already in the breakfast parlour.

On describing the scene to which I had been a witness, and expressing my apprehensions for the fate of the Humpback, he fell into immoderate fits of laughter, recovering from which, he assured me Old Will Wiley, as he called him, would suffer no other injury from the chase, than the long run, or his own terrors might bring upon him. "Cæsar," he said, "was a most humane dog, whose worst threatenings always ended in mere sound and fury. Having related what I had seen in the night, and the pathetic manner in which the melancholy Morris deplored his unextinguishable resentment against this same Will Wiley, the Captain informed me that the story of their falling out was not only an interesting but a very curious one, and requesting me to draw a chair to the breakfast table, entertained me with the following narrative

THE PROPHECY.

Morris Moran lived on the outskirts of a retired village, in the county of Clare. He was an industrious, harmless, quiet little man; and though, like Sancho Panza, not unwilling upon occasion, when passion prompted, to punish an adversary at fisty-cuffs, he had the reputation of being a very timid and apprehensive being. He could not well be called a coward in the usual acceptation of that term, for he felt no sense of shame or indignity in any effort, which he conceived it his duty to make, to escape personal danger, and would willingly, in such instances, have every thought or feeling of his mind published at the market cross. He could never, indeed, conceive the object or utility of that self-appreciation which makes men so very captious of indignity, nor had he a notion of that enthusiastic passion for earthly fame, which leads the soldier to seek

> ——"The bubble reputation
> Even at the cannon's mouth."

True glory with him lay either in avoiding or dexterously escaping from danger; and his most important study, from the time he began to reason, was to discover how he could best fulfil the primary law of nature —self-preservation. This he considered to be no such easy matter as it was held to be by ordinary persons. On the contrary, with all his care, and vigilance, and

foresight, the multiplicity of ways by which a man may be put of existence, made it seem excessively difficult for him to accomplish his purpose of remaining a denizen of this sublunary sphere for any considerable length of time. By a life of exercise and temperance, he might, perhaps, for some years escape the evils of disease ; by never venturing on ship-board, he might escape drowning ; by the ready egress from his little cabin, which two frail doors afforded, the danger of a conflagration might be averted, and a quiet harmless life might, at least for a period protect him from the perils of the law. But what was to preserve him from the thousand incidental dangers inseparable from the circumstances of humanity—subject to have his cabin entered by Terryalts* at any hour of the night—to be waylaid by murderers on the highway returning from fair or market—to be run over by a restive horse—to be gorged by a furious bull—or to have a fissure made in his skull, by the falling of a slate from a house top in the great town. The shades in fact of a hundred deaths stalked through his imagination like the ghosts by Richard's couch, whenever he ventured to calculate the positive chances in favour of a prolonged existence ; a calculation, indeed, not usually entered into by the mass of mankind, (actuaries of insurance companies excepted) with that grave consideration which its deep interest merits.

But of all the ministers of death, in a world out of which some one hourly makes an unexpected exit, none appeared so frightful to him as the implements of human warfare ; and of all those implements, none so specially terrific as the barrelled gun. When one of these happened accidentally to be placed near him, he would often break out of some fit of musing, and gaze upon it with all the perplexity which one might be supposed to

* Associated bands of disturbers who went round the country breaking into houses, seizing fire-arms, &c., &c.

feel in investigating the end and aim of some complicated piece of machinery, when first introduced among men. He would view the lock and screws and various devices, with a suspicious wonder; he would, with a sort of nervous creeping, fix his attention upon the trigger, whose dreadful click was so often the forerunner of blood and slaughter; or look down in palsied horror, like a fascinated bird, into the small dark mouth of the barrel, as if he thought fire and thunder, without any human agency, might suddenly issue from its secret recesses. He sometimes, too, pondered in no little amazement on the prospect which a quiet monk could have proposed to himself in the invention of gun-powder, and was never fully convinced that such contrivances or discoveries originated in any thing beyond the mere pastime of busy and ingenious minds, until he saw an account of the construction of Mr. Perkins' celebrated steam gun, which was capable of destroying so many hundred men a minute. He heard this invention so highly applauded by most persons, and spoken of disparagingly only by those who doubted its application on a larger scale, or the probability of its effecting an extent of slaughter proportioned to any increase of magnitude, that he began at length to suspect man was a much more bloody and ferocious animal than he had at all imagined.

The early period of Morris's life was the golden passage of his existence, during which he knew neither pain nor trouble. When in the gloom and mistrust of after times he glanced back in recollection over its many sunny hours, he felt as if the better age of the world had gone by with his boyhood, and the future was to be to him one dark struggle with the iron destinies of a corrupt generation. Alas! for the day's when he sprung from his bed in the morning, like the lark from the nest, as the slanting beams from the eastward

brought announcement of the dawn! when he whistled along the fields amidst dew and perfume and health-breathing airs, too full of the blessings which nature offers to us so freely and often so vainly to entertain an earthly care of sorrow, when he whirled his hurly on the soft green turf, and sent the exulting ball bounding away from its pursuers; or essayed at innocent display in the evening dance, when all the happy young hearts of the village were assembled round the bagpipes at the meeting of the roads. There were then no police—no soldiery to disturb his thoughts by day, or bring him an unquiet dream by night. The plough was seen dividing the furrows, or the spade turning up the soil, where dragoons were afterwards seen daily galloping with brandished broadsword in pursuit of the terror-stricken peasantry, and the toil-worn labourer rested on the hill-side on his way home, watching the sun going down in the far waters of the west, without fear of the Curfew.

Before touching on the events of the perilous times more strictly connected with our present story, it is necessary to advert to an incident, which, though occurring in the earlier and happier period of Morris's life, made an impression on his mind that in some degree influenced his after fortunes.

It happened on some one of those long-gone November eves, which, while yet a youth, he had spent in his father's cabin, that a number of persons, young an old, were gathered round a blazing fire, a merry making, in honour of the festival. It was a scene of fun and uproar rarely surpassed even on so moving a night. At one side of the hearth-stone were sly-faced maidens, intently watching the burning of some nuts, with which their fortunes were wound up, and giving notice now and then, when an explosion took place, by peals of laughter reverberated from the rafters. At the other

was a party equally delighted at the merry game of snap-apple, and in the centre of the floor, most boisterous of all, the younger fry stripped to the waist, amusing themselves by diving their heads into a tub of water, after a huge floating red-streak* which was to become the prize of him, who should bring it up in his mouth Behind the revellers, and a little apart, were seated the grave and reverend seniors of the assembly, with their ancient partners, who entered into the enjoyments of the several groups, with all the zest of earlier life, though displayed in a more subdued and quiet manner. Time. it is admitted, will bide no man's bidding, and the happiest hours must have an end. As the night wore away, the spirits of the gayest began to flag, the mirth became fainter, and several of the guests successively departed for their homes. The tired few who remained, gathered more closely round the decaying fire, and endeavoured to repel the advances of approaching sleep, by recounting strange stories of ghosts or fairies, to one another. A deaf and dumb old woman, a fortune-teller by profession, who sat huddled up in a corner, dead to the absorbing interest of the wonderful legends which engaged the attention of all around her, was the first whose drowsy notes gave notice of her passage to the land of dreams. As an example so tempting was portentive of a close to their night's amusement, it was at once agreed upon to awaken her, and for the more effectual prevention of a return of the drowsy influence, to invite a display of her prophetic skill in reference to the fortunes of the little party. Old Vauria, (so the dummy was called,) evinced sundry symptoms of displeasure at the unceremonious disturbance, and it was only after many humiliating apologies on the part of the principals, and with much peevish asperity of manner, that she at last condescended to reveal those mysterious desti-

* A variety of apple.

nies, which to ordinary mortals, lie profoundly hidden in the future. Morris happened to be the first who was pointed out to her as an interesting study. She fixed her eyes on him with a look of intense scrutiny that made him shrink back from the circle--paused for a few minutes, looked down thoughtfully, and then gazed upon him again. In a little while, she turned from him, broke a small branch or rod from a broom that lay near her, and smoothing the ashes on the hearth at her feet, began to trace lines in it. The deepest silence fell upon the group, as they watched with anxious curiosity, the progress of her sketch, but nothing could equal their astonishment, or Morris's horror, when there appeared, clearly delineated on the smooth grey surface before them, a lofty gallows. Some, who had little faith in the fortune-teller's gift of prescience, were amazed at the occurrence, but the credulous majority, fully assured of her power, gazed upon the fearful design with feelings of awe and apprehension. Many offered serious conjectures—not indeed as to the nature of the prediction, for that was too apparent, but as to the manner in which it was possible for an honest boy like Morris to be brought to so nefarious an end; while others, treating the matter more lightly, bandied jokes back and forward, touching the large produce of hemp for the year, the skill of certain persons in curious slip-knots, or the expertness of their performances, on great public occasions. No one distinguished himself more for the brilliancy of his wit in the affair, than a little Hump-backed shoemaker, known by the name of Will Wiley, a sort of rustic Sir Malachie Malgrowther, whose happiest moments seemed to grow out of the miseries of his neighbours. After all the most obvious points of annoyance to poor Morris were worn out, the Humpback observed, in a consoling tone, "that the old ooman, sure as she always was, might be out in her

reckoning for once, and that even if she was right, the unlucky day might perhaps come late in life, and give him a longer run than many who died in their beds. 'Twas a shame to be down on the boy that way, sure all must die, young and old, handsome and contrairy. The only question that was of real consequence to Morris was the time it was to happen, for, natherally enough, no one likes to be cut off in the bloom of his days." It may be imagined the effect such consoling observations had on the mind of a simple, timid, superstitious lad like Morris. He summoned up sufficient resolution at first to join in the general merriment, pretending to regard the affair as mere pastime; but he soon grew fidgetty, his humour appeared constrained and unnatural, and at length assumed so piteous an expression, that it became quite ludicrous. Unable any longer to sustain his expiring spirits, his countenance fell, and with pale cheek and compressed lip, he shrunk back into the corner, opposite to the fortune teller, the devoted and unresisting victim of the party.

There was but one person of all present who took no part in this unmerciful persecution,—a near neighbour of Morris', named Peter Nocten. He was much about his own age, sat upon the same form with him in school, and was his constant playfellow out of it. Possessed of more acuteness, and much less timidity of character than Morris, he felt the greatest indignation at the cruel bantering directed against his friend, and had much difficulty in restraining himself from openly declaring his feelings on the subject. His reserved manner did not escape the notice of his companions, who, looking upon it as a tacit condemnation of their proceedings, resolved by common accord to make him their next victim. The future destiny of Peter was, therefore, instantly demanded of the fortune teller, and the more strenuous his objections to tempt an inquiry which had proved

so distressing to his friend Morris, the more resolved did they appear to over-rule them. Old Vauria, ever since the conclusion of her terrific prediction, was occupied apparently in watching the flickering light of the burning bogwood on the hearth stone, with an expression of quiet satisfaction. She now, however looked up as if to learn who next was about to make inquiry of coming events, and though unable to hear a single word that was uttered by the parties, evidently comprehended the general bearing of the discussion and the relative situation of the two friends and their tormentors. Peter's silence, his resentful expression of countenance, and utter disrelish of her art had not escaped her, and it was with a look of vindicative pleasure she now saw him dragged forward by the boisterous merry makers before the full light of the fire, that she might more faithfully read the lines which destiny had drawn in his angry countenance. After scrutinizing his features for a considerable time, with the same fixed looks which she assumed in examining Morris Moran's, she again smoothed the ashes on the hearth, and commenced a second sketch. The interest was now more intense than before : the stooping faces met in a condensed crescent over the dummy's shoulder, and when the drawing was sufficiently advanced to admit of a conjecture as to the intention, a universal cry burst from among them. There was the gallows again, but in addition to it, close at its foot, was distinctly described a coffin with the letters P. N., on the lid. Peter, notwithstanding his natural strength of mind and his mistrust of all such pretensions to foreknowledge, was a little startled at the result, but speedily recovering his confidence, resolutely declared, "that he didn't care a rush what any ould hag like her ud draw, that she knew no more than himself what was to happen in the world, and that, if she met what she desarved, she'd be

shut up in the jail be the magistrates for her lies and mischief making." There was a general exclamation against this disbelief of the mysterious gift of fortune-telling and the contempt so unhesitatingly expressed of the unconscious dummy. Sundry stories were related of the fulfilment of many of her former extraordinary predictions, which seemed at the time as improbable as those now given; and such irresistible evidence was finally accumulated, that none but the most hardened infidel could longer entertain a doubt on the subject. The certainty of the dummy's prescience being thus satisfactory settled, the interest of the discussion naturally turned upon the interpretation which should be given of the two designs. They differed only in the circumstance of a coffin having been represented at the gallows foot, in the sketch referring to the fate of Peter Nocten. The general opinion appeared to be, that the gallows in the first sketch only indicated imminent danger of death by suspension for Morris, but, as there was no coffin, that he would finally escape, while the second design clearly intimated that the party would not only be brought to the gallows, but would actually suffer there. Morris, forgetful of the fate to which this explanation doomed the unfortunate Peter, felt for a while as if a heavy load was taken off his heart. The relief, however, proved of short continuance, for the cobler, who had been attentively listening to the various interpretations proposed, declared his dissent from them all; and, looking at Morris in a melancholy manner, observed, "that it went to his heart to say it, but what they were thinking of wasn't at all the maneing of the picthers the ould ooman had drawn in the ashes,—he wished to heaven it was,—but there was no going again the will o' providence, and it was our duty to submit to whatever lot is orthered for us, be it good or evil. What does it signify, after all," continued he, "whether

a man gets christian burial or no, when oncet the breath is out of the body."

"Oh! murther, alive! Will," exclaimed another humourist, who fully comprehended what the Humpback was driving at, and was desirous of impressing it more fully on Morris' mind—"you don't main that aythur of the poor boys won't get berried in holy ground alongside their ancesthors, or what is it you understand be it?"

"I'll tell you, then," returned Will, "and 'tis the real maneing, and nothing else; for I'd be loth to have Morris desaived about what it is of sitch consequence to him to know. When we don't know our end, God help us, and what we're to suffer, 'tis thinken more of the doens of this world we are, then of how we're to take our lave of it. But, as I said, I'll tell you the maneing of it. The two gallowses signify that they'll both be hanged—the Lord betune us and harm! Morris I main, and Pether. The coffin at the foot o' the gallows in the drawing for Pether, is a sign, that after he's cut down his body 'ill be given to his friends to be berried nathurally, like any christhian. But their being no coffin in the dhrawing for Morris, betokens that his corpse 'll be kept over by the sheriffs for the surgeons to dissect it."

This interpretation was received with a cry of horror, and the eyes of the whole party were instinctively turned upon the devoted Morris, who waxed paler and paler in the fitful firelight until his motionless features and palsied stare looked so ghastly that some of the tender-hearted of those about him became alarmed, and repented of the extreme to which they had carried their persecution. The impression the discussion had made on Peter's mind did not so readily appear. His features were perhaps paler than natural, but they underwent no other alteration, whether from a natural firmness of mind, or the momentary resolution arising from a desire

to disappoint his tormentors. As soon, however, as he found himself becoming an object of such unenviable interest, he started up and flung himself from the circle round the fire with much indignation. In the precipitancy of the movement, his foot coming upon the paw of a terrier dog, who lay snoring behind him, the irritated animal, in the anguish of the moment, seized him by the calf of the leg, and inflicted a deep wound. Peter's involuntary cry startled every one, and, on learning the injury he had suffered, much real sympathy was excited, and the tide of ill nature, which had been setting against him the whole evening, now flowed in his favour, full of kindness and interest. Even the malicious Humpback seemed melted to some show of humanity when he beheld the streams of blood running down Peter's leg and his features fixed and contracted with the pain. Several assisted anxiously in dressing the wound, but although the suffering was soon allayed and the leg bandaged up, there seemed to be no disposition to renew the amusements of the night ; guest after guest rapidly took leave, and Peter at last, leaning upon his friend Morris, proceeded for his own home.

For several months after this ill-omened evening, Morris was haunted by the dummy's predictions, which the interpretation of the Humpback had made so much more horrible. It was long, very long before he recovered his former tranquility of mind, or enjoyed in his rustic avocations the cheerful and contented spirit which had blessed him from his cradle. Even in an after period of life, when the recollections under which he had long drooped were nearly obliterated, new and fearful times commenced, the events of which were but too well calculated to revive his apprehensions.

Every one yet remembers the disturbances in the County of Clare, and their origin. A combination of circumstances—the want of employment—the low rate

of wages—the difficulty of obtaining potatoe ground, since pasture lands became so profitable—the dispossession of the cottier tenantry throughout large tracts of country—and the high price of provisions consequent on the deficient harvest of the past year—all tended to drive the destitute multitudes into that utter recklessness of consequences, which made them ready and eager for the most desperate alternative. Bound together by common suffering, and confident in their numbers, it naturally occurred to them, that by adopting a systematic plan of operation, they might accomplish the redress of their grievances themselves. By enforcing a few simple regulations on a community who were very indifferent to their destitution, it seemed clear that they could improve their unhappy state, and restore matters to a more just and natural condition. A rate of rent was accordingly fixed upon for potatoe ground, beyond which no man dare accept a farthing—a price was determined for potatoes—a price for labour, and no man was to be dispossessed of his farm for any cause but the non-payment of rent. It was also resolved that no one should pasture more than a certain proportion of his own land, and that any infringement of the regulation, should be visited on the offender by a general levelling of the fences, and converting his whole demesne into a commonage. For all other breaches of these new rules, the sentence of death was to be inflicted without mercy. For the purpose of securing a more perfect observance of them, they obtained arms and ammunition by storming the houses of the gentry, and afterwards marched in armed bands by night, from place to place, to issue new orders or to inflict summary punishment on delinquents. When this state of things had continued for some time, and it was no longer safe to travel to fair or market by day, or lie in ones bed by night, the attention of government was aroused, a large

number of the military were poured into the country, the insurrection act was put into force, and the most remote districts were constantly patrolled by parties of horsemen or mounted police. Persons caught out of doors after sunset, or who were taken with arms or ammunition in their hands, or concealed in their houses, or against whom there was any direct information, were instantly seized, tried by a Special Commission at Ennis, and sent off to Cork for transportation. The cabins of the country people were also visited at night by the patrols, and the muster rolls of the several families, which they were compelled to have pasted over their doors, being called over, such as were missing became liable to the same punishment. Those severe measures, so far from terrifying the insurgents or restoring peace to the country, seemed at first to aggravate the mischief. Night after night houses were attacked and the inmates flogged or murdered; straggling soldiers or lone post boys, were found dead on the highways; proctors were discovered in dykes or quarries, with their skulls somewhat unceremoniously trepanned; or witnesses, floating about in some of the wild lakes for which the country is so remarkable, with bladders fastened to their ankles, and their feet over water.

It may be well conceived what a change came over the spirit of the poor, peaceable Morris, in such perilous times. There was no neutral ground between the two contending parties, (the authorities and the people,) whereon he might set his tent and lie down in safety, or rather any show of occupying a neutral position, made him suspected of both. His luke-warmness as a loyalist exposed him to the direct accusation of the magistrates, and his refusal to take the Terry Alt oaths, led to the prospect of certain death, by the hands of his comrades, on any night they could spare from more important assassinations. If his harmless and innocent

mode of life was even so apparent as to protect him from those dangers, he was liable to daily and unanswerable accusations at the whim or malice of any corrupt creature to whom he had ever given offence, or who sought government patronage by evincing extraordinary zeal in bringing criminals to justice. It was merely necessary to drop a rusty old pistol in some corner of his cabin, or to conceal a few ounces of gunpowder in the thatch, and give immediate information to the police of the fact, that such articles were in his possession, to consign him at any moment to the fatal tree. Circumstances such as these were not likely to give rise to reflections upon which even the most courageous persons could grow corpulent. It is little wonder, therefore, that upon the timid Morris they should have a very contrary effect. His eye grew wandering and suspicious —his cheek became shrunk and wan, and his limbs wasted day after day, until he almost presented a double of that celebrated specimen of a living anatomy, Claude Seurat. He was sometimes to be seen for hours sitting on a little stone bench at his cabin door, with his elbows on his knees, his temples resting between his hands, and his dilated eyes staring vacantly on the road before him —at others, wandering about near his residence, pale and dejected, starting at the appearance of a traveller, or glancing listlessly to the hills on either side, as if in resigned anticipation of some danger from which there was no possible hope of escape—or again, at night, huddled up in the chimney corner, poring intently over the dying embers, or listening with excited eye and palpitating heart whenever the faintest sounds of footsteps fell upon his ear. In these awful times it might be imagined that the disposition of even the stony-hearted Cobbler would become mollified, and partaking himself of the general apprehension of danger, that he would have evinced some touch of sympathy for the

sufferings of others. But strange to tell, in proportion as perils multiplied, and frequent murders and executions harrowed the hearts of all classes of the community, the spirit of the Humpback appeared to rise, and he walked the country amidst fire and bloodshed with a buoyant and elated step, as if no possible harm could befal him. Whenever he chanced to meet with the unhappy Morris, he gazed upon his emaciated figure with a look, not of compassion, nor, on the other hand, of delight, but as if amused at the extraordinary, and, as it seemed to him, comical change which fear could produce on poor humanity. It was some feeling of this nature, perhaps, which in the worst circumstances, tempted him to experiment a little further upon so susceptible an organization as Morris's, and never did puss play more tantalizingly upon the hopes and fears of a devoted mouse, than did this cruel deformity with his helpless victim. Sometimes, assuming a gloomy and woe-stricken look, he sympathized with him on the terrors of the times, and the utter inutility of contending against them. He would then, as if struck with a sudden recollection, ask him, "did he remember the dumb fortune-teller long ago, and the picthur she drew?" On other occasions, he would carelessly inquire for several of Morris's friends or acquaintances, who he knew had been hanged or transported a few days before, and start with well affected horror when informed of their fate. But it was especially in those seasons of lonely meditation, when every one else was abed, and the deep silence and darkness of Night was around Morris, that the Cobbler took peculiar delight in persecuting him. It was strongly rumoured through the country that the latter had turned informer, and true or false, when once it got abroad, he had sense enough to recollect the old proverb, "give a dog a bad name," &c., and at once placed himself under the protection of the authorities.

A more useful person, in every way, could not have fallen into their hands, and as his value was well known, he was received with great favour. In a short time after he was to be seen accompanying the police in all their expeditions, and very generally acted as their interpreter at night, in visiting the cabins of the peasantry to call over the muster roll. It was the Humpback's delight on these excursions to knock at Morris Moran's door, as if to ascertain whether he kept within, but in reality to enjoy his terror at the appearance of a large party of military about his house, in the dead of the night. "He used to come to my cabin, sir, the villyan," was Morris's expression long afterwards, when giving a detail of these visits, "with his thundering knock, just as if I was the biggest rebel in all Ireland. 'Morris,' he'd roar out—'come forward, Morris, and answer to the king, sich questhins as ill be axed of you.' "I'm here, gentlemen, at your sarvice," I'd cry, not pretending to know who was speaking to me. 'Is it Morris Moran, himself, that's making answer,' the ould Humpback u'd cry again. "The very same," I'd say, replyen, "sure you can come in and see." 'That's an honest man, Morris,' the vagabond would say in return, 'there's no occasion to open the door, sence you're at home where you ought to be,' upon which, they'd march off with themselves, to frighten the life out of some other poor soul."

It was in the midst of this distress, said my kind host, in continuation of his interesting narrative, that I happened to encounter poor Morris, and struck with compassion by his worn frame and dejected countenance, offered him an asylum at Kilgobbin. The man fell into extacies at the proposal, and before the sun went down upon his happiness, transferred himself and such personal effects as were of any value to him, to the house you now find him in. On that never-forgotten night, the

first tranquil sleep he had enjoyed for months, visited his weary eyes, and he awoke on the following morning like one who had been transported in his slumbers, to some happy land, where joy and sunshine had eternal reign. Though ignorant and awkward, he got through such duties as were assigned to him in the family with grateful earnestness, and untaught as he was, I cannot say I had ever the least reason to repent of any kindness I had shown him.

An event came to pass about this time which showed how uncertain are all human hopes, and how idle it is for blind and helpless mortals to struggle against their destinies. The Agrarian conspiracy had become so universal in Clare, that, notwithstanding the almost daily murders and burglaries committed in various parts of the country, the levelling of boundaries and fences, and the upturning of pasture lands, scarcely an individual could be induced to give information against the offenders. The magistrates, therefore, had no alternative, but that of keeping patrolling parties on foot in every district, on the chance of their coming into contact with the insurgents. On some special duty of this nature, and with a view of making arrests of suspicious persons, a party consisting of eight privates of the 5th regiment of foot, commanded by Sergeant Robinson, and seven policemen, commanded by Sergeant Woods, left Ennis, about ten o'clock, on a fine night in the beginning of May. They were all dressed in coloured clothes, that no suspicion might be entertained of their object. Taking the road to Kilrush, and travelling all night, they arrived about five o'clock in the morning, at the little village of Ballincally, in this very neighbourhood of Kilgobbin, where Morris Moran had, as he hoped, found such secure protection. After having breakfasted at the inn, the party moved out by a mountain road at the right, and crossing to the new line of road, from Ennis to Kil

rush, arrived about eight o'clock at a well known house of entertainment, kept by a woman of the name of Fanny O'Dea. During the latter part of this journey, their movements seemed to have attracted some attention. Several men along the road were observed to leave their work, and loiter in their rear, meeting and talking to one another, with great apparent interest. On leaving O'Dea's house, a man fell in with them upon the road, who, after some conversation, the sergeant of Police thought might be of much service in giving useful information, if they could only get him on to the next police station. He therefore made signs to his men to keep him alongside them, but if possible without letting it appear he was under any restraint. His object, however, there was reason to believe, was soon observed, for the crowd behind gradually increased to an alarming amount, and pressed every moment more closely upon them. Soon afterwards, bodies of men armed with swords, scythes, and guns, were seen descending in all directions from the adjacent hills, and closing on their line of march, those nearest demanding with loud shouts of intimidation, the liberation of the prisoner. The police sergeant, apprehensive of any collision with so formidable a body, immediately desired the countryman to whom they referred, to retire and rejoin his friends. He, at the same moment, directed his little party to draw their pistols from their breasts, and entreated the people to keep back, declaring that if any closer advance was made, he should order his men to fire upon them. The menace was answered by loud shouts of defiance, and it now became obvious to the leaders of the little band, that unless they could speedily effect a retreat upon some building, where they could better defend themselves from such numbers, their destruction was inevitable. Looking around the country, the nearest respectable house within view, was at Clon-

degad, a distance of three miles, and to this point they directed a retreat, taking their places in the rear of their men, and returning step by step by step with their faces to the assailants. A discharge of fire-arms mixed with volleys of stones from the latter, at length commenced the anticipated attack, upon which the fire was briskly returned by the police and military. Two of the country people fell at the first discharge, which occasioned some little confusion, and delayed their rapid advance, so that the soldiery, though several were badly wounded, were enabled to continue their retreat. A running fight was maintained in this way for an hour before they reached the boundaries of Clondegad, where their progress was impeded by a deep ravine, through which a rivulet pursued its course. Sergeant Robinson, who commanded the regulars, though wounded and fatigued, now halted and gallantly endeavoured to maintain his ground in the rear of his men, while they were escaping down the steep banks into the bed of the stream, crossing which they were on the lawn of Clondegad, within whose walls a more efficient defence might be made. The poor sergeant, however, was not fated to reach the place of safety which his bravery contributed so much to secure for his men. As the last of the party was descending into the bed of the stream, he observed him staggering on the pathway in the grove above, and making desperate efforts against two of his armed assailants, who were pressing furiously on him. In a few minutes after he disappeared from his view, and when the combat was over, and the crowd finally dispersed, his body was found in the plantation covered with wounds.

Such a fierce conflict as this with a body of military in the open day, had not occurred in Clare, since the commencement of the disturbances; and it consequently created an unusual sensation throughout the neighbour

hood. A servant man belonging to Captain O'Kelly, of Ballinvoher, was riding home at the time from Ballincally, with a basket of bread on his arm ; on reaching the brow of the hill, he came in full view of the engagement, which so excited him, that he galloped back to the village, and called out to the people to come out and see the murther that was going on towards Clondegad. Numbers rushed out at the summons, and among the rest, the wife of one of the policemen who were engaged in the fray. Anxious for her husband's safety, she descended the hill with many other women, perhaps equally interested for some of the insurgents, and spiritedly making her way through the dense crowd, reached Clondegad, just as Sergeant Robinson had fallen. This woman's evidence, subsequently, in identifying the murderers, was turned to good account by the magistracy.

Some few days after this occurrence a loud knocking was heard about midnight, at the gate of Kilgobbin. Morris had just fallen into his first sleep, and was dreaming of some new and curious instrument for executing criminals without manual assistance, invented by an ingenious hangman, who was at the time becoming very infirm. He thought he was witnessing the first trial of the machine, and distinctly saw a poor pallid wretch, standing on a platform, awaiting his execution. When the signal was given, the inventors touched a spring upon which the platform opened and allowing the culprit to fall through, closed again as suddenly, so as to intercept his descent, just about the neck, which was at once cloven through—the head springing about upon the scaffolding, while the corpse had disappeared. It was precisely at this moment of horror that the loud knocking at the door became perceptible to his senses. He rubbed his eyes, elevated himself on his elbow in the bed, and listened with increasing terror, as the knocking became more astounding. At length,

gathering sufficient courage to wrap his clothes about him, he hastily descended to the hall, from whence all the disturbance proceeded.

"Who's there?" ejaculated Morris, in a tremulous tone, putting his mouth to the keyhole, and feeling at the same moment, whether the bar was firm.

"Open the door, you scoundrel," was the terrific reply, "if there be any further delay, we'll break it in and hang you up to one of the bacon hooks."

"It's the sodgers—the Lord preserve us," whispered Morris to himself. "I'm done for at last!—Eyeh—'tis over with me!"

Again the knocking was loud and reiterated, his limbs trembled beneath him, and the cold drops of perspiration burst out upon his forehead.

"This minute, your honour—this minute it 'll be opened for you," he found power to articulate, after repeating which many times, while fumbling with the locks and bolts, the heavy old-fashioned door of the mansion turned upon its hinges, and allowed him to look out into the night.

By the pale light of the moon, he saw that the house was surrounded by a party of soldiers and police, and before he had time for even a conjecture, as to their object, the chief constable had entered, and was at his side.

"Couldn't you display a little more activity and readiness in your movements, my fine fellow," exclaimed the chief, "I promise you this tardiness tells little in your favour."

"I don't know your honour," returned Morris, scarcely comprehending him.

"Oh you don't, don't you?—no matter. What is your name?"

"My name—your honour!"

"Yes, your name, Sir—no harm I hope?"

"Eyeh, harm, sir, why should there? sure there's no harm in what one was christened."

"Egad, I don't know that either," returned the chief. "Many a man was hanged on account of his name, I can tell you; come sir, what are you called?"

"Morris Moran, your honour!"

"Morris, hey, Morris Moran! Ah ha! my little hero. Have we nabbed you at last? All's right here, Copley," he continued, addressing one of the party outside, in a louder voice: "bring in the hand-cuffs."

The person addressed, attended by another policeman immediately entered, and seizing Morris by both arms, had his wrists locked together in a few moments.

"Gently, Copley,—gently," said the chief with affected compassion, while the operation was going forward, "pay all due respect to the Captain.—No noise, Captain, no exclamations if you please—no necessity for disturbing the family—you would not wish to have them distressed by acquainting them with the loss they are about to sustain—move on, Copley."

In compliance with the order, Morris was pushed forward by the police, and immediately surrounded by the soldiery; the officer followed, the door of Kilgobbin house closing heavily after him.

The unfortunate prisoner moved along in the centre of the party with tottering step and bewildered brain, almost doubting whether he was yet awake, or whether the events of the last half hour did not form some extraordinary part of the hideous dream which preceded it. As he advanced, however, the realities of his situation became more apparent. He felt the chill night wind about him, and the hard road beneath his feet. He saw the bayonets bristling before and beside him, and he heard his name repeatedly mentioned by some one in his rear, who seemed to be giving an account of a bloody encounter, in which he seemed to occupy a dis-

tinguished position. He was often startled, too, when the road chanced to wind through a dark glen or plantation, by the sudden voice of the chief from behind—"Hilloo—sergeant—look to your prisoner."

Arrived at the military station at Ballincally, he was handed over to the officer of the guard and committed to a little room with a strongly-barred window. But of all that occurred to him during the night, nothing astounded him so thoroughly as the charge he heard given respecting his safe keeping by the chief of police to the latter as he was departing. He heard himself described as a most notorious and desperate character, who, if the greatest vigilance and activity were not enforced, would assuredly, on the first opportunity, baffle the guards and effect his escape to the mountains.

He passed two or three hours in this solitary room listening to the slow step of the sentry as he paced back and forward before the door. The more he reflected upon the circumstances of his arrest, the less was he able to form any satisfactory conjecture on the subject. He might perhaps have been suspected of some participation in the late murder at Clondegad, if he had not been, fortunately for himself, driving his mistress to mass, and seen by hundreds of people in the chapel-yard, at the very time that fatal conflict was going on. It seemed altogether like some unaccountable fatality, bearing no relation to the past circumstances of his life, but coming upon him as a doom in his hour of hope and security. It was now long past midnight, the moon had gone down—and the wind was blowing in fitful gusts, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, which beat against the window panes. As Morris listened in melancholy mood to its dreary pattering, he heard the tramp of horses rapidly approaching, and in a few moments after a mounted patroll rode up. On demanding the report of the night, Morris, who caught every sound

that fell, with a painful acuteness, heard the officer of the guard to whose care he was committed saying in an elated tone, "Egad! Edwards and his party have made a noble nights work of it; they arrested the principal in Robinson's murder, the celebrated Terryalt, Captain Morris Moran, at Kilgobbin, not three hours ago, and we have him fast within."

"Capital! by jupiter," ejaculated the patroll, "what sort of a fellow is he?"

"Oh, a bold fellow, I promise you! He's low sized, but hard and wiry-looking. 'Tis unknown, I'm told, all the men he killed, or the jails he broke through during the last half year."

"Aye—Aye—sharp's the word then—keep a good look out, and we'll have him to Ennis in the morning—a good night." Saying which, the speaker touched his horse with the spurs, and followed by his party, rode off at a rapid pace.

It may be imagined what Morris' feelings must have been during this dialogue, in which he found he was reputed not only as the murderer of Sergeant Robinson, but the leader and prime-mover of the principal outrages which had occurred in Clare since the commencement of the disturbances. The large escort of horse and foot sent to accompany him to Ennis at the dawn of day gave him a still more vivid impression of the importance attached to his capture, and it may be supposed, the sensation created on his arrival in that town, did not contribute to lessen it. Even at that early hour crowds thronged round the military to get a glimpse of him—fingers were pointed from the shop doors and windows, and he heard persons now and then whisper to one another as he passed along, "There's the man that killed Sergeant Robinson!" "What a determined looking scoundrel!" "What a ferocious dog." This unlooked for notoriety so paralized every faculty, that

he passed along in a kind of bewilderment, listening and gazing about as if all the stir and excitement related to some other person ; nor did his ordinary consciousness return until he was lodged in a cold gloomy cell within the walls of the jail, where he was left sufficient time for undisturbed reflection.

The perilous condition of the country for some months had induced the government to send down a special commission for the immediate trial of such as were made prisoners, and their summary punishment if conconvicted. The court held its sittings daily, and it not unfrequently happened, that a person was indicted, tried, convicted, and executed before sunset, for an offence committed on the previous night, or perhaps on the very same morning. There appeared to be some prospect of this decisive manner of proceeding in the case of the unfortunate Morris. The court was open at the time he arrived in Ennis, and as soon as it was known that one of the murderers of Sergeant Robinson was taken, indictments were directed to be laid before the grand jury, that if true bills were found, the trial might take place immediately.

Morris, in the mean time, was lying upon straw in his gloomy cell, endeavouring with what resignation he could to reconcile himself to the awful fate which, however innocent, he well knew in such apprehensive times was awaiting him, when heavy footsteps at the door startled him. The key grated in the rusty lock, and as the door opened, and the dull beams of light from the barred window fell upon the form of the person who was entering, he recognized his old and detested tormentor, Will Wiley. They gazed upon one another silently, but with very different feelings, for some moments, when the Humpback at length said in a compassionate tone, and with an air of feigned concern :

"God save ye, Morris."

"If its the same to you, Misther Wiley," returned Morris, "I'd as live have the prayers of any one else."

"May be so, aragal," observed Will, "may be so—why, then, dear knows, whatever you think about it, I'm sorry for your throuble."

"Eyeh, let me alone."

"'Tis a bad business, I'm afeer'd, Morris?"

"Was it to bring me that comfort you're come to see me, Misther Wiley?"

"Wisha! hear this now, and you not haven' in the whole country, a greater friend than myself. Many's the night you'd ha' been dragged out o' your bed be the armee, only for me, and you know that."

"Well, well, no matter; sure I'm not saying agin it; but if you're a friend of mine as you're saying, you'll answer me one questhin."

"Gondhoutha! why wouldn't I?"

"Well then, tell me, for what crime is it, I'm med a prisoner of in this way."

"Al-li-lu! is it that your axing me," exclaimed the Cobbler, elevating his voice in utter astonishment. "Sure 'twas for the murder of the Sergeant and the sodgers at Clondegad, wasn't it?"

"And who is it swears agin me, about it," continued Morris quietly.

"The whole counthry that was looking at you, I hear."

"I had nothing to do with it, Will!"

"Nothing to do with it," iterated the Humpback in renewed astonishment, "eyeh, don't be afeard, I'm not going to turn King's evidence again you."

"I'm saying nothen but the truth, as if I was at my death hour," returned the prisoner solemnly.

"Murther! hear to this, now! Sure the whole world was looking at you, at the head of the Terry's, fighting like a lion all the ways from Ballincally to Clondegad. I hard a woman myself say she see you

cutten off the head of the sergeant at the latter ind, with one back-handed blow of your soord."

"Its no use my sayen a word one way or another, sure I know that," replied Morris, "but I wasn't there for all that."

"Well, well, no matter, I don't want to pump you, dear knows there's evidence enough agin you whether you were there or not, and 'tis hanging matter, you know that of coorse?"

"'Tis pleasant to be reminded of it, at any rate, Mr. Wiley."

"So I thought," said the Humpback cooly, "I was afeard, perhaps, them rascally Peelers might be consailing it from you. Dear knows, 'twas when I was getten up this mornen it sthruck me. The poor boy, siz I to myself, the vagabones will take him by surprise, if there isn't some friend to tell him of his danger, and the rope that's preparen for him."

"I'm much beholden to you, no doubt," returned Morris, as a cold creeping came over him, "but you may spare yourself any more trouble about me."

"No throuble in life, Morris, not the laste," continued the imperturbable Will; "I couldn't have it on my conscience, when I seen the informations, and knew your life was sworn away, to keep you in the dark about it. The dear lad, siz I to myself, sorrow a bit but he's as good as hung already—'tis a pity not to let him know it."

Morris clasped his hands together, compressed his lips firmly, and with much obvious effort suppressed any stronger indications of the feelings excited by his reflections on the fate to which the Humpback was so anxiously directing his attention.

"The villins," continued the Cobbler; "the villins, siz I, they'll not give him time to get the Clergy itself, so they wont."

"God help me, Will," exclaimed Morris, overcome at length by the terrific anticipations against which he was endeavouring to contend. "I believe I'm done for."

"True for you, Morris," observed Will, compassionately, "'t'would be a sin to desaive you about it; there isn't a man brought to the bar in these times but is found guilty. and then they're taken away to Cork for transportation, or straight to execution, as the case may be."

"Would there be any hope of my being transported, Will," inquired the unfortunate prisoner, catching at the alternative.

"Is it thransportation for murther! Al-li-lu! what is it you're dramen of?"

The Humpback uttered these words in a tone of astonishment which completely extinguished all hope in the heart of poor Morris. Pale and faint he had been sitting up on some straw in a corner of the cell ever since the entrance of his visitor, mustering what fortitude he possessed to support him during the dialogue, but his timid nature was unequal to the effort, and unable any longer to restrain his emotions, he fell back in a burst of tears.

"Shame on you, Morris—shame on a courageous body like you," said his unrelenting tormentor, "tisn't sich a hard death afther all."

"Ove! ove! ove!" were the only expressions that escaped the miserable prisoner in reply, as he employed himself in clasping and unclasping his hands unconsciously.

"I had a cousin of my own," continued the Humpback, "that recovered afther the first time he was hanged, by being bled; and faix he told me 'twasn't so bad at all—and 'tis asier now I hear, since they're hung be the drop—you're standen this way on a floor like,

the signal is given, slap goes the floor from under your feet—down you go with a jerk, and you're dead in a minit—Eyeh ! hanging's an asy death."

"Ove ! ove !"

"If its the disgrace you're minden, may be as there's army law in the counthry, if good interest was made with the judge or the government, they'd shoot you instead."

"Murther ! murther !"

"Well, well, as you wish, Morris—'tis hard to please you about it. You never see a sodgers execution, I suppose ? There's a grave dug, as it may be near the windy there, and the prisoner has his eyes bandaged and is med to kneel down be the edge of it, and there's a body of sodgers, standen as it may be here, fire what they cails a volley upon him. He tumbles into the grave—they turn the sods over him, and there's an end of the bizness. In hanging, to be sure, there's a great deal in having a good hand, but of the two, I'd myself prefer shooten, as the asyest death. If you wish, Morris, I'll spake to the chief to know if anything can be done about it."

Morris started up on the straw as if he had been struck by a galvanic battery, and seizing the Humpback's hands in his own, with a desperate energy of manner, exclaimed, "hear to me, Will Wiley, this once, and the heavens bless you. If you want to do me a favour, don't interfere in any way whatsoever between me and my end—let me live or die as God pleases—I don't want to have any more to say to you."

"Eyeh ! any thing you wish,—there's no harm done I hope," returned the Humpback as he moved towards the door ; "good bye a-gra,—but that's true," he continued, turning back as if something new had occurred to him, "I was near forgetten ; do you remember the pleasant November eve we spent together long ago,

when we were boys, and the fortunes the ould dummy tould for us."

Morris groaned deeply.

"I just thought of it, dear knows—on account of the fortune she told for you comen to pass this way—'tis so astonishen. I remember it as if 'twas only yesterday. She drew a gallows in the ashes for Peter Nocten, and another for you, betokening, as I tould ye at the time, that ye'd both be hanged."

Morris gave another groan.

"Well, well, I'll hould my tongue, sure,—dear knows, one can hardly say a second word, you take it to heart so, I'm blest if I'd come to see you at all, if it wasn't that I knew you had no other friend near you—'tis so distressing. Howsomever—it'll never be said I desarted you in your misfortune, Morris. No—no. I'll come again, if I hear any news that I think ud be plasen to you—sitch as the nature of the execution and things of that kind that you'd be wishen to know."

Morris raised his face from the straw in which it was buried, and looked suspiciously at the Humpback, whose countenance at the moment presented an expression to which it would have been difficult to give an interpretation. The eyes were staring, and all the features struggling and convulsed, as if with an effort to subdue some almost irresistible emotions. Having succeeded in composing it to an appropriate expression of sympathy, he uttered faintly, (overcome apparently by his feelings, as he turned once more to the door,) "Good-bye, Morris—good-bye a-ragal," and withdrew.

"'Tis asy enough with you, you unhanged vagabond," exclaimed the prisoner, continuing to gaze in the direction of his departed visitor with an indignant expression which had been gradually kindling within the last few minutes. "'Tis aisy enough with you, earnen

your blood money—you desthroyen informer—but your day will come yet."

There was but little time for further reflection on the subject, when he heard a growing bustle outside—the tramp of military—the grounding of arms—the loud voices of officers and police, and the locking and unlocking of doors. The sounds gradually approached his cell, the door was pushed in, and a crowd of policemen, with fresh prisoners, entered. The latter were handcuffed, and the face and hands of one were soiled with blood. He looked depressed and jaded, as if after some desperate struggle; but his eye, as it wandered round the dark vaulted dungeon to which he was about to be consigned, betrayed no expression of fear. Morris gazed on him with intense interest for a few moments, as if struck by some strange recognition; a deadly paleness began to overspread his countenance, his eyes grew fixed and staring, his jaw fell, his very breath seemed suspended. He remembered the last words of the Humpback, for his early friend and companion, Peter Nocten, stood before him.

Peter beheld Morris with equal astonishment, but gave no further token of recognition than a look of mute surprise, before the police, proceeding to open the handcuffs, stood between them. A gentleman in coloured clothes, who accompanied the chief constable and appeared to be a magistrate, immediately ordered all the prisoners, including Morris, to be placed against the wall in a line, and the witnesses to be then brought in to identify those who were engaged in the murder of Sergeant Robinson at Clondegad. As soon as the former were arrayed, the witnesses, a soldier of the 5th Regiment, a policeman and his wife, were accordingly introduced, and proceeded to examine their countenances and dress, with great circumspection. It was a moment of deep suspense, as they walked back-

ward and forward slowly before the anxious prisoners, now pausing as if caught by some faint recognition, now passing to another and to another. It appeared for a time, as if they were wholly at a loss, and unable to identify any of them. At length the Policeman's wife made an unusually long pause before Morris, looked at his face steadily, and observing that he was deadly pale and trembled visibly, she inquired who he was. On learning that he was a servant of mine, said my entertainer, and mistaking between me and my namesake, Captain O'Kelly, of Ballinvoher, whose servant she really did see, she unhesitatingly exclaimed he was one of the murderers, and that she remembered him well, as he was the man who rode back from the fight to Ballincally that morning, and hallooed the people to come out and join 'em. Although Morris had previously entertained little hopes of escape, this unexpected declaration of the woman quite astounded him. He stood silent and motionless as a marble statue before his accuser, and listened to the dialogue between her and the magistrate which followed, without evincing any sign of animation. He was, at length, aroused from his trance by a singular incident. While the female witness was making her deposition, the soldier of the 5th Regiment, who accompanied her, was stating to the chief constable his inability to swear positively to any of the prisoners, but mentioned that he shot one of his assailants in the back of the leg, as he was making a retreat, and suggested the propriety of ascertaining whether any of them had a wound in that situation. An examination was immediately instituted, and as chance directed, Peter Nocten was the last who underwent the scrutiny. As soon as his leg was bared, the policeman gave a loud cry of exultation, exclaiming, "we have him—we have him—here it is, the mark of the bullet." And true enough, there appeared in the fleshy

part of the leg, the marks of two wounds, one apparently where the ball entered, and the other where it had passed out. The soldier and the policeman's wife also, now that their attention was more particularly directed to Peter, though unable to identify his features, began to recollect the colour and quality of his clothes, declaring that the most fierce and forward of the party wore precisely a similar description of dress. It was in vain that Peter declared his total innocence, or asserted that the marks were from wounds received by the bite of a dog, when he was a boy. It was in vain that Morris corroborated his assertions. Both were listened to, with equal incredulity by the magistrate, who, to all they were urging in denial, replied with a disbelieving smile, "oh, no doubt!" "very well," "very ingenious," "hope it may answer," "must send you to trial for all that." Satisfied in fact that he had now got hold of the right men, he directed the removal of the other prisoners, and, the hand-cuffs being replaced on Morris and Peter, consigned them to their present place of confinement. When the door of the cell was closed, the party paused outside, and the prisoners distinctly heard the chief constable cautioning the jailor, "to keep a sharp look-out, and before he locked them up for the night, to search closely for any instrument of self-destruction, which might be concealed about their persons. "Let that little desperado Moran," he continued, "be especially looked after, as from the position he holds among the Terry-alts, it is most important he should be made an example of."

"The Lord purtect us," ejaculated Morris, "did any one ever hear the like?"

"'Tis all up with us," observed Peter. "We have no more chance of escape, than if the grass was growing green over us this moment."

"Oh! vo! vo!"

"Eyeh! What's the use of grieven'? may-be 'tis all for the better."

"God help us," responded Morris, faintly.

"I thought once, Morris, the world wasn't so dark as it looks to me now," said Peter. "I had my cabin, my garden of piaties, and my acre of corn. I had the love of a little girl that hadn't her equals on this wide earth, and two little craythurs were playen like kittens about the floor with me. Oh! mavrone, I was the happy man then, Morris—and what am I now?"

"May be you wouldn't suffer afther all, eroo," replied his fellow prisoner.

"Suffer is it," ejaculated Peter; "do you think I matter any thing they can do to me now? No, no, I suffered whatever any crathur on this airth could suffer in the loss of all that wor near and dear to me, and death cannot frighten me now."

"Was it to lose the wife you did, agra?" inquired Morris, compassionately.

"The wife—the son—the daughter—all—all—all—Morris, and here I stand alone in the world, and leave it naked, as naked as I com into it. I tould you I was happy and comfortable—wait, and I'll tell you the rest of the story, 'tis a short one. I held my little farm aisy, and paid the rint regular, until an election come in the country, and I voted against my landlord for the sake of emancipation. From that day out he never had the same face for me, and I knew well my ruin wasn't far off. There was an ould abatement he med me in the farm some years before when the times grew bad. This abatement he now brought agin me as an arrear, and ordhered me to pay up at wasnt. I couldn't do it, ov coorse, and got immediate notice to quit. On the following 25th of March, in could stormy weather, the whole of us were turned out be the ditch-side, and the cabin was levelled before our faces. I made a shed

against a bank on the high road with a few sticks and sods, and the neighbours, God bless 'em, sent us the piaties. But the could and the wet brought the fever to us, and my darlen wife and my poor Dinny died. The little girl too, though she recovered for a time, was never the same after. From that time out she had a cough, and heezing-like, and a bright colour kem in her cheek, and she wasted away day after day! Oh, if you were to see her, Morris, and to think of what she was!"

Peter's voice faltered for a moment, and he appeared to struggle with some intense emotion; at length recovering himself he continued:

"Night and day, I watched the little craythur, and got medicine for her, and gev her goat's milk be the docthors orders, and every whole happorth the neighbours said was good for; but 'twas all of no avail. She grew worse and worse, and had heavy pasperations on her, and was talking wild-like in her sleep at night, and the cough and the pain in the side wor killen. If you wor only to see her, Morris, the little craythur looken up at me, afther a violent fit, 'twould go to your very heart. 'I wish I was in Heaven, daddy,' she used to say sometimes, and her lip tremblin, for 'then I'd have no more pain!' Well why, she grew so bad at last, I was obliged to give up the work and sit by the sop of straw constant, minding her, not knowen the moment she'd draw the breath. As I was watching this way last night, sometimes raising and settling her up when the oppression 'ud come on her, sometimes fixing the sods closer in the covering over her head, for the weather was wet and stormy, I thought I heard the sound of footsteps, like the tramp of sodgers, between the gusts. I found I was right enough, for in a few minutes the shed in which we lay was surrounded, the door was thrown in, and a police officer stoopen down, desired

me to come out and surrender. He laughed, the ruffian, when I axed him what it was I done to make a prisoner of me, sayen I'd know shortly to my cost ; and when I pointed to my dying little girl, and begged of him to lave me, until I'd get one of the neighbours to mind her in the morning, he presented a pistol, and swore he'd shoot me, unless I came out without delay. I grew wild to think of laving the little craythur to die alone, and slipping the handle of a spade behind me, I pretended I was comen to give myself up—he drew back to let me pass, when suddenly I darted out, and was lost in the pitchy darkness of the night ; some of 'em fired after me, and others followed by the sound of my steps. But when I thought they were a little asunder, I stopped on a sudden, and stretched the first that come up, wid a blow of the spade-tree. Three more I sarved in the same way, and the rest thought it better for 'em to give up the hunt. I got back again to my little darlen before long, and I'd give a hundred lives if I had 'em, for the one look she gev me when I come into her. Young as she was, she understood all that happened to me, and put out her little mouth to kiss me, as I sat down by the bed. But her lips were cold, and the damp of death was on her forehead and her eyes were glazen. I lifted her off the straw, wrapped the blanket about her and thanks be to God, she died in my arms. I was as happy a most at the mercy, as if they were all again brought back to me. The sodgers were with me soon after, horse, foot and police ; but I had nothing now to fight for—I walked out of the shed quiet and asy—held my hands stretched for the hand-cuffs, and never med complaint more.

" Dear knows, you wor to be pitied, Peter," observed Morris, as the former concluded his story.

" 'Tis little to die afther what I suffered, any way," rejoined Peter. " I'm quite indefferent what they do to me."

"So would I be, said Morris, if it wasn't for its being so sudden a death entirely. I always had a misgiving, somehow, about coming to a voyolent end, and the heavens be praised, 'tis comen to pass when I little expected it."

"We must all die sometime, Morris, and what does the difference of a few days or years signify."

"'Tis more natheral to die old for all, Peter, and specially to die in one's bed. Oh mavrone! to think of to morrow mornen!"

"Husht, you Muth-Dawn—let no one hear you."

The conversation of the two friends was interrupted by the return of the jailor, who, after closely examining their persons for concealed files or instruments of self-destruction, locked them up for the night. Peter, who was exhausted with his late continued watching and anxiety of mind, threw himself on a heap of straw which lay in a corner of the cell, and in a few minutes fell into a sound and quiet sleep. Poor Morris also lay down, but not to rest or slumber. The dread of a violent and sudden death, that horrid shadow which had haunted his existence from the cradle, now grew imminent and gigantic. But a few short hours, and the evil fate, which from his earliest apprehension of danger, it had been his study to escape, would fall upon him in its most awful form. The light—the morning light, which visits the awakening world with joy and brightness, will send its dingy beams into his cell, to tell him the scaffolding is erected for his execution, and the officer of death awaiting his arrival. He listened to the easy breathing of his companion, as he slept, and wondered. Then he thought of their boyish days—of the many happy years they had passed together—and how little they then anticipated the disastrous end they were now coming to. Again he thought of the long gone November eve, its eventful amusement, and, above all, the ter-

rific sketch which the old Dummy had drawn in the ashes. "I might have known," he muttered to himself, "I might have known I had no chance after what she foretold for me. He turned and turned upon the straw, and shut his eyes, and tried to sleep or to think on some other subject; but horrid sights came before him of men with their faces covered, and carts slowly rolling along, and lines of horsemen, and of swords, and bayonets, and heads densely crowded together, and all moving towards a distant tree, from an arm of which, something swinging in the wind; sometimes he fell into a momentary doze and dreamed that he stood upon a high place, saw the upturned faces of a gazing multitude, felt the cold fingers of a hideous muffled figure, which stood beside him, pawing about his neck, and springing up with a feeling of suffocation, startled his companion with his cry! The dawn which broke in upon him through the grating of the little window, though it was the last he might see, came almost like a reprieve to him, after the horrors of such a night. The Police arrived at the prison at an early hour, and to his astonishment, it was announced to his companion, that he was to be the first for trial that morning. Peter was accordingly led away to the court, and Morris was once more left to his own gloomy reflections.

He turned from the closed door, threw himself upon his miserable bed, and as he heard the last faint echo of Peter's retiring footsteps, burst into tears. He felt they had parted for ever, that his friend would be soon out of trouble, and much as he dreaded the awful end which awaited him—almost wished to have been himself the first sufferer. Worn out with the cares and fatigues of the past night, and relieved in some sort by the unrestrained weeping, to which he had given way, he at length fell into a disturbed sleep. He knew not how long it lasted, but on awakening, the first face which

presented itself to his shrinking vision, was that of the Humpback, who, seated quietly on the floor, was looking down on him with a curious air. Morris rubbed his eyes, and looked dubiously at him.

"That I may be blessed," said the Humpback, "but 'tis wondering at you I am, to see you sleepen so sound."

"Eyeh! sound! repeated the prisoner, you dosen't know the night I had."

"Faix, may be so," resumed the Cobbler, "thinken natherally enough uv the mornen! That I mightened, but I believe 'tis more distressin' to be in doubt and throuble about ones end, than to be certain sure of a violent death."

"May be so," was faintly uttered in reply.

"Well, well, don't be so down about it altogether, Morris. I did my endayvours any way to get every infurmation for you, so as to make you asy in your mind. Your thrial is to be called on in about an hour, the jury is detarmined to find you guilty, and you're to be hanged in the mórning, about half-past nine, along with Pether."

Morris shuddered, but recovering at length and turning to his iuformant, he ejaculated in an almost inaudible whisper. "And is Peter found guilty?"

"Allilu! guilty, what else? the jury never left the box! I hard the sheriff afterwards giving orthers about both o' ye to the hangman, who is a partiklar friend, and would do anything to serve me. 'Jem' siz I to him, as soon as the sheriff was gone, 'I have a favour to ask of you—and that is—to put the two poor fellows you'll have in hands in the morning, out o'pain quickly, especially the little man, siz I."

Mr. Wiley made a slight pause, perhaps to give Morris an opportunity of expressing his gratitude, but receiving no reply, continued:

"Never fear, Will," says the hangman, "I'd obleege

you in more than that. If them boys," says he, "cuts a second caper after the knot I'll tie, say I'm —— Lord presarve us—'tis dyen he is I believe."

While the Humpback was so vividly recounting his interesting conversation with the hangman, and the benevolent efforts he was making for the advantage of his friends, he observed Morris's cheek and lips becoming whiter, and his breathing deeper; when suddenly a noise came in his throat, a convulsive struggle took place, and he lay back as cold and inanimate, as a corpse before him.

It was just at this moment, said my worthy host of Kilgobbin, and while the Humpback was yet gazing with a look, in which the expression of the playful amusement he had been indulging in, was blended with some slight signs of astonishment, that I entered the prison, accompanied by a magistrate and the jailor. I should mention, he continued, that on ascertaining the nature of the crime for which Morris was committed, I hastened to Ennis on the previous night, accompanied by Mrs. O'Kelly, to prove an alibi for him. We were both ready to bear testimony to his having driven our jaunting car to the chapel on that morning, at the precise hour when the battle with the police and murder of the sergeant took place, and lost no time in making the fact known to the magistrates. The bills against all the prisoners indicted for that crime, were already found by the grand jury—the witnesses were in attendance, and Morris, as one of the reputed leaders among the Terryalts, was ordered up for immediate trial. When, however, it was ascertained that persons of our rank in the country were prepared to come forward with direct evidence of an alibi for the prisoner, it became a question whether such testimony, besides insuring Morris's acquittal, might not so damage the evidence of the witnesses in the trial of Peter, and others, as to make it

wholly valueless. After mature deliberation, it was deemed adviseable to discharge Morris without trial, and proceed with the trial of the remaining prisoners on the same evidence, which would, by this management, come before the jury unimpeached. Peter was accordingly at once brought up and convicted, while I obtained the order for the liberation of Morris, which occasioned my unlooked for visit to his cell at the critical moment I have been describing to you."

"There was an exclamation of surprise and horror from all of us as we entered, and beheld my wretched servant stretched on the straw, apparently a lifeless corpse, with the Humpback seated like some evil demon at his shoulder. We soon discovered that he had merely fainted from apprehension, the degree of which, from the timidity of his disposition, I could very well imagine. Although sufficiently indignant with the Humpback, whose share in exciting the poor fellow's alarm I at once estimated, I could not resist the temptation which occurred to me at the moment, of having him removed to his own room at Kilgobbin, before he recovered his consciousness. He was therefore carefully conveyed to a carriage which I had waiting at the prison gate, and in a very short time was lying snugly wrapped up in blankets, in the very bed which he had left so unwillingly on the former night, to answer the terrific knocking made at the hall-door by the police who arrested him. It was the most amusing scene in the world, when he began to recover his senses, and to recognize the room and furniture and people about him, to witness his utter bewilderment. The servants had directions to pretend total ignorance of all that had passed, of his having ever been arrested, and even of any time having elapsed since he went to sleep on the night he was taken; so that Abou Hassan himself was not more puzzled to tell whether his recollections were

those of a dream or of a strange reality, than was poor Morris Moran.

"I need not, I think," said my hospitable entertainer, "say a word more to convince you that the hero of my story had good cause for his aversion to the tormenting Humpback; and that it is little wonder, even at this distance of time, his indignation should be so strongly revived by an uncalled for visit from him.

"And now, gentlemen," said the Eleventh Juror, "allow me to observe, that however the executive or magistracy may reconcile to their consciences in disturbed times such a suppression of evidence affecting the testimony of a crown witness as I have described to you, I shall always, as a Juryman, raise my voice against the practice. Though convinced the parties conducting a prosecution may be of the guilt of a prisoner, I hold it to be their bounden duty to bring before the Jury all the important evidence which may have come to their knowledge, whether it make for or against him."

"I entirely agree, gentlemen, with my friend who has just concluded his interesting tale," said another Juror, "as I am sure you all do. The injustice of the practice could not be more forcibly illustrated than in the instance he has placed before us. It was no apology for the magistracy that the policeman's wife did not designedly swear false informations against Moran, but believed him to be the identical man who rode into Ballincally on the morning of the engagement, and was, she thence assumed, a principal in it. Admitting even that the convictions were sincere, the jury, in the subsequent trial, had her whole evidence come before them, would have taken into account her rashness and recklessness in forming positive conclusions on very slight grounds."

"Such an atrocious proceeding as that," observed the

political unionist, "could never have happened if there had been a stipendiary magistrate there. A stipendiary magistrate would never have"——

"Order !—order !—order !" from several voices.

The juror who had on a former occasion excited the indignation of the last speaker, by his sneers at the morality of his countrymen, now started up in his turn, equally enraged. "I cannot sit here, sir," he said, directing his inflamed looks at the Foreman, "and hear the virtuous magistracy of this country traduced and calumniated"——

"Order !—Order !"

"Gentlemen," said the Foreman, rising from his chair, "I cannot permit the continuance of these observations on either side. They are a direct infraction of the understanding by which we hoped to maintain the harmony of the night; and I should deem myself unworthy to fill the proud situation which you have assigned me as your president, if I so far forgot my duty as to sanction the introduction of any subject which might lead to disagreeable discussion, and perhaps quarrels, among a company otherwise so happily associated."

The observations of the chairman were received with acclamation, and the two offended Jurors slowly resumed their seats, eyeing one another, nevertheless, for a considerable time, with looks of ill-restrained defiance.

"Come—come," exclaimed a good humoured looking personage at the foot of the table, who seemed more amused than interested in the altercation, "a plague on all politics—let's have our story—I'll be hanged if I wouldn't, at any time, rather listen to a good story than the best speech of Sir Rob——(order ! chair !) I beg pardon, gentlemen, I did not mean to infringe—but come, Sir, (addressing the Twelfth Juror)

your story, if you please—nothing like a story for restoring harmony."

The Eleventh Juror, hoping that his song might be forgotten, and feeling, indeed, that in the present humour of the company it would be a little out of place, turned his head aside, and kept poring with intent looks upon the declining fire. His anticipation was speedily realized, no one thought of the song, while the Twelfth Juror at once answered the call made upon him, as follows :—

THE TWELFTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

SIR DOWLING O'HARTIGAN

"Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day,
When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array;
For the field of the dead rushes red on my sight
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight."

LOCHIEL'S WARNING

SIR DOWLING O'HARTIGAN.

"As your patience does not appear to be exhausted by the few specimens of ancient Irish romance which you have heard, gentlemen," said the Twelfth Juror, "I will venture to relate another to you, not less interesting for the high chivalry of its hero, than for its fairy wonders."

Among the bravest of the followers of the celebrated Prince Murrough O'Brien, whose valour and devotion are not yet forgotten on his native soil, was a knight, named Sir Dowling O'Hartigan, whose character, like that of all the brighter ornaments of Irish chivalry, was a mixture of northern honour, of oriental fervour and devotion, and of the deepest and sincerest religious feeling. In reading the accounts of other days, the pride of modern times takes umbrage at the profound humility which is traced out amid the glorious workings of old heroic zeal, and the sordid levity of our commercial temperament is ready to scoff at the deeply-seated and unselfish devotion which gave to the chivalry of the middle ages more than half its grandeur. In those days the heart of mankind was still profoundly

impressed with those great truths which, by keeping continually before the mind the transitory nature of all earthly things, are best calculated to detach it from the baser interests, to elevate its desires, and enlarge its views. But what, gentlemen, has the character of the middle ages to do with my story? and I feel conscious indeed of a somewhat ponderous commencement for a mere fairy tale, for such, after all, is the legend of Sir Dowling O'Hartigan.

Every body who knows any thing of Irish history, must have heard of Brian Boru. This we assume as a postulate, without which we can proceed no further. It is equally notorious that in the course of his reign he met with no little annoyance from those unruly neighbours called the Danes, who had now for more than three centuries, exercised a barbarous tyranny over the original inhabitants of the isle; sometimes carrying it with a high hand, and sometimes suffering severely in the efforts made by the latter to rid themselves of their unfeeling assailants. Amongst the most distinguished of those native warriors who endeavoured to aid the Ard-Righ, or Arch-King, Brian, in his battles against the lawless Scandinavian, was the knight, whose name I have adopted as the title of my legend. None wielded the *lann* or the battle-axe with a more fatal skill; none stood more firm in the fight, and none appeared so indifferent to the reputation which his deeds had won him, as Sir Dowling O'Hartigan. He fought not for fame, nor power, nor wealth, nor for any selfish end, but purely for his duty; duty to his prince, to his country, and to heaven! Thus despising death, not from animal temperament alone, or the greediness of ambition, but on the principles of right reason. His valour was as constant and steadfast as it was heroic.

It was a few days before the famous battle of Clontarf, in which the venerable monarch gave his enemies

a final overthrow, and lost his own own life, that Prince Murrough received the orders of the Ard-Righ to be present, with all the force he could muster, at the royal camp within a stated time. At the moment when the royal order arrived, Sir Dowling O'Hartigan was seated at the table of the prince. He immediately rose, and requested permission to return to his own home, in order to muster all the force he could command, and to bid adieu to his wife and family ; for it was forseen that many a warrior would leave home for the approaching contest who might never return. The prince gave him permission to depart, after requesting him to be punctual as to the day of joining them with his force.

Night had fallen before Sir Dowling reached the dreary wilds of Burrin, in which his house was situate. The sky was dark and stormy, and the Knight commanded his foot-boy or daltin, (whose duty it ordinarily was to run by his master's side, holding the stirrup,) to to mount on his crupper, and to keep his seat as well as he might behind him. Thus, doubly freighted, it was matter of wonder to master and squire, with how much life and vigour the little hobbie continued its journey. It was interrupted, however, in rather a singular manner. At a gloomy turn in the road, the hobbie stopped with so much suddenness, that the two riders, were it not for Sir Dowling's superior horsemanship, would, by the impetus of their own motion, have continued their journey homeward in the air for at least a yard or two beyond the hobbie's head. Still as a stone statue stood the animal, seeming neither to hear the voice of the knight, nor to feel the still more cogent remonstrances which were applied with profusion both to rib and flank.

"You might as well let him alone, Sir Dowling," said the daltin.

"Why do you think so, Duach?"

"Because Ireland wouldn't make her stir now. There's something near us, masther, that's not good."

"Foolish being!" said the knight; "descend and see what is the matter."

"Me! me get down!" exclaimed Duach; "I had rather face a whole *cath* of the Loch-Lannoch.* Masther, asthore, get down yourself, since you arn't in dread of them."

Sir Dowling complied, compassionating the weakness of his attendant, and giving the reins to the awe-struck daltin. Advancing a few paces, he beheld, by the faint light which the stormy sky afforded, the figure of a woman in a sitting posture, on the right hand side of the road, with the hood of her cloak turned over her head, and her arms clasped in an attitude of profound affliction.

"Who's there?" exclaimed Sir Dowling in a peremptory tone.

There was no reply

"Speak!" said the knight: "If you be in sorrow, tell your sorrow; if not, retire and let my hobbie pass the road."

Still neither sound nor motion on the part of the hooded figure gave sign of attention or of compliance; and it was not until the knight added menace to his words, that he was able to procure an answer.

"You're like the rest of the world," said the woman, slowly revealing in the faint light her worn and wrinkled features, "that never knows its friends."

"Is that Nora?" asked Sir Dowling, in astonishment.

"It is. Ah, Sir Dowling, a'ra gal, I'm in trouble."

"Upon what account, Nora?" asked the knight.

"I'll tell you then. Do you know that lake you used to be so fond of fishing in when you used to go to visit your relations in the county Galway?"

* A name given to the Northern pirates.

"Do you mean Lough Ennel?"

"The very same."

"I do, indeed," replied the knight. "Many a pleasant day and moonlight night I spent upon the banks, or on its waters. It was a fine lake for fish."

"Well, a'ra gal, you'll never spend another there, except you go to the county Westmeath for it."

"To the county Westmeath!" exclaimed Sir Dowling in astonishment.

"To the county Westmeath, achree. 'Tis there Lough Ennel is now, and there it will remain, I'm very much in dread."

"Nonsense," said the knight, "did I not see it with my own eyes the last time I was in Galway, and didn't I send the prince a basket of the finest trout he ever tasted, that I took in the very middle of it, with my own hands? What nonsense!" said the Knight, "how could it be in the county Westmeath?"

"Oh, then, through nothing in the world, only my folly," said the old woman, "that couldn't but go lend it to an old neighbour of mine, a decent woman, as I thought her, that lives in those parts, and now she won't return it."

"Well, Nora," said Sir Dowling, "I'm surprised at you. Is it possible? A woman of your sense to go lend such a lake as that! And sure you ought to know them Leinster people before now, how hard it is to get any thing from them. There's hardly an Ardrigh we had this length of time but was heart-broken with them, trying to get their tribute. I thought you'd have had more sense, Nora."

"Oh, then," says the old woman, "who'd ever think that she'd serve me such a trick? Last summer twelvemonth, she sent over to me her compliments, and she'd be obliged to me for the loan of a lake for a little while. Westmeath being an inland place, where it was very

hard to get fish, and she knew that I couldn't miss it much, as Connaught was bordering upon the sea coast, and that she'd return it faithfully on the first Monday of the month. Well, I didn't like to refuse her, for she has greater power than I have, and might do me some mischief—so I took Lough Ennel, and rolled it up in an apron, and sent it off to her, with my compliments, and that I was happy to have it in my power to accommodate her. She kept the lake; and the first Monday of the month came and the first Monday after, and she never sent it home, and little thanks she gave me when I sent for it, neither. I waited as long as I had patience to wait, but not a sight of Lough Ennel did I see from that day to this."

"And you are going to look after it now?" said Sir Dowling.

"I'm going now to look after it," replied the witch; "but indeed I'm afraid it is little good for me. This is my thanks for being obliging."

I may remark that old Nora was right in her apprehensions, as may be ascertained by a reference to Shaw Mason's Topography, or the Collectanea; for there lies Lough Ennel to this day in the middle of the county Westmeath, whose inhabitants continue to enjoy the fruits, or rather the fishes of the old woman's dishonesty, while the poor Galway mountaineer stands often supperless upon the heights of Farmoyle, and overlooks the wide and barren flat where once Lough Ennel basked and tumbled in the sun. It is true that the time of possession specified in the Statute of Limitations has long since expired: but there are points in this case which render it a peculiar one, and I have no doubt that a Chancery injunction might readily be obtained to prevent any intermeddling with the fish until the case should have been fairly argued in equity, and finally adjudged.

"But this," continued old Nora, "is not the only nor the principal cause of my trouble. I had rather all the lakes in Galway were in Westmeath, than to hear what I heard to-night, and to know what I know."

"What did you hear?" inquired Sir Dowling.

"I heard thousands of Irish wives and mothers lamenting over the slain and wounded in the battle of Clontarf."

"You heard them lamenting," said the knight, "for a calamity which did not yet take place."

"But it is certain," said the woman. "When the oak shall be levelled by the storm, what will become of the underwood! You know not what this means now, but you will if you should live another week."

"Explain yourself plainly," said Sir Dowling—"Whatever be the issue, it is better I should be prepared for it. I am to join the standard of Prince Murrough at the battle, and I am now returning to take leave of my family and friends."

The woman remained silent for some moments, and then suddenly said:—

"Return and collect your force, and meet me here to-morrow evening an hour before midnight—alone, and be sure you do not fail."

With these words she disappeared, and Sir Dowling O'Hartigan, in much perplexity, continued his journey. He arrived at his castle, arranged his temporal affairs, and made the necessary preparation becoming one who was about to encounter imminent danger. On the following day, having bid adieu to those amongst his friends who were to remain behind, he set forward at the head of a strong party of horse and foot, with whom he encamped after night-fall within a short distance of the place of meeting.

About an hour before midnight, Sir Dowling, throwing his war-cloak around him, advanced to the rendez

vous, where they found old Nora already expecting him, with an air of deeper anxiety and apprehension than, she had shown the night before.

"Are you resolved, Sir Dowling," she said, "to join the standard of O'Brien at Clontarf?"

"Is my Prince to be there" said Sir Dowling, "and shall I not be there?"

"Beware."

"Of what?"

"I passed the field last evening, and the colour of death was upon the sod."

"The Men of the Cold Hills, mother, shall make that vision good."

"Beware!" said the old woman again, elevating her finger with a warning look—"Death reaps his harvest without regard to the quality of the grain—the weed and the wheatear together fall beneath his sickle. He is a blast that blows its poison indiscriminately upon all that is fair and all that is hideous on the earth—the tender floweret of the spring that faints and shrinks, and fades beneath a wind too chill—and the marble rock that accumulates its bulk for ages, and when its date is reached, rots atom after atom into the embrace of the grim destroyer, are both alike his victims. The ape that gibbers on the bough, and the sage that meditates beneath the shade—the coward that skulks behind a fence, and the warrior that braves him in the daylight—the eagle in the plains of air and the wren, upon the summer spray—the lion in the bosom of the woods, and the hare that glides in the moonlight—the leviathan within the caves of the ocean, and the starfish, spangling the wave upon its surface; nay, even the very elements that feed those million shades and rich varieties of life, are all subjected to, and must at some time feel his power. In the deepest shades, in the heart of the densest substances, there is no escaping that per-

vading principle of ruin. His wings overshadow the universe, and his breath penetrates to the centre. The tears of the forlorn and the bereaved—the sigh of the widow and orphan move him not—he has no capability of relenting—to him the Loch Lannoch and the children of the Dal Gais are alike."

"Whatever be my fate," said Sir Dowling, "I will never leave a tarnished reputation after me. The war-cry of the Strong Hand * shall never find Sir Dowling's slow to second it. But tell me if those fatal indications which look on you from the future, point direction at my life, or at that of my prince."

"I can only answer for your own," said the hag; "and I cannot even guess at your fate without your own assistance. Go to the top of yonder hill, and tell me what you see."

Sir Dowling O'Hartigan obeyed, and in a short time returned to the place where he had left the old woman.

"I have seen," said he, "a woman clothed in saffron, and with golden ornaments upon her neck and shoulders."

"The sign is fatal," said the old woman, shaking her head—"go again, and go to the other side of the hill."

Again he went—and again he came.

"I have seen," said he, "a woman clothed in white, and wearing silver ornaments."

"More fatal yet," exclaimed the hag, with a still more ominous shake of the head—"go yet once more, and take the western side of the ascent."

A third time Sir Dowling went, and a third time did Sir Dowling O'Hartigan return.

"I have seen," said he, "a woman clothed in black, and wearing no ornament whatever."

* He alludes to the motto of the O'Briens—*Lamh Laidler a bo* ' or The Strong Hand for ever.

"It is completed then," said the woman: "and your fate, if you should join the fight at Clontarf, is fixed beyond all doubt. You die upon the field."

"I know not how that may be," answered the Knight, "but I am sure I shall be with my prince, wherever he is."

"Abstain from the field, Sir Dowling," said the woman, looking on him with much earnestness, "I was present when you received in your boyhood the order of knighthood. The wicker shield was hung up in the centre of the field, and you were provided with your lance. I saw you shiver shaft after shaft, from blade to hilt, while the plains rung with acclamations, and the ancient warriors tossed their beards in wonder at the vigour of so young an arm. From that day to this I ever loved your welfare, and I pray you now consult it by remaining from the field of Clontarf."

Sir Dowling, however, would by no means listen to her dishonourable, though friendly solicitations. He became so impatient of those unworthy suggestions, that he turned his back, at length, and was about to depart in considerable wrath—

"Stay, Sir Dowling!" exclaimed the witch; "although I cannot change the nature of the prophecy, I will do my utmost to prolong your life. Take this cloak —it has the power of rendering those who wear it invisible to the eyes of others. If it cannot avert the fate that threatens you, it may at least retard the term of its approach. But above all things, I warn you, let nothing ever induce you to resign the cloak until the fight is at an end; if you do, you are lost."

So saying, and flinging the filead upon him, she hobbled off, without waiting for thanks, and took the way towards Westmeath to recover her lost lake, and to harangue the borrower about her want of punctuality.

"It might be pardoned," she muttered to herself as

she moved along, "if there were no other lake in the county Westmeath but the one, although even then the best that could be said of them is that they came by it shabbily enough—but when they have Lough Iron, and Lough Owhel, and Lough Devereragh, and Lough Lane, and a good piece of Lough Ree!—It is scandalous and unneighbourly, and I will not submit to it. I'm sure it is we that ought to be borrowing lakes out of Westmeath, and not they out of Galway."

Sir Dowling, in the meantime, returned. Desirous to ascertain whether old Nora's cloak did in reality possess the wonderful virtue which she ascribed to it, he paused at a little distance from the first sentinels, and fastened it about his neck. To his astonishment, he passed all the guards successively, without receiving a single challenge, and reached his own quarters unobserved. Here he found Duach lying half asleep by the watch-fire, which had been lighted for Sir Dowling's use. Knowing his daltin to be one of those persons who are sensible of scarcely any fear, except that which is referred to a supernatural object, he determined to put the power of the cloak to a still surer test.

"Duach!" exclaimed Sir Dowling, "Duach, awake!"

The daltin started up, and gazed around.

"Duach!" continued the knight, "here, take my cloak and *lann*, and watch while I lie down and take a few hours' sleep."

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed the dalton, trembling.

"Do you hear me, sirrah? Have you lost your wits?"

"'Tis the master's voice!" said Duach, rubbing his eyes, and looking around on all sides; "but where in the earthly universe is he?"

"Where am I, rogue? Do you not see me standing close to you?"

"Well," cried Duach, "I never was in trouble till now!"

At these words, Sir Dowling struck him pretty smartly over the shoulders with his sheathed sword.

"If you do not see me, you shall feel me, sirrah," said the knight.

At this unexpected assault, Duach, with a yell that might have been heard across the Shannon, turned short, and would have fled the camp, had not Sir Dowling seized him by the skirt of his saffron coat, and held him firm. At the same time he undid the tie which made the mantle fast about his own neck, and stood visibly before the astonished daltin.

"Well!" exclaimed the latter, "I often heard of wonders, but if this doesn't flog all Munster—it's no matter. Where in Europe were you, master? or where do you come from? or is it to drop out of the sky you did, or to rise out of the ground, or what?"

Nothing could exceed the amazement with which Duach heard his master relate the interview which he had with the old woman, and the extraordinary virtue of the cloak which she had lent him.

"I'll tell you what it is, Sir Dowling," said the daltin, "I don't count it sufficient trial that the guards and myself couldn't see you, for people have often thick sight, and especially at night, that way; but wait till morning, and the first sheiling we pass where we'll see any pigs, you can put it on. They say pigs can see the very wind itself, so if they don't see you, you may depend your life upon the cloak."

Sir Dowling did not appear to think this test essential to his purpose, and, on the following morning, he set forward, accompanied by his force, to join the standard of the Ard-Righ. That monarch and his son, to whom he had deputed the command of the royal army on this occasion, were already on the field of battle when Sir Dowling O'Hartigan arrived. Many circumstances combine to give a strong and lasting in-

terest to this brilliant day in Ireland's clouded story. King Brian, who was seventy-six years of age when he ascended the throne, had, in the course of twelve years ensuing, raised the condition of the island to a state of almost unexampled prosperity, and acquired for himself the character of a saint, a hero, and a sage. His reign bears a closer resemblance to that of the French St. Louis, or the English Alfred, than that of any other Irish monarch whom we can call to mind. Devoted, himself, to the cultivation of letters and the practice of religion, he encouraged both, by every means which the prerogative of his station could afford. He founded many churches, and added his influence to that of the clergy, in promoting a love of piety and virtue. He conciliated the friendship of the independent princes throughout the island by confirming their ancient privileges, and aiding them in the enforcement of their authority. The success with which his efforts to establish national peace and harmony were attended, has been celebrated in a legend with which all are familiar who have read the Irish melodies; and whatever be the truth of the story, it bears testimony at least to the reputation of the monarch with his subjects and their prosperity. At the close of his reign, however, he had the affliction to combat with internal treachery and foreign invasion. The annalists tell us, that Malmorda, the Righ, or inferior monarch of Leinster, aided by twelve thousand Danes, whom he had called in to aid him in his rebellious enterprize, arose in arms against his sovereign. The aged monarch was prompt in taking the field against the traitor and his foreign allies, nor were his subjects slow to second him. The field, when Sir Dowling entered it, presented a striking and animated spectacle. The Irish archers and slingers, with their small Scythian bows and krantabals —the gallow-glach heavily armed, with genu and bat-

tle-axe, and the shoals of kerne, distinguished by the hanging cap, the ready skene at the girdle, and javelin in the hand, were arrayed between the royal tents and the rebel force. Amongst these last the island costume was shamefully mingled with the chain armour of the invaders, and the Irish poll-axe advanced in the same cause with the ponderous northern sparthe, which had so often drank the blood of the helpless and unresisting in their towns and villages. Mindful of old Nora's warning, Sir Dowling O'Hartigan committed his men to the command of an inferior officer, and, fastening the cloak around his neck, passed, unobserved, to that part of the field where Prince Murrough O'Brian was in the act of persuading his age-stricken parent, the venerable Priam of the day, to retire from a scene in which he could no longer afford assistance, and to await in his tent the issue of the combat. The monarch at length complied, and bidding an affectionate farewell to his children of two generations, who were about to risk all for his crown and people, slowly retired from the field ; and at the same instant Sir Dowling had the mortification to hear the prince give utterance to an exclamation of disappointment and surprise at his non-appearance.

"It is the first time," said Prince Murrough, "that I ever knew Sir Dowling O'Hartigan untrue to his engagement."

The knight had much difficulty in restraining himself from flinging away the cloak and removing the uneasiness of his prince, but the warning of Nora, and the fear that in the eagerness to manifest his loyalty he might lose the power of manifesting it in a more effectual way, enabled him to control his inclinations.

The battle commenced, and Sir Dowling, taking his position near the prince, wrought prodigies of valour in his defence. The prince and his immediate attendants beheld with astonishment, Dane after Dane, and traitor

after traitor, fall mortally wounded to the ground, and yet none could say by whose weapon the blow was struck. More than once, the prince, as if his own strength were so gigantic that the mere intention of a blow on his part were more destructive than the practical exertions of another, saw his enemies fall prostrate at his feet when he had but lifted his sword into the air above them. At length a Nordman, of prodigious size, came bearing down upon the prince, hewing all to pieces before him, and breaking the royal ranks with the strength of a rhinoceros. At the very instant when he had arrived within a sword's length of Murrough O'Brian, and while the latter was in the act of lifting his shield in order to resist his onset, to the astonishment of all, and doubtless to his own, the head of the gigantic Nordman rolled upon the grass. The prince started back amazed.

"These must be Sir Dowling's blows," he exclaimed, "and yet I do not see the man!"

"And what hand," cried Sir Dowling, flinging aside the cloak in a transport of death-defying zeal, "whose hand has a better right than Sir Dowling's to do the utmost for a son of Brian?"

He had scarcely given utterance to his words, when the sparthe of a Loch Lannoch, who stood at some distance, came whistling through the air, and transfixed him on the spot, the victim of his own enthusiasm. The rest is known. The aged monarch, the prince, and many of their house, and four thousand of their followers shared the fate of Sir Dowling O'Hartigan; but their country was redeemed in their destruction, for Clontarf did more than "scotch" the Danish hydra. It was never seen to raise one of its heads again in Ireland.

At this moment, and before the Twelfth Juror had time to add a vocal contribution to the narrative which

he had just afforded, an extraordinary accident threw the whole Jury Room into a commotion which may be more easily imagined on the reader's part than described on ours. The traveller, who had been lying in the cupboard during the whole night, and listening with exemplary attenion to the various narratives which had been served up for the entertainment of the company, was betrayed into an act of remarkable forgetfulness immediately on the conclusion of the foregoing tale. Whether it was that his olfactory organs had been irritated by some particles of dust which had found its entrance into the cupboard, or that the dampness of his uncomfortable retirement had given him a cold, or that, by some unaccountable fatality, the fit seized him, certain it is, that at this instant he so totally forgot the precarious situation in which he stood, as to give a sudden and violent sneeze in his hiding place. Once more, let the reader imagine the effect produced by this unexpected sound upon the astonished Jurors. They started from their seats as we are told men do in tropical climates on feeling the first shock of an earthquake. "What noise was that?" "Didn't somebody sneeze?" "Where was it?" "Who was it?" "'Tis from the cupboard?" &c. &c., were exclamations which broke from the lips of the company, not *seriatim* as we have been obliged to transcribe them, but almost at the same instant and as it were in the same breath. Some of the most courageous, arming themselves with poker, tongs, and such other weapons, offensive and defensive, as the place afforded, advanced to the corner in which the now silent and trembling intruder lay half dead with apprehension of he knew not what, and mentally bewailing the fit of absence which had rendered all his caution and previous self-denial, vain and useless. There was some discussion as to whose duty it was to open the cupboard, which occasioned (for men in despair will catch at straws,) a

wild hope in the breast of the stranger that none amongst them might be found hardy enough to take the task upon him. The difficulty, however, was removed by the Foreman, who, with an intrepidity worthy of imitation, taking the poker from the timorous hand of the Juror who stood next him, advanced so near the cupboard that he was able, by extending the poker at arm's length and inserting the point of it between the two doors, to throw one of them back on the hinges, so as to disclose the pent-up figure of the listener inside. A single glance was sufficient to show the Jurors that he was in a greater fright than they were, on which their courage rose to such a degree, that all simultaneously rushed upon him and dragged him forward into the centre of the room. Language would only expose its poverty in attempting to describe the scene that followed. Let it suffice to say that, after about a quarter of an hour consumed in vociferations, which led to nothing, the stranger was able to obtain something like a hearing, and was allowed to explain in a consecutive manner the circumstances which had brought him into his present very questionable position. These, however, he related with so much candour and energy of manner, that he evidently produced a favourable impression on the greater portion of his hearers. He was subjected to a vigorous cross-examination, which, however, did not in the least degree shake "his own original testimony." After some further deliberation, the case was submitted to the Foreman, who decided that, presuming on the good intentions of the stranger, the Jury would be willing to favour his escape on condition that he would submit to the regulation of the night, and add his story to those of which he had been in so extraordinary a manner a covert auditor. The stranger readily consented, and took his seat amid general applause.

THE STRANGER'S TALE.

THE RAVEN'S NEST.

Her sire, an earl—her dame of prince's blood;
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.
Sonnet on the Countess of Lincoln

THE RAVEN'S NEST.

The Fabii make not a more distinguished figure in the history of the ancient Roman, or the Medici in that of the modern Tuscan State, than do the family of the Geraldines in the troubled tale of Ireland's miseries. Whenever the annals of the island shall be treated by a competent pen, they will not fail to be classed by all impartial judges amongst the most remarkable families in history. Their errors, and perhaps in many instances their crimes, were great; but their undaunted courage,—their natural eloquence,—their vigorous genius, and their hereditary open heartedness are qualities which will be as certain of awakening admiration, as their misfortunes of exciting pity. The story of the earls of Kildare constitutes such a piece of history as Sallust might be proud to write, and the genius of Plutarch would have delighted in the pithy sayings, heroic actions, and touches of character, in which the annals of the family abound.

During the reign of the Tudors, a deadly feud had raged for many years, between one of the earls of Kildare, and a chieftain—a branch of the Geraldines, residing in a distant part of Munster. The Geraldine conceived his

rights, as well as those of his country, invaded by the excessive rigour and even injustice with which Kildare (who was Lord Deputy) administered the government; and the earl was so highly incensed by what he called the turbulence and malice of his kinsman, that he protested his determination not to lay down his arms, until he had compelled him to make submission; "albeit, he should have him as a common borderer, cut off by the knee." In this resolution, he received the entire sanction of the English government, who seldom bore hard upon their deputies for an excess of zeal.

Outworn by continual defeats, and feeling deeply for the sufferings which his fruitless resistance had brought on his dependents, the gallant Geraldine testified at length his willingness to make terms, and offered to come in person to the metropolis in order to make a formal submission to the viceroy. He was not so despicable an enemy that even the haughty earl was not rejoiced at his proposal. He was received in Dublin with the highest ceremonies of respect and joy. The earl gave splendid entertainments, to which many, not only of the substantial citizens of the Pale, but of the native Irish chieftains, were invited; and the public places of the city for several days were thronged with a motely company of revellers, mingling with a confidence as enthusiastic as if they had not been for centuries as bitter enemies, as oppression on the one, and hate and outrage on the other side, could make them.

On the second night after the arrival of the Geraldine in Dublin, a party of horse, bearing the marks of long travel in the jaded carriage, both of the animals and their riders, appeared upon the borders of the Pale which they had entered by one of the northern roads. They were commanded by a young man of an appearance at once delicate and martial. The peasants and humble artizans doffed their bonnets as they passed him

on the road, and the sentinels saluted, and suffered him to go unquestioned. As they approached the city, the sounds of rejoicing which were distinctly heard in the calm air, awakened the attention and curiosity of the group.

"Ride on before, Thomas," said the young officer, addressing the page who bore his shield and helmet, "and ask what feasting is toward in the city."

The page spurred on his horse, and after making inquiry at the booth of a rosy looking vender of woollen stuffs, returned, to say that the Geraldine was in the city.

"The Geraldine! what! hath he taken it, then?"

"Nay," cried the page, "if it were so, I question whether the Pale would be so orderly. He has come to make submission to the king."

"To make submission! The Geraldine make submission!" repeated the young man. "This seems a tale no less improbable than the other. Alas! such wisdom is rare in a Geraldine. The poor isle has suffered deeply to the pride of the Fitzgeralds. Poor, miserable land! Give me the helmet. We must not pass the Geraldine unarmed. How long is it now since this quarrel has begun?"

"Near sixteen years, my lord."

"Thou sayest aright. I remember to have heard of it on my mother's knee. I well remember how Kildare returned to the castle on an autumn evening, all black with dust and sweat, and how she flew to meet him, while I marked his rusty javelin, and puzzled my brains to comprehend its use. I am not so ignorant now. Ill-fated country! How many lives, dost thou compute, have already fallen in this feud?"

"It is thought, my lord, some seventy or eighty soldiers of the Pale, with about seventeen thousand of the Irish in various encounters; besides, castles sacked

about fifty ; towns and villages demolished to the number of nineteen ; and private dwellings of the common sort, to the amount of some thousand roofs. The Pale, too, suffered loss of property ; a woollen draper's booth destroyed, besides some twenty cabins in the suburbs, laid in ashes."

"I pray you, Thomas, who might be your accomptant ?"

"My cousin Simmons, my lord, the city bailiff ;—your lordship may remember him ?"

"Ay, I thought the computation had been made within the Pale. And what was the beginning of the strife ?"

"The insolent Geraldine, my lord, had the audacity to turn a troop of the Lord Deputy's horse——"

"Out of a widow's house upon his holding, where they would have taken up their quarters for a fortnight in the scarce season. The insolent Geraldine ! I long to see the disloyal knave. Know you if the lady Margaret, his daughter, be with him in the city ?"

"My lord, the woollen-draper spoke not of her."

"I long to know them both. Report speaks loudly of her, no less than of the Geraldine himself. But here's the city. Good morrow, masters ! Thank you heartily, thank you all ! O'Neil is quiet in the north, my masters ! Long live the King ! Huzza !"

The last sentences were spoken as the young warrior passed the city gate, where he was recognized and hailed by a holiday throng of the loyal citizens, with shouts of welcome that made the houses tremble around them. "Kildare for ever ! Long live the King ! huzza !" was echoed from the city gate to the very drawbridge of the castle. The young nobleman, who had, amid all his gallantry and gaiety, a certain air that showed him to be above the reach of party spirit, received their congratulations with spirit and cheerfulness, but with-

out losing a moment's time either to speak or near. The streets as he passed presented an appearance singular and altogether new to his eye. The Irish green hanging bonnet seemed as common as the cap of the Pale ; kernes who spoke not a syllable of English were gaping at the splendour of the city ; and citizens, standing in their booths, stared with no less amazement at the unshorn locks, wild looks, and woodland attire of their new allies. Passing on to St. Thomas's Court, where the Lord Deputy, at that time, transacted the business of the government, Sir Ulick Fitzgerald, the young knight whose course we have been following, alighted from his horse, and sent one of the officers to inform the Lord Deputy of his arrival. He was received by Kildare, in the kings chamber ; and gave an account of the state of affairs in the north, where he had for some months past occupied the place of Lord Deputy himself.

"Thou art welcome, Ulick, from the North," said Kildare, reaching his hand to his son, who kissed it with reverence and affection. "And now, how hast thou done thy work, my lad?"

"Like a true soldier of the Pale, my lord," replied Sir Ulick. I taught the rascals what it was to have to do with a friend of England. Thou and our royal master I am sure will love me for it."

"What said O'Neil at the conference?"

"O my good father, bid me not repeat his insolence. He said his lands and castles were in the keeping of his ancestors, before the very name of Ireland had sounded in the ear of a Plantagenet,—that we used our power cruelly—(we, my lord, cruel! we! and I could aver upon mine honour as a knight, we have not piked above twelve score of the rascal's Irishry, except on holidays, when we wanted exercise for the hobbelers. We cruel!) he complained also of trespass on the property of his

dependents, (what! had we touched their lives, my lord?) he said all men were naturally free; that he derived his possessions from his progenitors, not from the royal gift; and many things beside, for which I would have set his head upon his castle gate, but as your lordship recommended clemency, I only hanged a cousin of his whom we caught in the camp after dark."

"Ulick," said the earl, "thou art a bantering villain; and I warn thee, as the Geraldines stand not over well with Tudor, how thou sufferest such humours to appear, and before whom. It has been remarked, and by those who might not pierce thine irony, that thou art rather a favourer of these turbulent insurgents. Thou art over mild with the rebels."

"It is a mending fault, my lord," said Sir Ulick; in the service of Tudor it will soon wear off."

"I tell thee," said the earl, "it is thought by many that thine heart is less with the people of the Pale than might become the descendant of those who have grown old in the royal confidence and favour, and transmitted both as a legacy to their posterity. Thou hast learned the language of these rascal Irishry."

"I confess my crime, my lord," replied the knight; "I know my country's tongue."

"Thou lovest their braggart poetry, and villainous antiquities; and art known to keep in thy train a scoundrel harper, who sings thee to sleep at night with tales of burrings and rapines, done by their outlaw chiefs upon the honest subjects of the crown."

"I confess my fault, my lord. I love sweet music."

"Thou hast even been heard at times," continued the earl, "to sing a verse of their howling ditties in the very precincts of the castle."

"Nay, nay, good father," cried the knight, "if you will impute my tuneful voice as treasonous, blame nature and not me, for I had it of her. I confess myself

guilty in that point also. There is a rebel melody in my voice that I cannot well be rid of."

"Ay, banter, banter, villain," said the Lord Deputy. "I tell thee, in a word, to treasure up what I have said, nor presume so far upon thy loyal deeds to excuse disloyal words. Princes are jealous of a smile. Thou must bear in mind that it is a conquered race thou hast to deal withal, and add a ferule to the rod of government."

"I shall learn, my lord, I hope, as aptly as my predecessors. Ere I am twice Lord Deputy, I shall amend."

"And now," said the earl, "to thy chamber, and prepare to meet the Geraldine at evening. In a few days he makes formal submission to the King, before the Lords of Council at Kilmainham Castle; and to-night he must here be entertained as becomes a Geraldine of his birth and breeding. Farewell!"

Spirited, lively, and yet filled with generous affections, the young knight was no less calculated to attract admiration in the hall than in the field. He was early at the festival, and met the Geraldine in his father's presence. The latter was a swart, stout-built man, with a brow that spoke of many dangers braved, and difficulties withstood, if not overcome. Unaccustomed to the polished raillery of a court, the stubborn chief was somewhat disposed at first to be offended with Sir Ulick, who addressed him in a tone of ironical reproof, and upbraided him in eloquent terms with the unreasonableness and selfishness of his withholding from the conquerors, possessions and immunities which he and his ancestors had now so long enjoyed, and which it was but fair that they should yield at least to those poorer adventurers, whose services the Tudors had no other means of rewarding. "Did the Geraldine, or his confederates, consider what the Tudors owed those men, to whom they were indebted for the subjugation of so

large a province? and would they be so ungenerous as to withhold from the sovereign the means of recompensing so palpable a public service, &c."

The Geraldine, who did not understand irony, was observed two or three times to bend his brows upon the youth, but had his ire removed by some gracious turn in the harangue, introduced with timely promptitude. The hall of the festival was now thrown open; and Sir Ulick, standing at the farther end, summoned to his side his favourite attendant, Thomas Butler, from whom he inquired the names and quality of such guests as, in entering, had attracted his attention.

"I pray thee, gentle Thomas," said Sir Ulick, "what man is that with a cast in his right eye, and a coolun as thick and as bushy as a fox's tail, and as carroty-red withal; and a sword that seems at deadly feud with its owner's calves?"

"Who? he, my lord? That is O'Carroll, who thrashed Mac Morrough, at the Boyne, for burning his cousin's castle, and piking his children in the bog!"

"And who is she who hangs upon his arm?"

"His daughter Nell, my lord, who eat the tip of Mac Morrough's liver, with a flagon of wine, for dinner, on the day after the battle."

"Sweet creature! And that round, short, flashy merry little man, with his chain?"

"That is the mayor, my lord."

"And the lofty lady who comes after, like a grenadier behind a drummer?"

"The lady-mayoress, my lord, who took her husband upon her shoulders, and ran off with him to the city, when he would fain have fought, single-handed, with an enormous O'Toole, who set upon them as they were taking a morning walk to Cullenswood."

"Her stature stood him in good stead. And who are they who follow close behind?"

"Burke of Clanricard, and O'Moore, who hanged and quartered the four widows in Offally, for speaking against the cosherings on the poor."

"And the ladies?"

"Their wives and daughters, who were by, at the quartering."

"A goodly company. But hush!"

"What is it, my lord, that you would ask?"

"Hush! hush! Canst thou tell me, Thomas, what lady is that in yellow, as far beyond the rest in beauty of person as in the graceful simplicity of her attire?"

"That, my lord," said the attendant, "is your cousin, Margaret Fitzgerald, and the only daughter of the Geraldine."

"Fame, that exaggerates all portraitures, fell short in hers. My cousin Margaret! Away, good Thomas, I care not to learn more."

Approaching the circle, of which the fair Geraldine formed a chief attraction, Sir Ulick was introduced to his young relative. The evening passed happily away in her society; and before many days they were better friends than, perhaps, themselves suspected, or the parents of either could have readily approved. Both freely communicated their thoughts and wishes on the condition of their families and country. Both mourned the divided interests that distracted the latter, and the wretched jealousies which seemed destined to keep the well-wishers of the island for ever disunited in themselves, and therefore utterly incapable of promoting her advantage. Such themes as these formed the subject of conversation one evening, while the dance went gaily forward, and the hall of the banquet seemed more than usually thronged with brilliant dresses.

"Now, at least, cousin Margaret," said Sir Ulick, in a gentle voice, "we may promise ourselves better times. Our fathers seem better agreed at every interview; and

so nearly do their tempers harmonize, that I am sure it needed but an earlier intimacy to render them as fervent friends as they have been strenuous—Hark! What is that noise?"

While he spoke, the sounds of mirth were interrupted in a startling manner, by loud and angry voices at the end of the hall, which was occupied by the Lord Deputy and other chieftains of every party. Before time was given for question or reply, the wordy clamour was exchanged for the clash of weapons, and in an instant the scene of merriment was changed to a spectacle of horror and affright. The music ceased, the dance was broken up, the women shrieked—while of the men, some joined the combatants, whom others thought to separate by flinging cloaks, scarfs, caps, and various articles of dress across the glancing weapons. A truce was thus enforced; and Sir Ulick learned with indignation, that the hot-blooded Geraldine had struck his father. The news soon spread into the streets, where a strife began that was not so easily to be appeased. The followers of the Geraldine, whose hearts were never with the treaty of submission, seemed glad of the occasion given to break it off. They fell upon the citizens, who were not slow in flying to their weapons, and a scene of tumult ensued which made the streets re-echo from the river side to the hills. The Geraldines were driven from the city, not without loss, and their chieftain found himself on horseback without the walls, and farther from the royal countenance than ever. He was with difficulty able to rescue his daughter, who, on the first sound of strife, had immediately placed herself by his side.

The war now re-commenced with redoubled fury. The Lord Deputy received orders from London to have the Geraldine taken, dead or alive, and set his head, according to the fashion of those times, upon the castle-

gate. In obedience to these instructions, which needed not the concurrence of his own hearty good-will, Kildare marched an army to the south, and after several engagements, laid seige to the Geraldine in one of his strongest castles. The ruins still occupy a solitary crag, surrounded by a rushy marsh, at a little distance from New Auburn. The place was naturally strong; and the desperation of the beseiged, made it altogether impregnable. After several fruitless efforts, attended by severe loss to the assailants, to possess themselves of the castle by storm, it was placed in a state of blockade, and the Lord Deputy, encamping in the neighbourhood, left famine to complete the work which his arms had failed to accomplish.

With different feelings, Sir Ulick, who held a subordinate command in the army of his father, beheld the days run by, which were to end in the surrender, or (as was more probable, from the well known character of the Geraldine), in the destruction and death of the besieged. Two months rolled on, and there appeared no symptom on the part of the latter that indicated a desire to come to terms. Such, likewise, was the fidelity with which those feudal chiefs were served by their followers, that not a single deserter escaped from the castle to reveal the real state of its defenders. They appeared upon the battlement as hearty and as well accoutred as on the first day of the blockade.

Meantime there was no lack of spirit in the castle. The storehouse was well supplied for a blockade of many months, and the Geraldine depended much on a letter he had sent beneath the wings of a carrier-pigeon to a distant part of Desmond. The days passed merrily between watching and amusement, and the frequent sounds of mirth and dancing from within, showed that the beseiged were thinking of something else beside giving up the fortress.

One evening, Margaret, retiring to her chamber, gave orders to her woman to attend her. The latter obeyed, and was employed in assisting her lady to undress, when the following conversation passed between them.

"You have not since discovered by whom the letter was left in the eastern bolt-hole?"

The woman answered in the negative.

"Take this," said Margaret, handing the maid a small wooden tablet, as white as snow, except where it was marked by her own neat characters. "Take this and lay it exactly where the former was deposited. Yet stay! Let me compare the notes again, to be sure that I have worded mine answer aright."—"Sweet Margaret.—Be persuaded by one who loves thy welfare. Let thy sweet voice urge the Geraldine to give up the fortress which he must yield perforce ere long, and with sorer loss perchance than that of life and property. Thy friendly enemy, unknown." "Well said, my friendly enemy, not quite, perhaps, so unknown as thou esteemest—now for mine answer.—" "Kind friendly enemy. Thine eloquence will be much better spent on Kildare, in urging him to raise the siege, than my poor accents on the stubborn Geraldine. Wherefore I commend thee to thy task, and warn to beware of my kinsmen's bills, which, how shrewdly they can bite, none ought to know better than the Lord Deputy and his followers. Thy thankful foe."

The tablet was laid on the window, and disappeared in the course of the night. On that which followed, while Margaret and her maid were occupied, as before, in preparing for rest, a noise at the window aroused the attention of the mistress, and struck the woman mute with terror. Dismissing the latter into the sleeping chamber, which lay adjacent, and carefully shutting the door the daughter of the Geraldine advanced to the

window, and unbarred the curtained lattice. A brilliant moon revealed the lake, in the midst of which the castle rose upon the summit of a rock, the guarded causeway by which it was connected with the shore, the distant camp of Kildare, and the tranquil woods and hills extending far around. Beneath her, on the rock, appeared a figure, the identity of which she could not for an instant mistake ; but how it came thither, to what intent, and wherefore undetected, was more than she had skill to penetrate. Perhaps, like a second Leander, he had braved the waves with no other oar than his own vigorous limbs ! But the stern of a little currach, peeping from beneath the overhanging rock, gave intimation that Sir Ulick (for he indeed it was) knew a trick worth two of Leander's. Waving his hand to Margaret, he ascended the formidable crag which still separated him from the window of her apartment, and came even within whispering distance. He did but come to be sure that she at least was not in want of food. It so happened that this side of the rock alone was unguarded, being supposed impregnable from the steepness of its ascent, as well as of that of the opposing shore. Sir Ulick, however, gliding under the shadow of the distant cliff, and only venturing to dart for the isle when the sky was darkest, had already visited it for three successive nights, and seemed, at every new venture, more secure of his secret. The alarm of Margaret, however, was excessive. The discovery of an intercourse would be certain death to one or both—for the Geraldine in a case of treason, whether real or apparent, would not spare his nearest blood. The same, as Sir Ulick was himself aware, was true of the Lord Deputy. Made bold, however, by impunity, he quieted the lady's fears, and without much difficulty, communicated to her mind the security of his own. His visits were continued for a week without interruption ; after

which period, the fair Geraldine observed with perplexity and uneasiness, that they terminated abruptly, nor did she, for an equal space of time see or hear anything that could account for this sudden disappearance of her accomplished friend.

One night as she sat in her window, looking out with the keenest anxiety for the little wicker skiff, she observed, with a thrill of eagerness and delight, some dark object gliding close beneath the cliffs upon the opposite shore. The unclouded brightness of the moon, however, prevented the approach of the boat ; and her suspense had reached a painful height, before the sky grew dark. At length a friendly cloud extended its veil beneath the face of the unwelcome satelite ; and in a few minutes the plash of oars, scarce louder than the ripple of the wavelets against the rock, gave token to the watchful ear of Margaret, of the arrival of the long expected knight. A figure ascends the rock ; the lattice is unbarred ; there is sufficient light to peruse the form and features of the stranger. It is not Sir Ulick ; but Thomas Butler, the *fidus Achates* and only confidant of the youthful knight.

"What, Thomas, is it thou ? Where is thy lord ?"

"Ah, lady, it is all over with Sir Ulick !"

"How sayest thou ?"

"He is taken, lady, by the Lord Deputy's servants, and stands condemned in the article of treason."

These dreadful tidings, acting on spirits already depressed by a sudden disappointment, proved too much for Margaret's strength, and she fainted away in the window. On reviving, she obtained from Thomas a full detail of the circumstances which had occurred to Sir Ulick since his last appearance at the island, and the cause in which they had their origin.

About a week before, the Lord Deputy was sitting at evening in his tent, when a scout arrived to solicit a

private audience. It was granted ; and the man averred that he had discovered the existence of a treasonable communication between the inhabitants of the island and the shore. In his indignation at this announcement, Kildare made a vow, that the wretch, whoever he was, should be cast alive into the Raven's Nest ; and appointed a party to watch on the following night on the shore beside the cliffs, for the return of the traitor from the rock. Having given the men strict injunctions to bring the villain bound before him, the instant he should be apprehended, he ordered a torch to be lighted in his tent, and remained up to await the issue.

Towards morning, footsteps were heard approaching the entrance of the tent. The sentinel challenged, and admitted the party. The astonishment of Kildare may be conceived, when, in the fettered and detected traitor, against whom he had been fostering his liveliest wrath, he beheld his gallant son, the gay and heroic Ulick ! The latter did not deny that he had made several nightly visits to the island ; but denied, with scorn, the imputation of treasonable designs, although he refused to give any account of what his real motives were. After long endeavouring, no less by menace than entreaty, to induce him to reveal the truth, the Lord Deputy addressed him with a kindness which affected him more than his severity.

"I believe thee, Ulick," he said ; "I am sure thou art no traitor. Nevertheless, thy father must not be thy judge. Go, plead thy cause before the Lords of Council, and see if they will yield thee as ready a credit. I fear thou wilt find it otherwise ; but thou hast thyself to blame."

A court was formed in the course of a few days, consisting of Kildare himself, as President, and a few of the Council, who were summoned for the purpose. The facts proved before them were those already stated ;

and Sir Ulick persisted in maintaining the same silence, with respect to his designs or motives, as he had done before his father. It seemed impossible, under such circumstances, to acquit him ; and having received the verdict of the court, the Lord Deputy gave orders for the fulfilment of his dreadful vow.

On the night after his sentence, his attendant, Thomas Butler, obtained permission to visit him in his dungeon ; and received a hint from Kildare, as he granted it, that he would not fare the worse, for drawing his master's secret from him. Ulick, however, was inflexible. Fearing the danger to Margaret's life, no less than to her reputation, he maintained his resolution of suffering the sentence to be executed, without further question. "The Lords of Council," he said, "were as well aware of his services to the king's government, as he could make them ; and if those services were not sufficient to procure him credit in so slight a matter, he would take no further pains to earn it."

Disappointed and alarmed on the eve of the morning appointed for the execution, Thomas Butler, at the hazard of his life, determined to seek the lady Margaret herself, and acquaint her with what had occurred. The daughter of Geraldine did not hesitate long about the course she should pursue. Wrapping a man's cloak around her figure, with the hood (for in those days, fair reader, the gentlemen wore hoods), over her head, she descended from the window, and succeeded in reaching the boat. A few minutes' rapid rowing brought them to the shore. It was already within an hour of dawn, and the sentence was to be completed before sun-rise. Having made fast the currach in a secret place, they proceeded amongst crag and copse in the direction of the Raven's Nest. The dismal chasm was screened by a group of alder and brushwood, which concealed it from the view, until the passenger approached its very

brink. As they came within view of the place, the sight of gleaming spears and yellow uniforms amongst the trees, made the heart of Margaret sink with apprehension.

"Run on before, good Thomas," she exclaimed, "delay their horrid purpose but a moment. Say one approaches who can give information of the whole."

"The fetters, designed no more to be unbound, were already fastened on the wrists and ancles of the young soldier, when his servant arrived, scarce able to speak for weariness, to stay the execution. He had discovered, he said, the whole conspiracy, and there was a witness coming on who could reveal the object and the motive of the traitors, for there were more than one. At the same instant, Margaret appeared, close wrapt in her cloak, to confirm the statement of Butler. At the request of the latter, the execution was delayed while a courier was despatched to the Lord Deputy with intelligence of the interruption that had taken place. In a few minutes he returned, bringing a summons to the whole party to appear before the Lords of Council. They complied without delay, none being more perplexed than Sir Ulick himself at the meaning of this strange announcement.

On arriving in the camp, the unknown informant entreated to be heard in private by the Council. The request was granted; and Margaret, still closely veiled was conducted to the hall in which the judge sat. On being commanded to uncover her head, she replied:—

"My lords, I trust the tale I have to tell may not require that I should make known the person of the teller. My Lord Deputy, to you the drift of my story must have the nearest concern. When you bade the Geraldine to your court of Dublin, he was accompanied by an only daughter, Margaret, whom your son Ulick saw and loved. He was not without confessing his

affection, and I am well assured that it was not unanswered. On the very evening, my Lord Deputy, before that most unhappy affray, which led to your disunion, and to the dissolution of our—of Sir Ulick's hopes, a mutual avowal had been made, and a mutual pledge of faith, (modestly, my lords), exchanged, always under the favour of our—of the noble parents of the twain. My lords, I have it under proof, that the visits of Sir Ulick were made to the Lady Margaret,—that to no other individual of the castle were they known,—and that no weightier converse ever passed between them, than such silly thoughts of youthful affection as may not be repeated before grave and reverend ears like those to which I speak."

"And what may be thy proof, stranger?" said the Lord Deputy, with a tenderness of voice which showed the anxiety her tale excited in his mind.

"The word of Margaret Fitzgerald," replied the witness, as she dropped the mantle from her shoulders.

The apparition of the Geraldine's daughter in the council chamber, gave a wonderful turn to the proceedings. Kildare was the first to speak. He arose from his seat, and approaching the spot where the spirited young maiden stood, took her hand with kindness and affection.

"In truth, sweet kinswoman," he said, "thou hast staked a sufficient testimony. And to be sure that it be so with all, as it with Kildare, I promise thee to back it with my sword; and it shall go hard, but thy honest-hearted speech shall save the Geraldine, his lands and towers to boot. My lords, I think I see by your countenances, that you deem the lady's tale a truth Then summon Ulick hither, and let a flag of truce be sent to the Geraldine, to let him know that his child is in safe keeping. The Raven's Nest has taught me what he feels."

The chroniclers of New Auburn conclude their story by relating that the promise of the Lord Deputy was fulfilled,—that the affection of the heroic pair received the sanction of their parents,—and that whenever afterwards in their wedded life, a cloud seemed gathering at their castle hearth, the recollection of the Raven's Nest was certain to bring sunshine to the hearts of both.

If the merit of the several stories told during the night were to be estimated by the loudness and continuance of the applause which followed, the strangers, was beyond all comparison the best. Each Juror vied with the others in expressing his gratification ; and silence was restored only when the Foreman reminded them, that the gentleman had yet to favour them with a song, which he had no doubt they would find quite as entertaining as his interesting story.

"I cannot, gentlemen," said the stranger, "better acknowledge your very great indulgence and kindness than by at once complying with your wishes, so far as my ability enables me. I will attempt a song, which as a composition of my wooing days, long gone by, I yet remember, perhaps, with as much interest as an Irishman could." Smiling, as he uttered these few words of preface, the stranger began :—

I.

I love my love in the morning,
For she like morn is fair,
Her blushing cheek, its crimson streak,
Its clouds, her golden hair,
Her glance its beam, so soft and kind,
Her tears its dewy showers,
And her voice, the tender whispering wind,
That stirs the early bowers

II

I love my love in the morning,
I love my love at noon,
For she is bright, as the Lord of light,
Yet mild as Autumn's moon.
Her beauty is my bosom's sun,
Her faith my fostering shade,
And I will love my darling one
Till even that sun shall fade.

III.

I love my love in the morning,
I love my love at even,
Her smile's soft play, is like the ray
That lights the western heaven.
I loved her when the sun was high,
I loved her when he rose,
But best of all when evening's sigh
Was murmuring at its close.

No sooner had the stranger concluded his song, than all declared with one voice that he merited his liberty, and they accordingly began to devise means of procuring him that valuable boon. The window was raised, and it was soon found that by lowering him no further than their arms might reach, he could reach a projection in the building, from whence his descent to the pavement was but an easy fall. Shaking hands warmly with each of the Jurors in succession, and thanking them with the liveliest gratitude, both for the entertainment he had derived from their narratives, and for the kindness with which they connived at his escape, the stranger having ascertained, by a previous glance of inspection, that there was no person within sight, suffered three or four of the Jurors to grasp his wrists and lower him from the window, and in a few seconds found himself in the little street, with no other injury than a slight momentary inconvenience from the concussion, and stiffness in the limbs occasioned by his having

been so long in one position. Waving his hand again and again to the Jurors, who stood looking from the window to see that he had reached *terra firma* in safety, he hastened to his hotel, where he found the Boots already stirring, and commencing his daily avocations. The stranger hurried to bed, where he soon lost all recollection of the Jurors and their stories, and slept so soundly that he was only awakened some hours after by the trumpeters, who preceded the Judges on their way to the court house.

The instant he heard the sound of the trumpet, our traveller was seized with an irresistible desire to learn, and, if possible, to witness the issue of the trial which had already awakened so lively an interest in his mind. Dressing with all possible speed, he was able to make his way into court just as the Jury entered the box to give his lordship an account of their proceedings since the previous evening. To the traveller, who knew so much more than the rest of the spectators of the manner in which the Jurors had been passing their time, it was amusing to observe the gravity with which they took their seats, and prepared to answer the questions of the Judge.

"Well, gentlemen, have you agreed to your verdict?"

"No, my lord."

"You have considered the evidence?"

"We have fully considered it, my lord;" the traveller groaned.

"Is there any point——" his lordship began, but before he could complete the sentence, one or two persons hastily entered the court, and an extraordinary commotion was presently observed amongst the gentlemen of the long robe, which soon extended itself through the body of the court. A general whispering and tittering commenced, which soon became so loud as to call

for the attention of the bench. In answer to a question from his lordship, one of the defendant's counsel rose, and, with a voice half broken with laughter, said:

"My lord, you may remember I gave your lordship and the gentlemen of the Jury to understand that there was some influence connected with this cause, foreign to the inclinations and judgment of both the parties immediately concerned. The defendant, my client, was, I grieve to say, led against his will, to give cause for this action by the instigation of his friends, who are of one political party; and the plaintiff, I understand, was persuaded against her will to institute this action in compliance with the wishes of *her* friends, who hold political principles of a different kind. Both parties were thus made to sacrifice their own happiness to the prejudices of others; but now I have the satisfaction to inform your lordship, that they have this morning saved your lordship and the gentlemen of the jury the trouble of proceeding farther with the case. They have very wisely taken their own business out of their friends' hands, and taken it into their own. In a word, my lord, not to keep your lordship and those respectable gentlemen any longer in suspense, I have just learned that the plaintiff and defendant have decided the case by running away with each other, after being legally married by special license at five o'clock this morning (loud laughter), and are now actually on their way together to the Lakes of Killarney, leaving us old fools with wigs on our heads (roars of laughter, in which his lordship heartily joined,) to pore through spectacles over our briefs, while they have done more in half an hour to bring the litigation to a satisfactory close, than all our law could effect for a whole term together."

The scene which followed was such as one does not often witness in a court of law. The counsel threw up

their briefs amid roars of laughter; the Jurors, who had entered heartily into the general mirth, were immediately discharged, and the traveller, as he took his way from the court, could not help suffering a sigh to to mingle with his mirth, as he murmured a wish that party spirit might never lead to worse consequences than it had on this occasion, when its utmost activity had led to no more injurious result than the imprisonment of an over curious stranger, during one night, in the corner of a Jury Room.

THE END.

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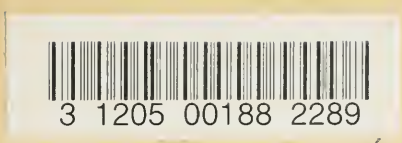
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